

Australian

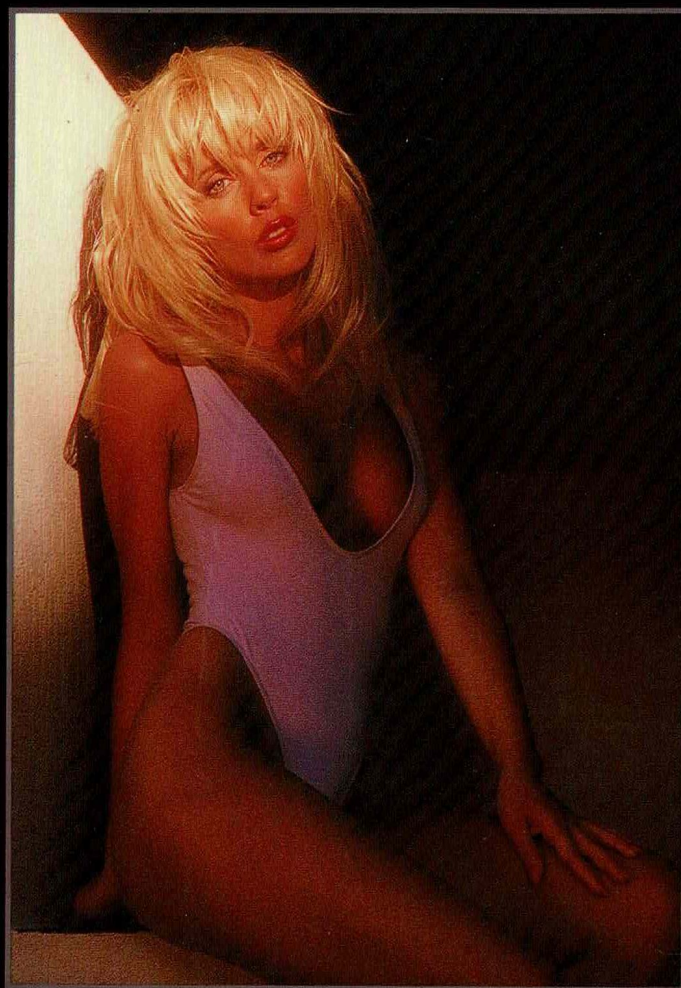
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1990

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



IRON MAIDEN:

**AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST
BODYBUILDING CHAMPION**

F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Taste the original **Marlboro 20's**

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government Regulation

LBV 3742 PML APB 10789/C

The authentic imported American blend.

Also available in red and lights flip top box.



Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 5/May 1990 Black Label Edition

REGULARS

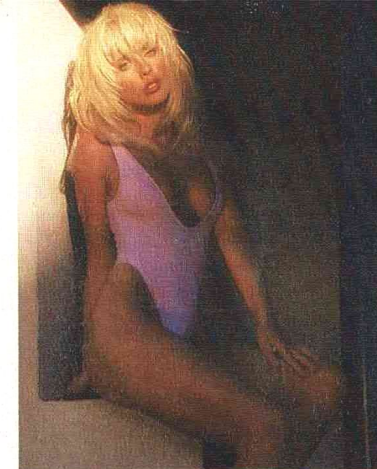
FEEDBACK		4
FORUM		7
SINS	Reviews and Opinions	19
MODERN MALE DILEMMAS	Dr Bob Montgomery	33
SOUNDS	Edited by Jeremy Cook	110
FILM	Edited by C.J. Mackay	112
BODYGUARD	David De Vries & Glenn Lumsden	135
LOOSE ENDS	Edited by Amanda Nash	140

FEATURES

AMERICAN BABYLON	Paul R. Wilson	34
IRON MAIDEN	Greg Hunter	50
HOW TO BE A BETTER LOVER	Humor by Colin Bowles	56
THE FATAL SHORE	Kirk Willcox	74
TWO DOG NIGHT	Fiction by Susan Geason	88
THE ENFORCERS	Photography by Jim Sheldon	103
TIME MACHINE	Motoring by Peter McKay	114

PICTORIALS

A MAN'S WOMAN/KAELI	Hank Londoner	33A
I AM WOMAN/TRIN	Donald Milne	41
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL/TRACY	Nick Brokensha	59
HEAT TREATMENT/BRIGITTE & SALLY	Stephen Hicks	80
FREE SPIRIT/DAWN	John Harroll	94
DARE DEVIL/MICHELLE	Stephen Hicks	113A
MAN-EATER/STACEY	Earl Miller	127



Cover by Nick Brokensha

*Recommended price only



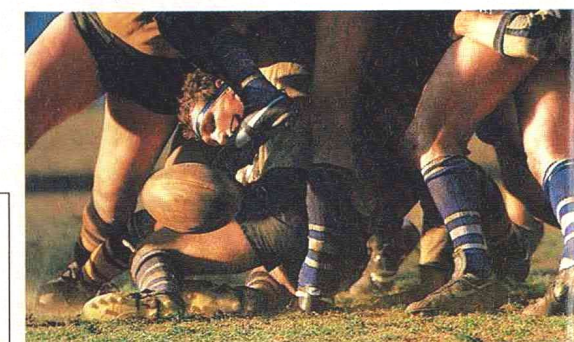
The Fatal Shore



Pet Of The Month



American Babylon



The Enforcers



NIGEL BUCHANAN



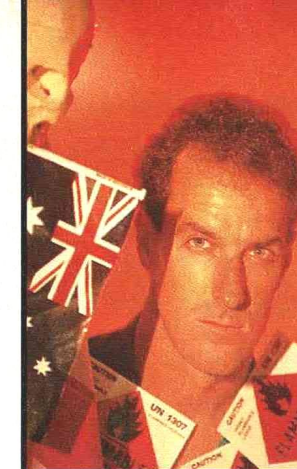
SUSAN GEASON



GREG HUNTER



JIM SHELTON



KIRK WILLCOX

HOUSECALL

AMERICAN BABYLON

By cutting back expenditure on public housing, education and social security, Ronald Reagan turned urban USA into a nightmare in which the main currencies are sleaze and drugs, especially crack. His successor George Bush now pursues the same idiotic path — one which some observers think will inevitably lead to the American equivalent of the fall of the Roman Empire. Criminologist Paul R. Wilson analyses the perverse morality of the Republican reactionaries on page 34. As always, Nigel Buchanan's artwork is superb.

IRON MAIDEN

Once a skinny, sickly teenager, Barbara Kendell has transformed herself into a living work of art. Currently the Australian middleweight champion body builder, she stands at the pinnacle of a bold new vision of womanhood. Senior Editor Greg Hunter's profile of Barbara is accompanied by studio shots from Gina Haysom which can only be described as riveting. Turn to page 50.

HOW TO BE A BETTER LOVER

"Sweep her off her feet and carry her to bed. Do not put her down to have a breather. Do not mention Jenny Craig." That's just one of 40 sensitive, helpful suggestions from humorist Colin Bowles for all those men who'd like to be more romantic but just can't work out how to go about it. Scott Kennedy crafted the illustration on page 56.

THE FATAL SHORE

While all of us spent the nervous Eighties with our heads turned skyward, anticipating the "inevitable" nuclear holocaust, a vile assortment of toxic wastes has been piling up under our noses. Kirk Willcox presents a dark picture of bungling, buck-passing and bloody-mindedness which constitutes the story so far. The accompanying photography on page 74 is by David Iacono.

TWO DOG NIGHT

Syd Fish took the dognapping job because he needed the money. What he didn't need was a client with a guilty secret. Susan Geason's colorful private dick ends up in hot water again in a rollicking piece of fiction starting on page 88 with an illustration by Richard Hughes.

THE ENFORCERS

Every football team needs one: a player who can strike fear into the hearts of opponents by virtue of his ability to legally inflict pain. *Penthouse* profiles five footballers from the three codes who are rated by general agreement among their peers as extremely hard men. The photographic portraits were shot by Jim Sheldon. Turn to page 103.

TIME MACHINE

Nissan's sporting Z series went clean off the rails more than a decade ago when a four-wheeled bordello called the 280ZX was launched. Its successor was worse. But the new 300ZX is well and truly back on the track, to the delight of *Penthouse* Motoring Editor Peter McKay. His glowing report, with photography by Paul Burrows, starts on page 114.



EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Mark Thacker; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Staff writer: Amanda Nash; Assistant Art Directors: Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Photographic Director: Susan Daub; Typesetting: Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowling; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions).

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel: (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

MAY

Australian and New Zealand Editorial and Advertising Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile (02) 922 6284. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts or photo submissions. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Number one fan

What a year! I'm writing to congratulate you on every one of your 1989 editions. No-one could fault the presentation of *Penthouse* magazine over that 12 months — the regular sections, feature stories, letters, and let's not forget the hottest collection of pictorial models under the sun.

I'm sure I speak for every *Penthouse* reader when I praise your excellent standard and encourage you to keep up the good work through 1990. Thanks for a top quality mag. — *The Phantom*

Begging to differ

As a subscriber since its inception in 1979, I am concerned about the direction *Australian Penthouse* is taking with respect to pictorial content. The article content is excellent.

I recently reviewed every issue since 1979 and noted a distinct change in the style of pictorials. In addressing this point I would begin by drawing your attention to the fact that the fundamental thing that *Penthouse* magazine is noted for worldwide is its exploration of models' photographic possibilities — in lighting, make-up and styling. It is this factor that vastly separates *Penthouse* from *Playboy*. Unfortunately, in recent times *Australian Penthouse* has failed to deliver in this area. There is a "sameness" about most pictorials of the Australian Pets. The recent practice of photography under orange background lighting is becoming very boring. Maybe it's time your photographic team addressed this point.

Another aspect I have never liked is this "Black Label" cover on the subscribers' edition. I would like to see a full cover, not a quarter of a cover.

I make these comments primarily in an attempt to improve the content of your magazine — not to have a bash at your staff — and suggest you do another survey of readers on these issues. — *A. Sutcliffe, Brighton, Vic*

Short and sweet

Well, cut off my legs and call me Shorty! February centrefold Janet Stewart was wet and wild. A goddess. A vision of loveliness. A hot tomato. A bloody good sort. Am I getting my message across? All together now, we want more, we want more... — *D. Stewart, Townsville, Qld*



Janet Stewart... a hot tomato

Tutu terrific

I enjoyed your January 1990 edition, particularly the Ballerinas. The photographer captured their natural beauty in a series of revealing shots which displayed their controlled energy and expert poise. The sexuality of the ballerinas is subtle yet profound.

A word about Danielle and Alex: Good as far as they went, but may we appreciate them *au naturel*? — *Name and address withheld*

Everyone's a critic

I'm an avid reader of your Limited Edition. I'm also an appreciator of the fine bodies on display in your mag, but I feel some of the photography leaves a little to be desired. Case in point: January's centrefold "Danielle", photographed by Nick Brokensha. She is no doubt an attractive lady — but the man hasn't done her justice! On the other hand we have the quality of "Gypsy Queen", alias Loree Lopez, snapped by Suze Randall. Loree is a gorgeous babe, brilliantly photographed. Why wasn't she the centrefold?

Also, Donald Milne's Ballerinas was a classy work of art. — *J. McKenzie, Little Bay, NSW*

More variety

In reference to the letter entitled Variety's The Spice in your October issue, I have to say that I agree with the writer's

criticism of your over-fondness of lesbian pictorials to the exclusion of heterosexual couples pictorials.

These girl-girl photographs are a big turn-off for me as I can't help thinking they represent a waste of talent. There should be a couple of males sharing in this abundance of pleasure.

Also, how about a few pictorials that show shaved girls? One beauty each edition shown complete with pubic forest on a few pages, then smooth-shaven on a few more, would be a real treat. I'm sure many others among your readership would agree. Keep up the splendid quality of your work. — *Name and address withheld*

Fine vintage

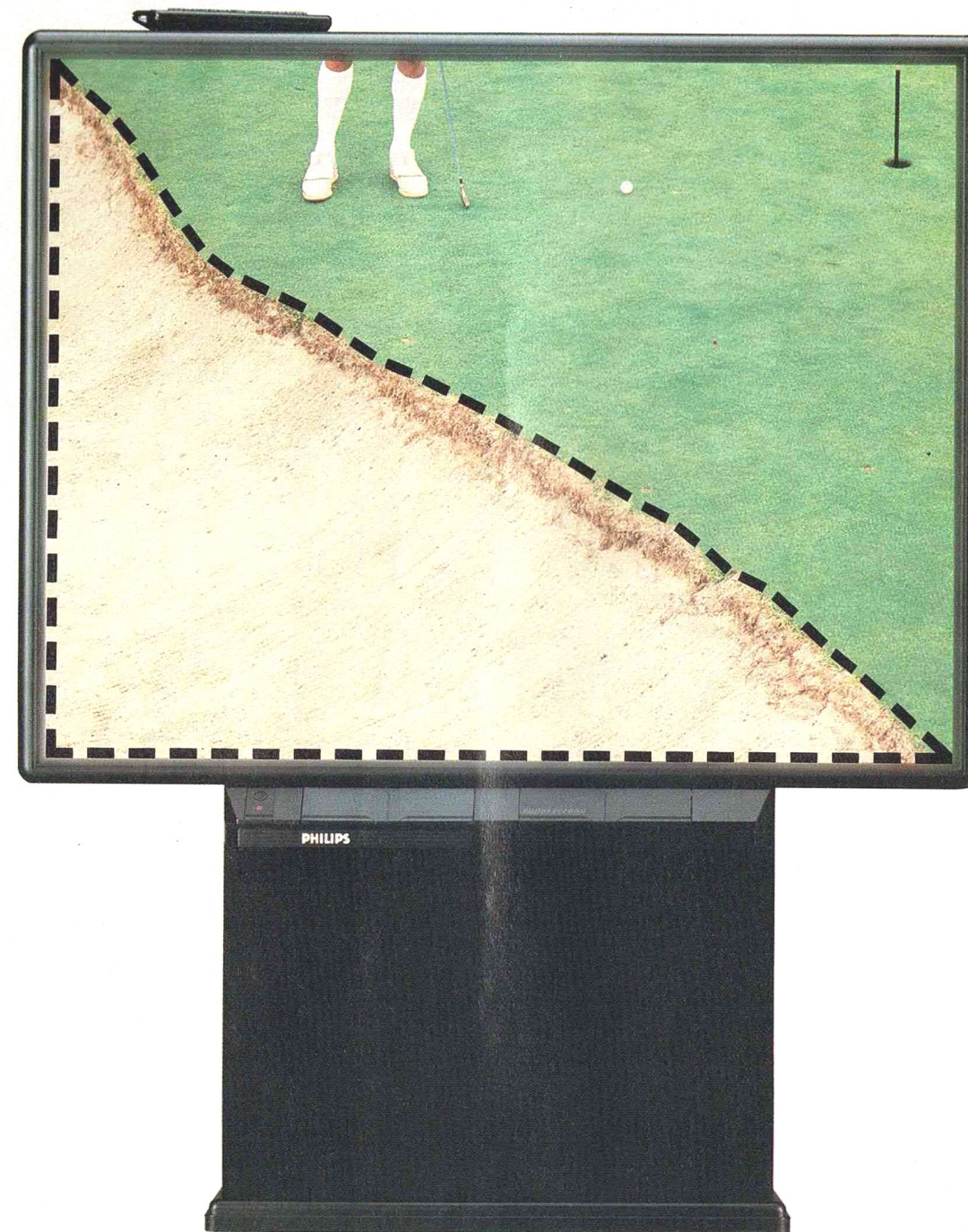
I subscribe to the Black Label and I have been delighted with the way it has been developing. The extra pictorials are great. With all your readers' diverse tastes, we're all likely to see something we really appreciate. The more the merrier.

Especially appreciated was the pleasant shock I received from your December '89 issue, which featured the hardcore vintage photos under the title Golden Oldies. I hope the Nineties will see the Black Label edition presenting more of this and other harder material along with your celebrated soft pictorials. Also, here's to plenty more fresh, young, energetic models. — *Name and address withheld*

Come in spinner

I really liked the story entitled The Hustler in February *Penthouse*. I understood most of it and I'm glad to say I've already made a buck or two from some blokes at the pub. I used the card-cutting hustle since it's the easiest to talk someone into; I'd give them 30 shots at cutting a single card and cleaned up seven times out of ten. It's a pretty hard way to make a living, though. There was a special coin-tossing hustle in there called "The Sure-Fire Bet" but I wasn't too keen to use it because to be honest I didn't understand how the odds could really be so much in my favor. Anyway, after grafting away with the cards for so long I got bored so I decided to give it a spin — and sure enough, it came through just about every time. I owe you blokes a drink. — *R.M., Newcastle, NSW*

THE DOTTED LINE MARKS THE ENTIRE AREA
OF YOUR CURRENT TV SCREEN

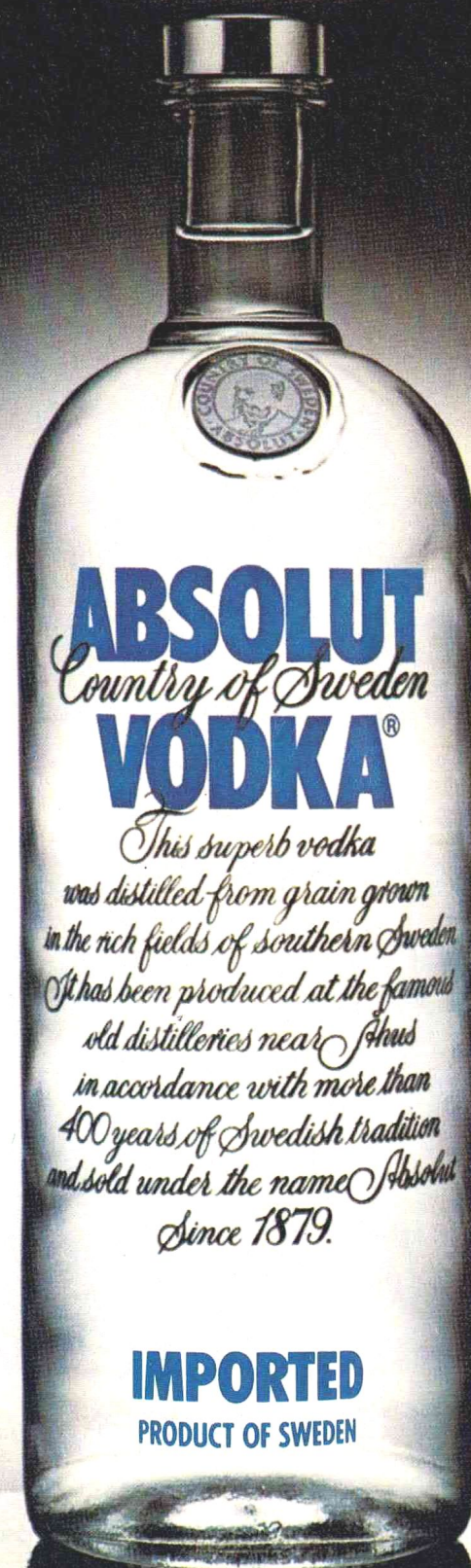


This Philips 41GR 8840 Television screen is over 103cm wide ► Around twice the area of any normal 'large' television screen ► And yet this massive television experience comes at a surprisingly modest price ► Just \$3,999, at your local Philips dealer. **TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.**

PHILIPS

Ogilvy MIE 0096





ABSOLUT PERFECTION.

APB 11708-A

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The older woman

I have just been reading your *Penthouse* letters and would like to relate something that started two years ago, which might interest your readers.

My friend Dave and I were both 18-year-old high school students. We played football and did body building at the local gym. He, like me, was reasonably good looking with a strong barrel chest, slim torso and small bum. Our legs were also similar, with muscular shaping and thick blond hair.

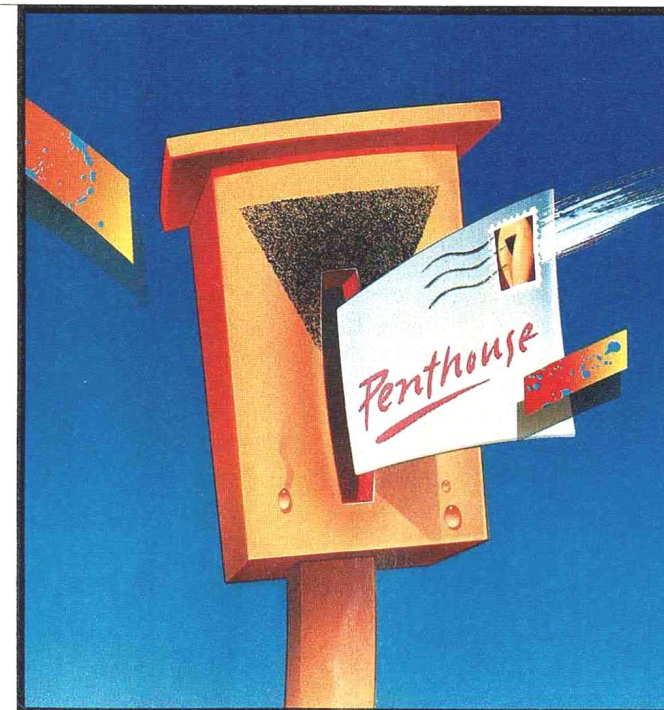
The local girls who followed the football team were always wanting dates, which was okay, but they seemed to leave me needing something extra. I felt cold after screwing them and just wanted to roll over, and as politely as possible, get dressed and get the hell out of there.

My folks were away one weekend so I was staying at Dave's place. We had just played football that Saturday afternoon, a real muddy affair, and needed to get scrubbed down before going out to the local club that night. Dave suggested we should go back home since the showers at the club were full and someone screamed that the hot water was running out, as usual!

We got back to his place and I stood around chatting with his widowed mum while he had a shower. When he came out he said it was my turn. As I walked into the bathroom and closed the door, I heard the shower running and turned around. There was his 17-year-old sister washing her tits, which I might add were large, smooth, firm and had those great big aerolae that push out beyond the tit like small deflated red balloons.

I begged her pardon but couldn't move for a second. She smiled and didn't know what to cover first. I turned and walked out. I apologised to her mother, saying that I hadn't meant it and she said that she knew and would explain the mistake to her daughter. In the meantime she asked Dave to run down to the Seven-Eleven to get a litre of milk and some butter.

He finished dressing and took off. I heard his sister leave the bathroom so I entered and shut the door, took off my clothes and jumped into the shower. Halfway through the shower I realised that I hadn't taken a



towel in with me, so I yelled out to see if someone could oblige. Dave's mum half opened the door and asked what I wanted. I told her. She said "hold on" and went to get one. When she came back she walked straight into the bathroom, closed the door and stood in front of the shower. It was steamed up and I was half erect from washing my "old boy" with soap. She told me not to be shy.

I slowly pulled back the screen and she held the towel out for me to walk into, saying that I was pretty well hung and had a beautiful body. I started to get more excited but really nervous at the same time. She started to wipe my back from behind, and moved her hands around to my pecs and down. Next thing she was rubbing the top of my pubic hairs and I could feel her hot, big tits in my back. My dick was so tight and I was shaking so much that I started to come. She grabbed the end of my member and with gentle strokes let me come into her hand.

Dave's mum is an older version of his sister. Good looking and all the right parts still in the right places. I turned and kissed her. She held the kiss and pushed her tongue inside my mouth. At the same time I could feel her reaching down and lifting her skirt. I started to reach the boil again. I put my hand down her pants and eased my fingers through her lush growth of pubic hair, finding the top of the slit and working my middle finger down to her hole.

She was dripping. Her cunt lips were full, hot, and throbbing. I drove my finger up her centre until I could feel the bottom of her womb. She told me not to be so rough. I felt like an amateur and was shaking. She moved backwards slowly, holding my throbbing cock in her hand, and lifted herself till she was sitting on the bathroom sink. I pulled her pants down, exposing her mound. It was my favorite color, black, but her pubes were short enough to show the swollen inner lips. Fine bubbles were frothing from between her cunt lips.

She leaned back and opened her legs, put my erection at the opening and I almost died. The heat and velvety moisture that engulfed me as I slowly pushed it in all the way up her was too much. I came again, shuddering,

totally out of control. She held me tight, her hot breasts heaving against my bare chest.

I recovered and slowly moved my still fat but slightly soft dick in and out. Together we watched every inch ease in and out, her cunt moving in and then the cunt lips flapping out. I was starting to get harder again when she held on and shuddered. Her whole body spasmed and she gasped. Just then we heard Dave return and we hurriedly went our separate ways.

I couldn't get her out of my mind and we saw each other privately time and again, although it wasn't always easy. She taught me how to massage a woman to orgasm, and what really turns women on. I satisfied her curiosity by pulling myself and letting her watch the come spurt out the hole, almost hitting her face. She would cup my balls in her hand and feel them being pulled back up inside me as I came. She was an expert at sucking my cock and taught me how to suck her cunt, running my tongue gently around the clit and the opening until she came. She came very easily and her copious amounts of love juice flowed over my tongue, numbing my brain with pleasure.

On one occasion she confessed to me that she had often admired her son's body and had secretly wanted to make love to him. She said that I had fulfilled that need. I told her that I couldn't go back to the girls at the club, but she told me that commonsense would have to prevail. She

FORUM

said that I must have had a mother fixation and that I would get over it. In the end I got over her, but it really hurt. I started dating Dave's sister and soon realised that the younger version could be just as hot, especially when I was able to pass on her mother's expertise. — *Name and address withheld*

A moving experience

Moving house after my husband divorced me should have been a sad experience. Leaving behind a lot of memories would have been traumatic, except that some nice guys gave me an even better memory.

I had accumulated a lot of junk over the years, and had to engage a furniture removal team to shift it all for me. When they turned up for the job it was a hot autumn day, and they were dressed accordingly. All were wearing shorts cut very high that showed off strong tanned legs, and their fit bodies rippled through thin T-shirts.

After loading all of my gear on board, I climbed into the back of the big truck to see how everything had been packed away. "Well, time to go," I said. "You've done a great job so far."

It was then that I had my idea. After all, I was paying these guys heaps. "I guess it's illegal to travel in the back?" I asked.

"Yeah," said Joe, the tallest one. I beck-

oned him to the end of the truck and slowly removed my top. His eyes bulged at my firm brown tits.

"Still illegal?" I enquired. Joe smiled and turned to his offside. In a moment he said, "I think we can take that risk." His smile was splitting his handsome face.

The guys drew straws, and Kane, the youngest, went grumbling to the driver's seat. The doors of the big truck were swung shut, and, in the semi-darkness, my two studs and I removed our clothes. Joe ran his hands down my quivering sides. I had never dreamed of doing this sort of thing before, but he gently lowered me on to my tied-down bed and kneaded my breasts. Frank, the quietest of the three, was masturbating nearby, watching intently.

As the big van swung around corners and stopped at intersections, Joe pushed his fat meat deep into me. The rhythm of his strokes coupled with the rhythm of the truck motor, and I started to come. He groaned and shot a load of hot spunk into me.

Frank leaped forward and had thrust his cock into my cunt before I could take a breath. He was pumping at a faster tempo, his slender dick thrusting in and out, and I could see his juicy arse bobbing up and down.

I just kept orgasming. I was babbling and almost delirious with the pleasure. Frank slipped his hand down to touch my clit and I convulsed even more, releasing a flood of love juice.

Just then the truck shuddered to a halt and the engine switched off as Frank exploded, filling my already overflowing tunnel with more hot come. The back door of the truck swung open and Kane jumped in. "One of you bastards can take over," he said. "It's my turn to be a back-seat driver."

Frank reluctantly agreed, and pulled on his shorts. From where I was lying I could see his semi-rigid tool still dripping through the leg of his loose shorts.

Kane was naked as soon as the big doors shut, and the truck chugged into life again. He kissed my lips, and said, "What would you like?", which was nice of him, because there was something I'd always wanted to try.

"I want to suck your cock for a bit, then I'll tell you," I said. He lay on the bed and I took the gorgeous length into my mouth, sucking it to hardness. He was wriggling his firm young body, and I thought he might come, so I stopped.

"Don't look so disappointed," I said. "It's time for me to be a fuck sandwich."

I got Bob to lie on his back and, very gently, push his cock covered in pussy juice up my arse. It took a little getting used to before it felt nice. As Bob gently rocked me forward and back, Kane's eyes were gleaming. He slipped smoothly into my gushing cunt, and squeezed my nipples as he beat in and out.

I was suspended like some puppet, impaled on cock front and back, almost spent with passion, and loving it. I could feel Bob's pole bulging and straining to burst up my arse, as my young stud pounded into my aching pussy and the truck swung through endless dizzying corners.

My earlier orgasms were nothing compared to this. I was shouting, screaming, pleading with them not to stop; I was on another planet, the ecstasy was so intense. After Kane shot his load, whimpering, he withdrew and Bob rolled me over to finish me off, with an arse full of hot spunk.

They moved my furniture into the new home without a single breakage, and I hope they went away with as many good memories as I had of that particular shift. — *Name and address withheld*

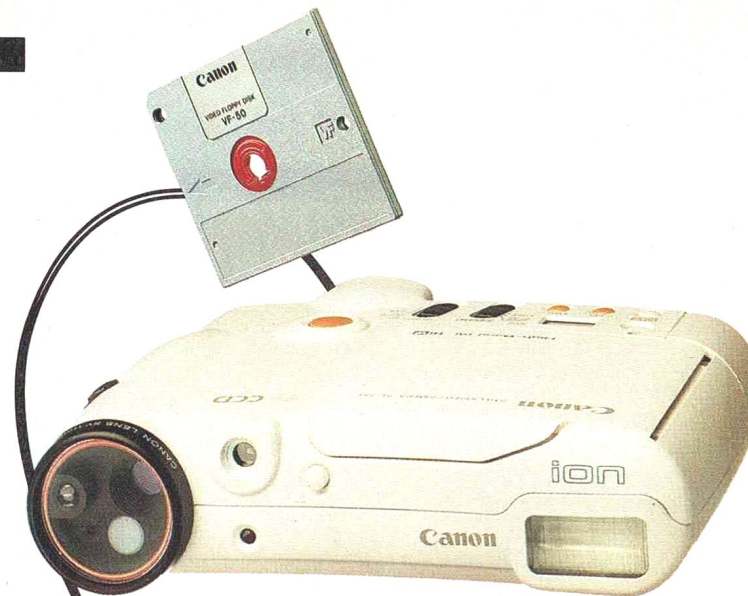
Down and dirty

I am a 23-year-old geologist working in a large underground mine on the West Coast of Tasmania. Living in a mining town is fairly short of legal unattached beaver, so my sex life is fairly spasmodic. One day, however, one of my fantasies, porking two women at once, was bizarrely fulfilled.

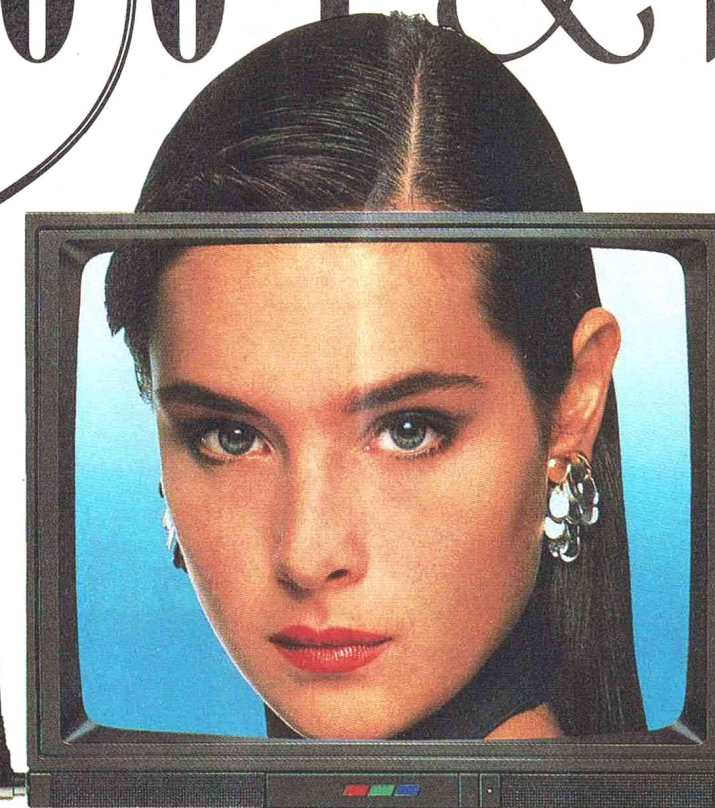
The chief geologist had asked me to take two visiting geologists on an underground tour. Imagine my surprise when they turned out to be attractive and petite Chinese females. While I was fitting them up with their underground gear I tried to make small talk with them but their grasp of English was quite limited. All that was really established was their names, which as far as I could figure, were Lee-Po and Su-Ling. They ap-



The photo album of the future. A camera which needs no film and shows the pictures on your television? Now the unbelievable is possible with the new Canon ION still video camera.



SHOOT & SEE



Canon is at the forefront of a photographic revolution. Now you no longer need film to take pictures. The Canon ION uses video floppy disks. No processing is needed, the pictures can be seen instantly on a television screen within seconds of shooting.

Up to fifty pictures can be stored on each disk and — unlike film — the results can be erased and the disk used over and over again. SHOOT AND SEE — this is the future of photography, and it is available today from Canon.

Canon
ion
Still Video Camera

For further information, send this coupon
Post Free To: Canon ION Still Video,
Free Post 1000, P.O. Box 1000,
Crows Nest, NSW, 2065

Name _____

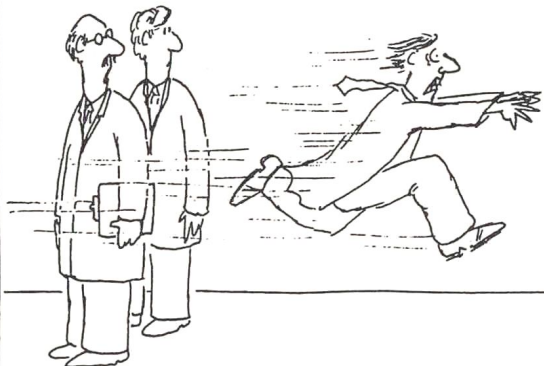
Address _____

Postcode _____

Canon ION. The Still Video Camera that shows your Pictures on TV.

2/90 Maynard Advertising

GENETIC
ENGINEERING
DIVISION



Disney

"Did he say something about crossing an elephant with a cockroach?"



Smirnoff. Too good to stay behind bars.

FORUM

peared happy enough, and were constantly giggling and chattering as they pulled their gear on.

On the drive down the decline I started getting what is commonly called a "traveler", the term used for erections caused by the motion of the 4-wheel drives over the rough underground roads. As it is quite warm underground, I only had my jocks on underneath and the old fellow was protruding and causing a quite large bulge in my overalls.

At the first stop, in an area no longer mined, I tried to cover my embarrassment as I pointed out the geological features, with the two girls standing on either side of me. They appeared interested and were becoming more animated, although they probably could not understand a lot of what I said. I realised later that their sing-song prattle was probably equivalent to the foreplay in a Chinese blue movie.

After a couple of minutes, Su-Ling suddenly leaned over and ripped my overalls apart, revealing my engorged knob as Lee-Po knelt in front of me and took my eight-inch blue-veined pile driver in her mouth and started giving me the best head job of my life. Su-Ling, meanwhile, had dropped my overalls around my ankles and was caressing and sucking my hairy torso.

It took me a short while to believe this was

really happening, but I soon got on top of the situation and pulled Su-Ling's overalls apart to reveal her small upturned and well-rounded nuggets. I started sucking her little nipples as Lee-Po's lips moved rapidly along my shaft. It was hard to believe that such a small girl could take it all in her mouth at once, but it was like being attached to a vacuum pump. I plunged my hand into Su-Ling's panties, establishing once and for all the falsity of the horizontal pussy theory, and found her black sponge was already dripping copiously. It felt so tight and inviting that I lost my self-control and shot my load down Lee-Po's throat, so hard that it must have rattled her tonsils.

When my head stopped spinning, I undressed the two Chinese love kittens, and, lying face up on our clothing in the light of our car lamps, I pulled Lee-Po down on my face. I started tonguing her dripping pussy, my face buried in her map of Tassie. Su-Ling by this time had successfully revived my flaccid member and was skilfully sucking my granite outcrop.

I felt Lee-Po stiffen, and her number one shaft became tight as I ploughed her furrow deeply with my tongue. She came unbelievably, seemingly by the bucketful, filling my mouth. Fortunately, I am a good sculler of beer — otherwise I think I would have drowned. Su-Ling by this stage had mounted my love sword and was jumping up and down like a cat with crackers tied to its tail. Her small love handles were heaving,

their petite roundness accentuated by her flat thin waist and trim arse. Lee-Po got down between my legs and took my nuts in her mouth. Luckily her nose was flat or it would have been crushed between my hips and Su-Ling's pumping pussy.

My back by then had been cut to shreds by the sharp rocks beneath me, so I rolled over, nearly having my nuts gnawed off in the process. Su-Ling got on her hands and knees and I started fucking her doggy fashion. Lee-Po slid in below and started gobbling my gonads as Su-Ling chewed her out. Su-Ling's tight little love canal seemed to grab my wozza as she came, wringing a second orgasm out of me into the bargain. Lee-Po was bucking like an epileptic, but produced only half a bucketful as she too came again.

After recovering, we dressed and drove back to the surface. Our little geology field trip had turned into one hell of a biology lesson, the memory of which sweetened the hours I spent picking half the fucking mine out of my back. — *Name and address withheld*

Big boys only

In contrast to "Anti-Size Queen" who wrote in the Forum section of your December issue, I have a definite penchant for extra well-endowed men.

My fixation began in my early thirties after a girlfriend loaned me an erotic video which featured a number of well-hung gentlemen. I was at first amazed by them, later excited by them, and finally left feeling very jealous of the young starlet who was on the receiving end of their huge penises.

Not long after this, I found myself checking out men's crotches. Nothing ever came of anything until a few years ago when some of those latent feelings were aroused. At a New Year's Eve party a slow dance with a neighbor's teenage son triggered me. He was just 16 years old, but I could feel him against my belly. It was abundantly clear that he was large down there. Ten minutes later I was alone with him upstairs. He had my breasts out of my dress before I could say "Hot dickety", and I was vigorously masturbating ten-and-a-half inches of rigid penis.

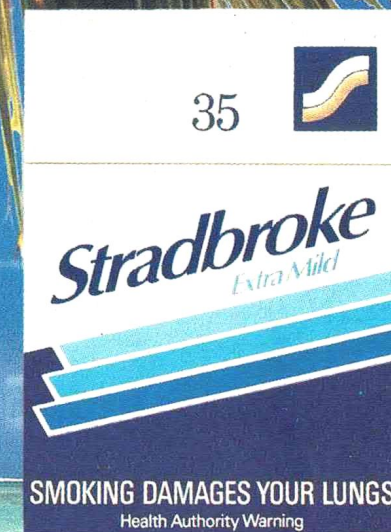
It was to be three days later before we could meet alone and have sex. It was beautiful; not at all painful, but a deep satisfying internal pressure which rose and fell. To add to my pleasure, I guess because he was young, he was capable of repeated and sustained activity.

Since then, I have managed to meet about a dozen well-endowed men and have sex with them. All have been aged under 22 years. (I am now 38.) All have been enthusiastic and completely satisfying lovers. The largest of them all was a 17-year-old youth from the local stables. He actually set out to seduce me but the minute he flaunted his "equipment" the tables were reversed. Indeed, he used a table to lay me back upon before very gently and very slowly impaling



"Do you, Donald, promise to make love to the same woman over and over, year after year, until you are dead?"

Taking it easy.



Stradbroke 35s

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation

FORUM

me on his 13-inch cock.

In contrast to the Anti-Size Queen, I have found that "small" men tend to be obnoxious characters. To my mind, "the small syndrome" is where a man of only modest sexual prowess has to inflate his ego to feel any sense of self-confidence, and compensate for having only minimal to moderate meat. For me, a ten-inch-plus teenager is just the ticket. Every woman should try one at least once in her lifetime. — *Name and address withheld*

Oral first

It had started out as the usual Friday-night bullshit for Bryan and me. We'd check out the shopping mall near our place, look at the girls, and maybe take in a movie. I know that Bryan is considered good-looking by many of the girls that he knows. I guess I'm just as handsome as he is — or so I've been told. My big problem is that I've got to be one of the most shy people that I know. I've always wished that some hot girl would come up to me and make the first move and as fate would have it that's exactly what happened.

There we were doing our usual mall thing. Bryan and I had taken a seat and were lamenting the fact that all of the girls who looked any good were too young or too attached. Suddenly four of the nicest looking young ladies approached us and invited us

to a party at a local hotel. We thought, "What the hell!" It was better than the usual boredom, and hey, we might get lucky.

We arrived at the appointed location and heard someone call out, "Hey Mike!" Ah, shit! Someone I knew. What was worse — these girls must have invited no fewer than 15 guys! Well, Bryan and I were pretty pissed off. We didn't think we stood much of a chance with those odds, so we considered leaving. But I decided we should stick around for the booze.

As I sat there sucking down a brew and not saying much, one of the girls — a luscious little blonde — took a seat next to me, said that she was feeling a little tired, and asked if I would mind if she just leaned against me. I told her to feel free. She introduced herself to me. Her name was Connie, and she was an 18-year-old student. Connie and I made small talk for a while, and soon we were holding hands. As we walked away from the crowd to a secluded corner of the hotel room, I checked on Bryan's progress with a sweet brunette, Marie. Connie stared at me and smiled. We exchanged a kiss, and soon our tongues were locked in a passionate duel. After what seemed like an eternity, the other guys polished off all the beer, and the unlucky ones realised that they weren't getting any pussy. Bryan and Marie had disappeared, and Connie and I continued our necking on the bed in her hotel room. When I slid my hand up her denim skirt, she laughed and asked me what I was

doing. I responded that I was doing precisely what she thought, and I rubbed her arse and slid my hand down her panties to run my fingers through her bush and finger her sopping snatch. She gasped and kissed me harder. With my other hand, I undid her bra strap and kneaded her small but firm breasts. Once I had slid her panties off, the rest of our clothing just disappeared.

I began to suck her titties and worked my way down to her cunt. She stopped me and said that no-one had ever gone down on her. I assured her that she had definitely been missing out. I proceeded to lick her thighs and mound, nibbled on her pussy lips, and then gave her clit one hell of a tongue-lashing. She moaned and pushed my head deeper into her love nest. Ramming my tongue into her hole, I drank her juices until she shook with orgasm.

"What did you think?" I asked.

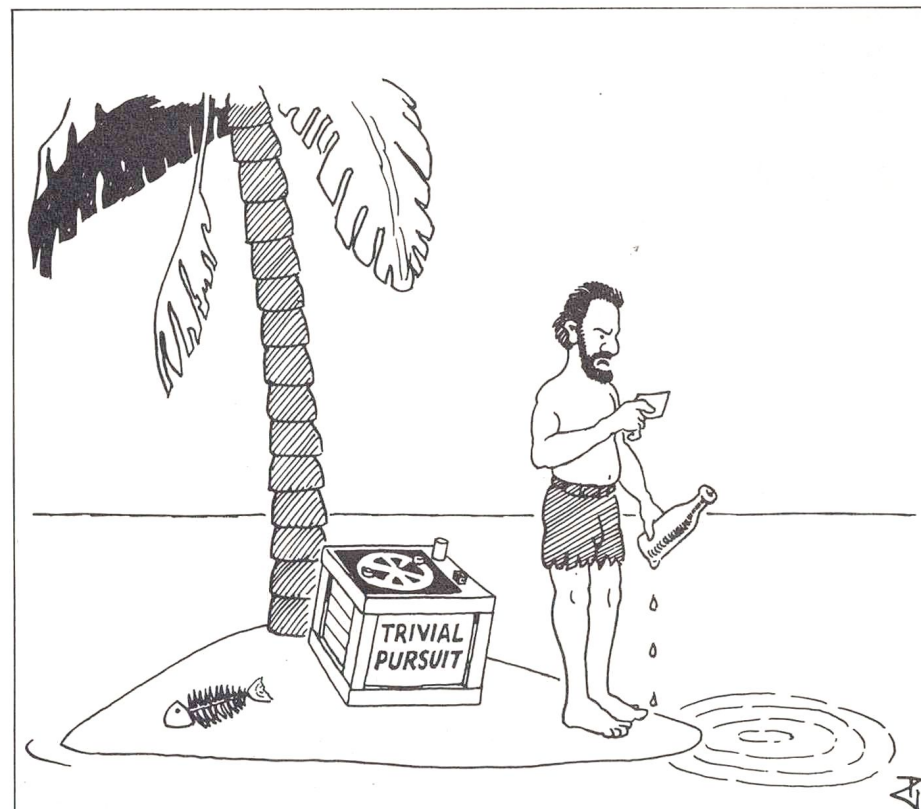
"That was great!" she panted. "Now it's my turn." Connie grabbed my dick, massaged my balls, and worked her hand up and down the length of my shaft, giving the swollen head a good squeeze now and then. She explained that she had never sucked a cock before, and asked if I would mind if she tried it with me. I readily agreed as she gently pushed me back on the sheet and hungrily took my cock into her mouth. I guided her on some of the finer points, and soon she was giving head like a pro. She licked and sucked until I thought I was sure to come. But I didn't want to waste this one, so I sat up, kissed her, and resumed fingering her dripping cunt.

She told me she was ready and spread her legs as I mounted her, warning me that she was very tight. I promised to be gentle. I rubbed the head of my tool up and down her pussy lips and slowly inserted the first inch or so. As I thrust the remainder of my seven inches deep into her love tunnel, she gripped my back tightly. She had the most incredible pussy I had ever felt — a satin vice that gripped my cock. I gave her long, slow strokes, and she thrust to meet each new one. Soon she was screaming on the verge of orgasm number two. I couldn't believe my stamina, so I pulled out and turned her on her hands and knees, rubbing my pecker against her clit as I entered her from behind. I reached up to flick her clit and rub her amazing tits. We fucked hard doggie-style until I finally groaned and blew the biggest load of my 20 years deep into her canal. Then my limp dick slid out, and I massaged her come-soaked twat with it. Before long, we were asleep.

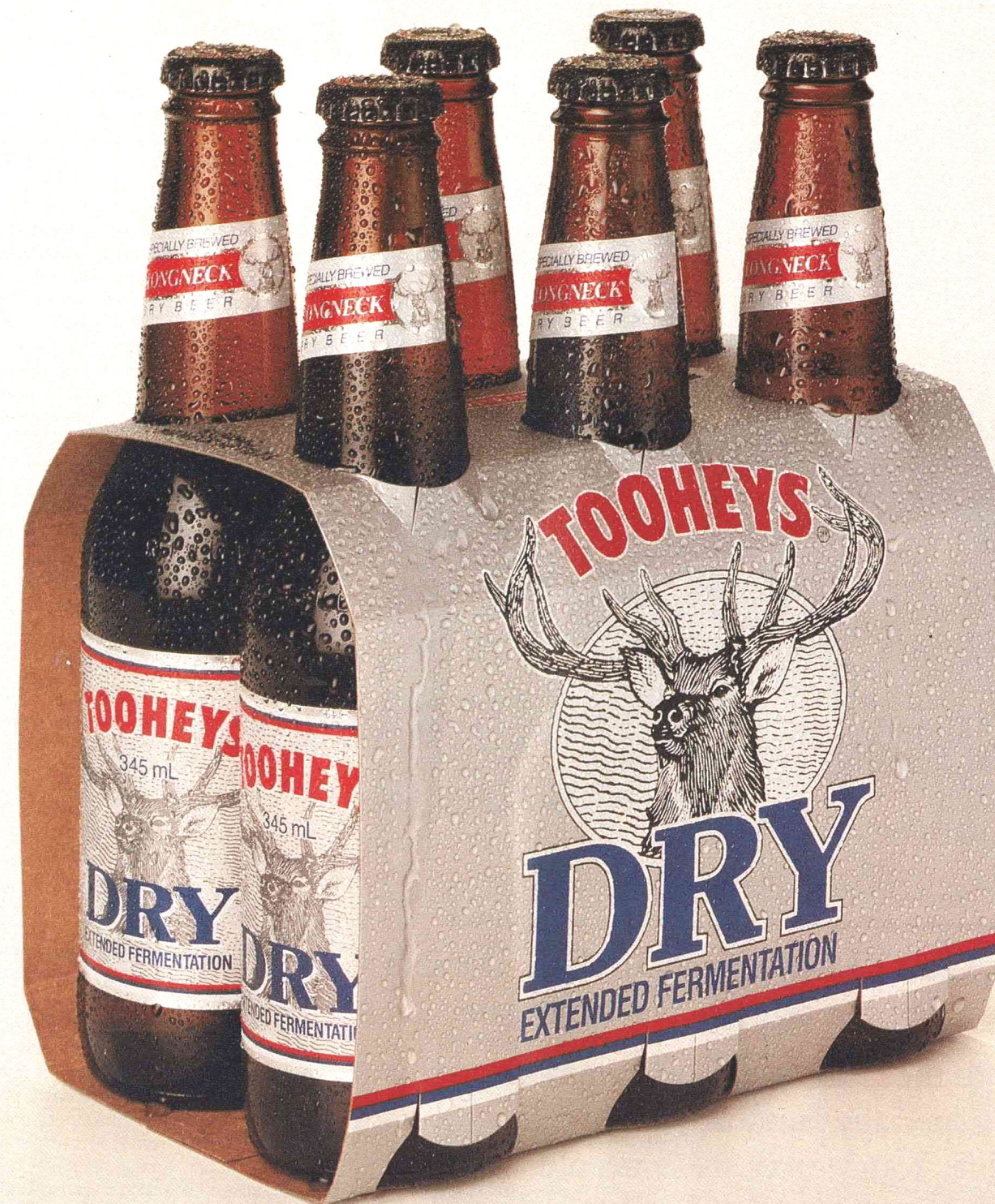
Dawn came and I remembered I had to meet a friend at the airport. Connie and I took a long, hot shower together, then exchanged phone numbers and a final parting kiss. I think that I am going to be seeing a lot more of her. — *Name and address withheld*

Grand finale

I am an attractive, vivacious 24-year-old blonde and work in a fast-paced computer-software company in a large city. I have had



"The bastard . . . he knows I hate geography questions."



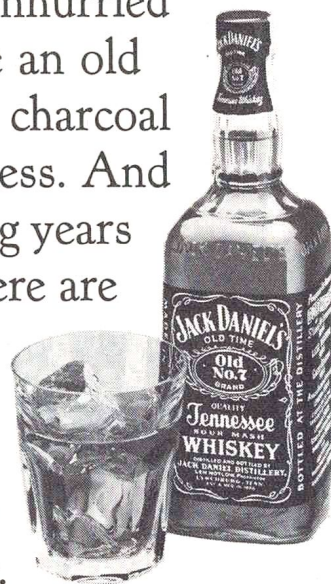
SIX APPEAL



We hope you'll find time to visit our distillery someday. We're right here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

YOU CAN TELL a lot about Jack Daniel's Whiskey from the sign on our front gate.

Visitors to the Hollow always comment on this sign and especially our quiet, unhurried way of life. You see, we make an old time whiskey here, slowly charcoal mellowed to sippin' smoothness. And we age it slowly, too, over long years and changing seasons. Yes, there are faster ways to make whiskey. Many distillers employ them. But once you compare Jack Daniel's, you'll understand our reluctance to pick up the pace.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

FORUM

several dates with a 45-year-old senior executive in the company. Len is handsome and suave. Though we didn't know each other well before last Wednesday night, now I know what Len likes, and let me tell you, it's a real turn-on!

Len invited me to attend a "performance" with him and said that I should dress formal. That was all he told me before picking me up in a limo he had hired for the evening. We proceeded to a commercial part of the city, entered an unmarked building, and rode the service lift to the top floor. To my surprise, the elevator door opened on to a poshly decorated club. The lights were soft and amber in color. Relaxing music was playing, and a friendly, elegant hostess greeted us. Six other couples — all attractive and formally attired — were there.

Len and I were served drinks and hors d'oeuvres by three beautiful, briefly clad girls. Many of the guests seemed to know each other, and everyone was introduced on a first name basis only. Len was smiling mysteriously and wouldn't explain anything to me.

Three more couples arrived, and then we were all ushered to a grouping of comfortable chairs around a railing that defined a six-foot-square area. We all sat closely together around the railing. The three girls made sure that we had drinks, and then the lights dimmed. Suddenly, a magnificent, tall blonde girl moved into the boxed-in area. To a very sensuous musical beat, she began to sway and disrobe. I was shocked and surprised at the same time, while all of the other men and women were clearly excited and aroused. The girl stripped to her bra, panties, black stockings, and high heels. Then the hostess asked if any of the gentlemen would like to help her further. The first man called her over and removed her bra, revealing large, beautifully shaped breasts. All of the men made sounds of appreciation. A second man then removed her panties, leaving her in only a pearl necklace, heels, and stockings. The stockings highlighted her long, wonderful legs and showed off her beautiful skin. A bowl of warm oil was brought out and the men took turns oiling her from her shoulders to her inner thighs. She made herself available to all and was clearly turned on by the experience — so was I.

Then the hostess called out and a tall, handsome black man came from behind a curtain dressed in a tux. The blonde girl began to undress him. He too had a magnificent body with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. He obviously had worked to bring his muscular body to its current state. Stripped to his brief underpants, he moved around the circle for all to admire. The hostess asked the females in the audience to help him prepare for what was obviously to come. The girl next to me stood up and removed his briefs, revealing a large, soft,

uncircumcised cock. More warm oil arrived and all the girls, myself included, spread it on him and massaged his hardening prick. He grew to a monstrous length!

While he moved around the square area, he kept his eyes glued to the blonde. One girl began to oil the crack of his buttocks, and as he tightened his muscles, his penis thrust up and out. The blonde moved to him and held his penis, then knelt in front of him and pulled his foreskin back to reveal the head. It glistened, reminding me of a large, ripe plum. She took it in her mouth and pulled him toward her with her hands on his buttocks. The man ran his black fingers through her beautiful light hair as he moved her back and forth, swaying to the music. As we watched in awe, she brought him to near-climax.

Finally, he pulled her up and entered her while they were both standing. They continued to move rhythmically to the music as their bodies shone in the light from the oil and the sweat of their love-making. The man gently laid the girl on the floor and thrust his wonderful penis inside her. She moaned and bucked in unison with him — her hands sliding up and down his oily back. Finally, they both came with loud animal-like noises.

I had never watched anyone make love, so this was wildly exciting for me. When they finished, they towelled off and put on robes, then bowed to the audience in an Oriental manner, and disappeared behind the curtain. We all sat in stunned silence.

After a few moments, the hostess entered the square and said she hoped we enjoyed the first act. I wondered how anything could equal it.

But then another couple came on stage, disrobing to display beautiful bodies. The girl chose a man from the audience and asked him to oil her. The man picked one of the females to oil him. We all began to get aroused as the "oilers" moved over the railing and on to the stage, removing their clothes to engage in heated lovemaking. More naked bodies emerged from behind the curtain and selected more members of the audience and soon we were all part of the "act." All inhibitions had vanished, and we were completely caught up in the eroticism of what we were experiencing. The wonderful sex went on and on.

When we were all exhausted, we quietly moved to dressing rooms to clean up. One by one the couples departed with simple goodnights and deep, warm smiles. Len took me home in the limo and kissed me goodnight. — *Name and address withheld*

Hot date

Men keep telling me what a great body I have. My breasts are fairly large, so I often get long looks, especially at the beach. I have always had a craving for large cocks, and I love to have sex. I met Ray at a party, and we flirted quite a bit. When we were at the beach, I noticed how well-endowed he was. Last week, my flat-mates went home for the weekend, so seizing my chance, I

invited Ray to my place.

I was wearing a tight miniskirt, a loose blouse, black fishnet stockings, and high heels to match. When he finally arrived, I had him sit on the couch while I got drinks. I could see him looking me over while I poured into two glasses. As I placed the drinks on the table, I leaned over to make sure that he could get a good look at my breasts. I saw his eyes widen as he tried to conceal his smile. Then I sat close to him so that whenever I moved, one of my breasts rubbed against his body.

After 15 minutes or so of flirting, Ray placed his hand on my knee and started to stroke my thigh. I turned to him and, with a lustful look on my face, said, "Do you know what I'd like to do?" He replied, "I bet I do." I leaned over and started kissing him while his hands explored my body, then reclined on the couch as he removed my clothes until I just had my stockings and heels on. Then he undressed. I smiled when I saw his hardened cock, which was long and very thick. Ray picked me up, carried me into the bedroom, and placed me on the bed.

He had me lie on my back as he pushed my legs toward me so my knees were against my chest. After removing my shoes and stockings, he spread my legs and told me I had a gorgeous pussy. While holding my legs in place, Ray started to eat me out. At first, his tongue just lightly flicked my pussy lips, but then he ran it all over and inside me. I started squirming and moaning

as he sent pulses of pleasure through me. Then he got up and, still holding my knees against my chest, he pushed the head of his cock into my cunt. I gasped as I felt the size of it. He slowly pushed the rest of his cock into me, holding it there as I adjusted to the size of it. Then he pulled it out and began to slowly fuck me. I gasped at the feeling of his cock completely filling me up inside. My cries grew louder as he quickened the pace. After a few minutes, I felt my pussy tighten as I was pushed to orgasm. Crying out for him not to stop, I came in a rush, and then Ray came, too. His enormous cock throbbed repeatedly, and I could even feel him come inside my vagina.

He collapsed on top of me, but after quickly catching his breath, he began to kiss me and fondle my breasts. He kissed my face, then my neck and my breasts, which he fondled while gently sucking on each nipple. Then he kissed his way down until he reached my pussy. Since I wanted to suck his cock, we went into a sixty-nine position. I took in as much cock as I could and started to slowly bob on it, fondling his balls with one hand while pumping his shaft with the other. Meanwhile, he was eating my pussy even better than before. I felt his fingers spreading my pussy lips apart as his tongue probed into my cunt. As he pushed me closer and closer to climax, I sucked his cock faster and faster, continuing even

Continued on page 120



"You won't believe this, mother . . . she wants me to stick my pee-pee into her pee-pee!"

Dunhill DeLuxe 25's

Always in
good taste



Also available in
DeLuxe Mild, DeLuxe Ultra Mild and DeLuxe Menthol Mild

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning*
Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

dunhill

Sins

REVIEWS & OPINIONS

AVARICE

AMICABLE SPLITS

For the stout of heart, there are still tax scams

April, T.S. Eliot suggested, is the cruellest month. So why not add to the agony and start thinking about income tax? After all, for most of us the taxman is filching our earnings every week of the year, but it is only in July when we actually do something about it.

Which is wrong. The more trumps you play during the year the better; for the earlier you set up a tax scam the more money you save.

Mr Boucher and the boys have, for the most part, wiped out the common or garden variety tax scam but there are still some, ah, legitimate scams left. These are not in fact scams at all but, because their use seems to be confined to "those in the know", I classify them as scams. After all, in a polite society everyone, even the street sweeper, ought to be able to take advantage of government-sanctioned loopholes.

The most obvious tax minimisation method is income splitting. Now wait! Before you hive off to the pictures, consider this: nearly everyone who at present fills in their tax forms honestly could benefit from income splitting. You don't even

need to be married.

Take, for example, the interest on your savings. You are supposed to declare as income the interest credited to any of your bank, building society, etc

One way to prepare for this development is to put the savings in the name of someone you can trust — or control — and who is not, over the foreseeable future, earning taxable income.

Your kids, for example, are entitled to earn up to \$417 each a year before they're obliged to pay any tax. At present rates of 15 percent that means each young'un can have \$2780 in savings against their name.



accounts. By 1992 the super-computerised tax office will be able to track all such payments — it hopes. So you'd better get used to declaring the interest on your savings.

This is, according to the tax form, the kids' money but if you occasionally happen to be a cruel father and nick their savings, so be it. However, any earnings greater than the

allowed amount are subject to penalty rates of taxation, so...

Your poor benighted mother doesn't have this particular penalty tax rate looming over her earnings, although there can be problems with her pension entitlement. If your mother is a pensioner and you save in her name, once the earnings on the savings reach a certain amount, her pension starts to go down. Still, it can pay to check out what the old duck does get and see if there's room for the odd thou in "her" bank account. The wife is, of course, the more usual partner in any income splitting arrangement.

If, say, you earn enough to pay 47c in the dollar every extra dollar you earn and your wife, who works only part time, only has to pay 29c in the dollar on each extra dollar of income, by saving in your wife's name — or de facto's — you pay 18c less per dollar earned.

What happens if she leaves you? The money's hers, no two ways about that. And she can screw it out of you too, if she works at it — or if you're dumb enough to let her.

When you start the account, you get her to sign the various forms the same time as you get her to sign a host of other essential documents: the marriage certificate, the beneficiary to the insurance form, the joint cheque account, etc. You also get her to sign at least one blank withdrawal slip (not too many, as she might smell a rat).

This may all seem horrible and ungentlemanly in love's early blossom but halfway through any Family Court matter you'll kick yourself for not having been so sagacious.

There are a couple of things a bloke ought to keep from his wife, if only on principle. One is where he drinks on Friday night; another is his mistress's address, if his activities run that

Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

way; and another is the wife's actual tax return and the details of any savings accounts conducted by him in her name.

This last secret is a tricky one, for it leads to suspicion. Perhaps it is best to simply offer to post it for her and to do so, after making the appropriate amendments.

But, if you're so in love and full of trust that you let her in on your little tax scams, that's okay. A dollar wrenched back from the good tax man is but a nought compared to the love and trust of a good woman.

Besides, you've got the pre-signed withdrawal form.

If the love and trust does sour and the marriage is rent upon the rock of the Family Law Act 1973, exercise the withdrawal and kill the account. When and if the account is mentioned

during that joyful time when the lawyers are busy dividing the assets of the marriage you then produce the certificate I forgot to mention earlier, namely, that in which your wife agrees that the savings account was operated in her name for taxation purposes only and in reality was: (a) (if you're game enough) really "all my husband's to do with as he sees fit" or (b) really a joint account for the benefit of both partners and their offspring, if any.

For blokes who are saving and whose wives aren't working this ought to save you a couple of hundred smackers a year. If you have trouble working out the details your bank manager ought to be able to set it up for you — it's very simple. If he can't, find a new one. — *David Quicksilver*

LUST

HOLLYWOOD HERE WE COME

**Our debut
dirty film
got off not
with a bang
but a
whimper**

In May last year an intriguing fax was transmitted from Juggernaut Productions of Canberra to the office of *Australian Penthouse*, announcing a press conference "to outline details of the first ever Australian X-rated motion picture to be produced in Australia.

"The production, titled *Arigato Baby*, will mark the first time a Japanese actress and an

Anglo-Saxon actor will be engaged in erotic lovemaking scenes on film anywhere in the world.

"At the conference producer Greg Lynch will reveal why the film needs to be made. The Jap-



Yoko Atsumi, magnificently inscrutable behind traditional Japanese wooden mask.

anese actress will also be in attendance, but due to intricate cultural procedures, will appear only briefly in traditional dress. Caution dictates that *Arigato Baby* needs to be treated most sensitively due to a fusion of two diametrically opposed cultures."

Very intriguing — not to say a shade on the pretentious side. The upshot was that several months later I was in Canberra and on the set of *Arigato Baby*, having supposedly timed my arrival for the scheduled filming of the naughty bits. This was going to be fun.

The principal actors were: *Adrian Wentworth* — All-Australian stud from Melbourne, playing the part of a Vietnam Vet who's paranoically anti-Asian until he meets and falls in love with the Japanese actress. In real life, hobbies include narcissism and fanging around in American sports cars.

Nicci Lane — Aborigine and girlfriend of Adrian. In real life, rampant exhibitionist who achieved fame in September 1988 with a nude dash around the Melbourne Cricket Ground. Holds titles of Miss Aboriginal 1980 and Miss Nude Australia.

Yoko Atsumi — Adrian's tragic lover. In real life, a mystery to me.

As it turned out, I saw nothing in the three days I spent there that could remotely be con-

strued as an X-rated sex act. All manner of excuses were trotted out by both actresses, the best revolving around inconvenient menstruation times, but it seemed clear that nobody, including our man Adrian, had the remotest desire to do the wild thing for the camera. The script — mostly a narration rather than dialogue, making the foreign translations easier and cheaper — was an astonishing assemblage of cliches, at least as banal as anything coughed up by the American X-rated industry.

And describing Yoko as an actress would be as absurd as a vision of Russ Hinz in a ballet outfit. This woman was so monumentally inscrutable, so devoid of facial expression or animation, that it seemed to me her finest performance occurred when she was wearing a traditional Japanese wooden mask and the most movement she exhibited took place after she was supposed to be dead.

But to the untrained eye, appearances can be deceptive. In spite of the apparent drawbacks, producer/director Lynch was convinced he had another *Story Of O* on his hands, an erotic masterpiece that would stand up against anything in the genre. "Do you have any idea how good these pictures are?" he sometimes asked me, to which the response was "No."

In any case, I left Canberra convinced that there would never be an X-rated version of *Arigato Baby*. Later experiences on the set of Australia's first pornographic videos (see last month's *Penthouse*) confirmed that view; the production company in that case, Down Under Video, had to import Yankee studs, or "woodsmen", for the hard stuff because they were unable to find an Australian male who could do the business with a dozen people breathing down his neck.

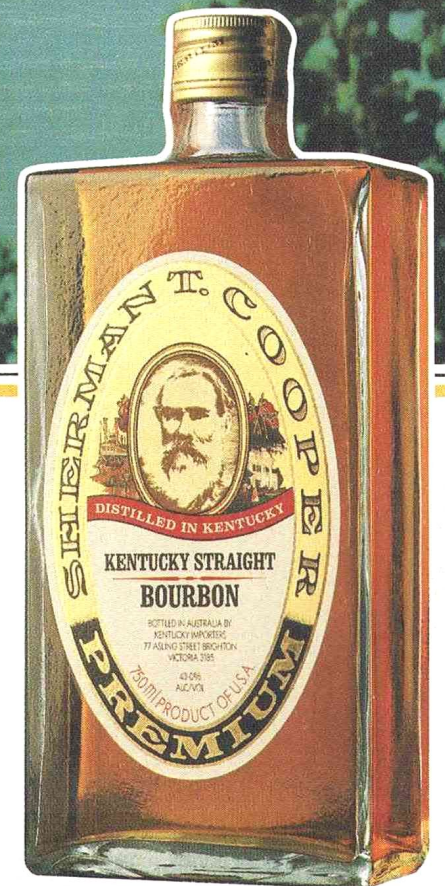
Imagine my surprise, then, when the call finally came through informing that Adrian had been "fine and upstanding" in two riveting sex scenes, one with Nicci Lane and another

THE HOME OF SHERMAN T. COOPER PREMIUM BOURBON

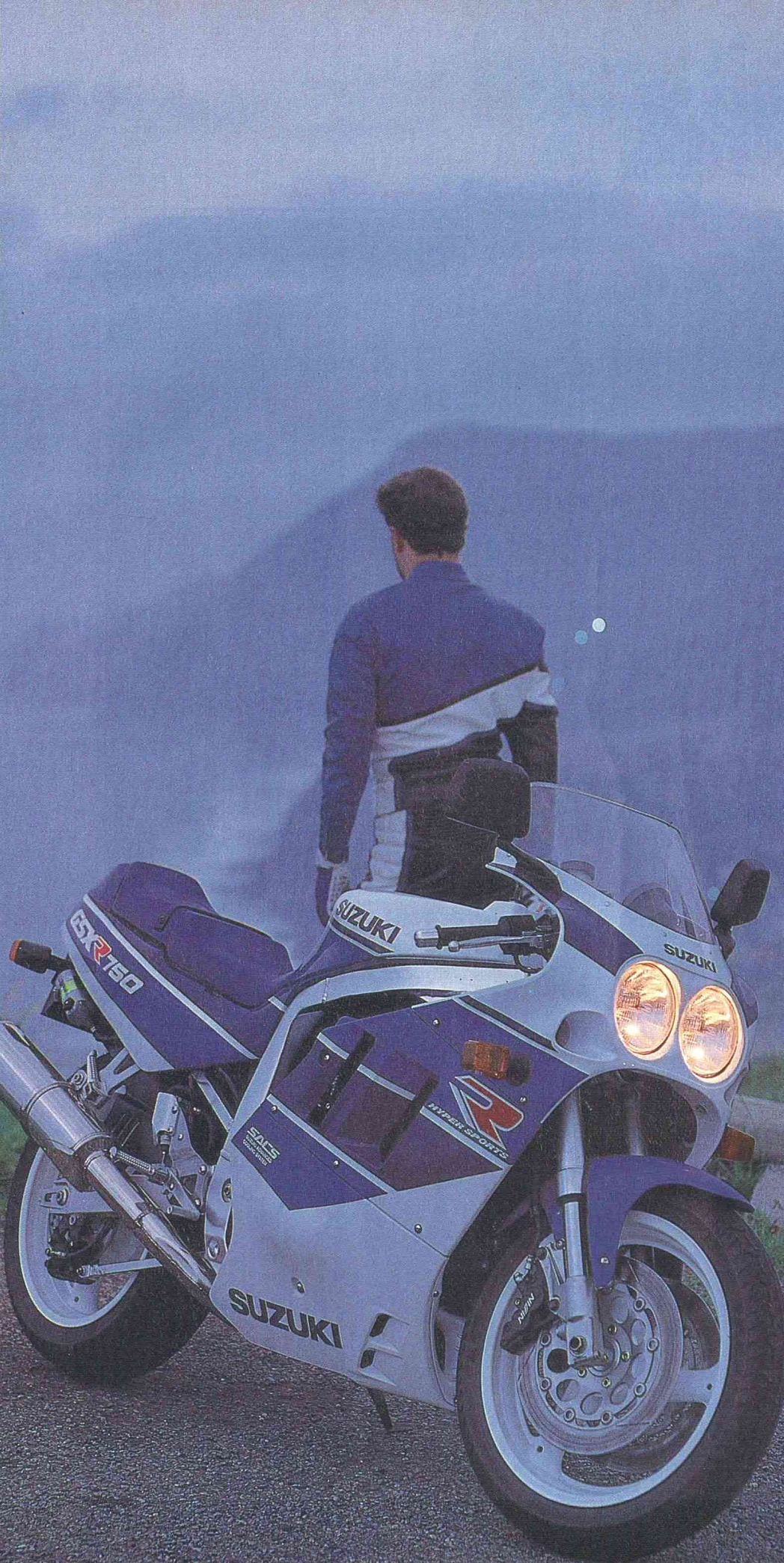
Sherman T. Cooper's blend of genuine Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky originated in the ridges of the Kentucky and Tennessee state line.

Since then, the old family formulas have been handed down from generation to generation.

Today, the smooth blend of Sherman T. Cooper Bourbon has made it one of Kentucky's Premium Bourbons.



WHEN YOU FEEL YOU DESERVE
A FINE KENTUCKY BOURBON



Scene stealer.

Picture this.
It's dawn.
You're alone with your new Suzuki GSX-R750.
Your favourite stretch of winding coastal road awaits you.
This is what high performance sports-bike riding is all about.
Man and machine.
And what a machine.
From the ground up, the GSX-R750 is pure performance.
Low-profile Michelin radial tyres are fitted to hollow three-spoke 17 inch wheels, with an enormous, road-hugging 170/60 tyre fitted to the race-spec 5.5 inch wide rear rim.
A box-section aluminium alloy frame and swingarm offers exceptional torsional rigidity. New inverted front forks and a new remote gas reservoir rear shock absorber are fully adjustable. Handling is razor sharp.
An aerodynamic fairing and triple disc brakes are developed directly from Suzuki's works race machines.
A new long stroke, four-cylinder 749cc engine with 16 valves, DOHC, Twin Swirl Combustion Chambers, four 38mm Mikuni Slingshot carburetors and Suzuki's Advanced Cooling System pumps out more power and more torque right across the rev range than ever before. Throttle response is smoother and faster, for stronger drive out of your favourite set of corners.
And last but by no means least, a lighter four-into-one stainless steel exhaust system emits a throaty growl, capping off the GSX-R750's race-bred heritage.
Put yourself in the picture.
With the Suzuki GSX-R750, you're going to steal the scene.



GSX-R750



Suzuki supports the Federal Government's "Ride It Right" Campaign.

* Always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing.
* Read your Owner's Manual carefully. * Enjoy safe riding.



involving not one but two local ladies rung in off the street after a last-minute script change. Adrian Wentworth had defied the odds and become a woodsman! "I think it was his ego that got him up," Lynch observed.

seas was excellent, and the film would be fully and properly represented in LA before its release in Australia a short time later, which I suppose means about now. "I think it's probably the best picture of its kind ever



Yoko in the eminently predictable harakiri scene — yes, that is meant to be blood.

However, Adrian will not become Australia's first male porn star. "I've been offered more roles," he said, "but I don't want to do any more."

Arigato Baby in X and R versions had to be ready for the Los Angeles film market last February. Lynch said the reaction to the rushes he sent over-

made in this country," the director opined. Since it's in fact the only one of its kind — unless you count Down Under Video's three-day quickies — that mightn't seem a massive endorsement. But at least it's a start, whatever its quality, and might be worth a look on that basis alone. — Greg Hunter

GLUTTONY

CHEEKY LITTLE BARGAINS

Great wine buys under \$10

Australia being the wine paradise that it is, cheaper wines are often plenty good enough. It wasn't too long ago that 90 percent of

all Australian wine sold was in the under \$10 category, but that barrier has been well and truly broken by premium wines. The only trouble is that most of us still don't have the wherewithal to fork out \$13 to \$20 every time we want a decent bottle. The good news is that 1990 could see wine prices fall, the result of the export boom slowing and wine companies with recent bumper harvests to clear.

But even now there are plenty

of not simply good but truly excellent wines available for under \$10 — if you know what you're looking for. I have selected at least five first-class wines under \$10 in every varietal category.

Australian Rhine rieslings offer the broadest range of "bargain jewels" of any Australian varietal. Currently the style is pitching itself at a born-again revival in the fashion stakes, so there is a wide range of interpretations among today's winemakers. The present spate of faster developing Rhines offers drinkers tastes for all seasons. Recommended are Lindeman's Padthaway 1988, Brown Brothers 1988, McWilliams Hanwood 1988, Houghtons Frankland River 1988 and Kaiser Stuhl Green Ribbon 1988.

Face it — you are never going to get a cheap chardonnay, only a bargain one. At the moment Australian winemakers are moving away from the heavy use of oak, particularly in the lower price ranges. Most probably for — guess what? — reasons of economy; those French oak barrels cost a small fortune. Bargain chardonnays, I'm happy to say, are genuine wines that represent first-class value for money.

Top of my list is Queen Adelaide Chardonnay 1989, which costs less than \$7. Then comes Orlando RF Chardonnay, Lindemans Hunter River Bin 7281 1988, Yalumba Gourmet Series 1989, and Yalumba Family Reserve Selection 1988.

Good cabernet sauvignon fruit is currently in short supply so you won't pick up too many premium bargains. Excellent wines around the \$10 mark are mostly from the big companies, which are able to draw on economies of scale. Your eyes should be peeled for The Hardy Collection Coonawarra 1987, Wyndham Estate Bin 444 1987, James Haselgrove Cabernet Yellow Label 1987, Saltram 1986, and anything (in the lower end of course) under the Peter Lehmann, Wynns and

McWilliams labels. Any current vintage of Orlando RF is also a safe as houses bet.

Dry red blends can be a bit of a minefield: some are very, very good and some are conspicuously lacking in flavor. However, the big companies have a keen interest in their proprietary brands and these provide a treasure trove for the economical wine lover. Australian blending techniques are sometimes at their best in these economy reds, so go for them.

Seaview Claret stands at the head of the contenders, followed closely by Eaglehawk Shiraz Merlot Cabernet Sauvignon 1986, Rouge Homme Coonawarra Claret 1987, Balgownie Premier Cuvee Cabernet Hermitage 1987, and Houghton Shiraz Malbec 1987. Oh, what the hell — let's add a double dose of choices: Yalumba Cabernet Sauvignon Shiraz 1987, Lauriston Cabernet Sauvignon Shiraz 1987, Gramps Cabernet Merlot 1987, and Wolf Blass Red Label Shiraz Cabernet Sauvignon 1987.

Most of us drink casks, whether we admit it or not. The past three years have seen a gulf opening between the best and worst Chateau Cardboard, because vast volumes of the FAQ wine which once bolstered the cask market are now going overseas. The days are gone when you could buy any cask and assume she'll be right.

Wynn's Jazz Series White Burgundy and Rose are first-rate despite the old-fashioned carton design, Lindemans Mirrabook Chablis 1988 and Verdelho 1987 are classics with great depth of fruit, and McWilliams Hillside Traminer Riesling and Colombard Chardonnay 1988 are not to be missed for body.

Chablis and variations on the theme formed a generic revival that had winemakers stumped a few years ago. The main reason for the popularity was probably because even the biggest lamebrain could pronounce it. But, as ever, Australian winemakers rose to the chal-

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KEN HOLLOWAY

HOME: Sydney, NSW.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Managing Director of his own watercraft manufacturing company.

HOBBY: "My job. How lucky can you get?"

LAST BOOK READ: "The Walrus & The Carpenter", Lewis Carroll.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created the world's only craft that surfs, sails and shoots rapids.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love the water, and I would rather work for me than anyone else I know."

QUOTE: "I like hard work, I'd rather wear out than rust out."

PROFILE: A bronzed Aussie who's determined to turn gold.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's - "with water of course".

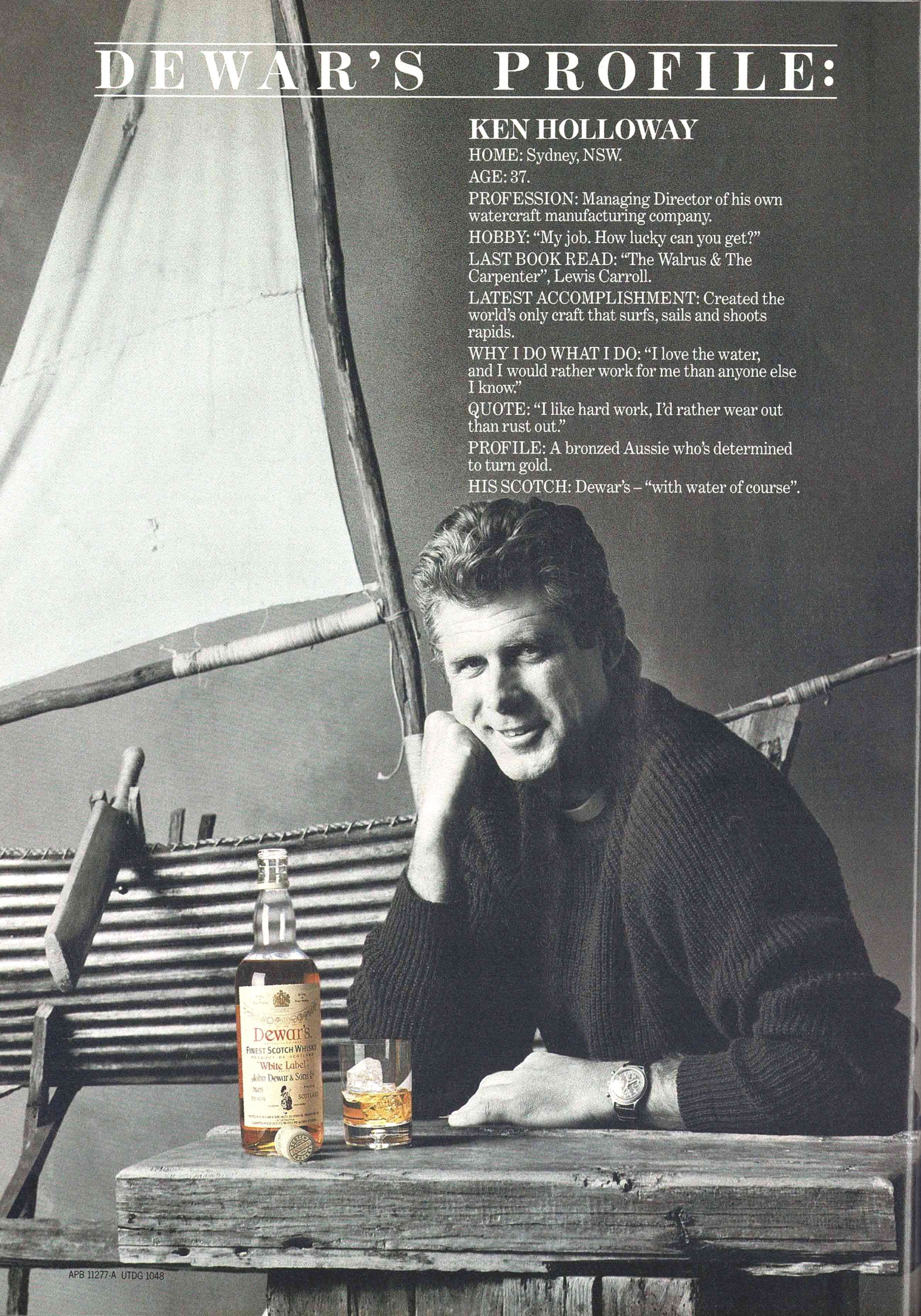


Illustration by Scott Kennedy



lenge of making the best go of things with complex, refreshing wines offering some of the best value for money around.

Let's have a round of McWilliams Inheritance Collection Chablis 1989, Houghtons Wildflower Ridge Chablis 1989, Lakewood Chablis 1989, Houghtons White Burgundy 1989, Lindemans Cawarra Colombard Chardonnay Chablis 1989, and Wyndham Estate Bin 777 Graves.

Semillon is often hailed as a true Australian style, but where average wine drinkers are concerned that's the extent of the interest. Many winemakers are also currently combining semillon with other varieties with generally good results. McWilliams Elizabeth is the most widely drunk semillon in the country and for the past 21 years has been supplying Australians with champagne quality for peanut prices. Other value bottlings are: Morris of Rutherglen 1988, Rycroft 1989, Brown Brothers 1988, Douglas L. Lamb 1988, and Wyndham Estate Bin 222 Chardonnay Semillon 1988.

Most of the new breed spark-

ling wines are priced at well above the \$15 level, but the Australian wine industry has been quietly upgrading its inexpensive sparklers with much less fanfare.

In the *Australian Beverage Review* magazine's blind tasting of domestic sparkling wines, panellists were shocked when they selected McWilliams Markview Brut in the top three. Seppelts Great Western has immeasurably improved the base wine of the biggest-selling wine in Australia, as has Penfolds with Minchinbury.

Serving a new bottling of Minchinbury to a friend whose palate has all the subtlety of linoleum, I was shocked to discover that the Big M has undergone a huge change for the better. Yalumba Angus Brut has to be the best choice for budgeteers; absolutely nothing can beat it in the \$4.99 category. Queen Adelaide Vintage Brut 1987 is a steal at \$8.

Sauvignon blanc prices have zoomed since the wine became fashionable but there are still many excellent bottlings below the \$10 barrier. Select from James Haselgrove Coonawarra

Fume 1988, Renmano Chairman's Selection Sauvignon Blanc Bin 504 1989, and

Barossa Valley Estates Limited Edition Sauvignon Blanc 1989.

Cheap pinot noir is as hard to find as its chardonnay equivalent but the quest is not hopeless. Inexpensive cachet can be achieved with Yalumba Family Reserve Selection Pinot Noir 1987, Wyndham Estate Pinot Noir 1987, and Rouge Homme Coonawarra Pinot Noir 1988.

Time was that shiraz aka hermitage labored exclusively under the workhorse image. How times change. Today, shiraz has many entrants in the above \$20 category in Australia, with Grange Hermitage, of course, the Emperor of the variety. For my money some of the best of the inexpensive are: McWilliams Mount Pleasant Hermitage 1987, Tulloch Hunter River Hermitage 1986, Kron-dorf Coonawarra Hermitage 1987, Mildara Coonawarra Hermitage 1987, Wyndham Estate Bin 555 Selected Hermitage 1987, Rycroft McLaren Vale Hermitage 1987, and Rosemount Estate Shiraz 1988. — Elisabeth King

VANITY

COMING INTO FASHION

What the undressed Australian male is (and isn't) wearing

Serious things, condoms. Deadly serious. And upwardly mobile. In the space of less than a decade, the old latex sheath went from

being a quaint relic of the pre-Pill days to being a government-endorsed necessity that stood between responsible adults and a textbook of despicable diseases. From the status of wallet filler for spotty and hopeful adolescents to requisite attire for the undressed gentleman in less than ten years is one heck of a leap... even for a frog.

The good news for throwbacks who still crack frog jokes like that one is that it's okay to laugh about rubbers. In fact, condom manufacturers all but encourage it and government health departments are not averse to using humor in their condom promotion cam-

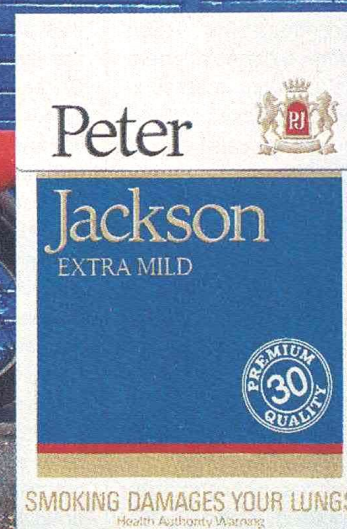


"Bear with me — I'm clinically insane."

Peter Jackson 30's.

You're laughing!

AWAY



SMOKING DAMAGES YOUR LUNGS

Health Authority Warning
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.
PHJ994 APB11751-C

paigns. The bottom line is that condoms are a part of the sex act and anything to do with sex is going to get some people chuckling to cover what I'm informed is subconscious embarrassment. This is unscientifically known as The Benny Hill Factor.

Condom Utopia, as envisaged by the purveyors and promoters of prophylactics, is by no means a mirthless world. It's a place where no-one says: "Why the franger — don't you trust me?" or "Have you got something?" In this ideal state, we can all giggle and crack condom jokes, but the loudest laugh of all is reserved for the ridiculous idea of ever having unprotected sex.

That said, herewith a blow by blow update on the market for the article of apparel that dare not speak its name without some boofhead up the back having a bit of a smirk:

- Australians buy 30 million condoms each year. That's double the figure annually purchased before we became aware of AIDS. While the Grim Reaper campaign of 1986 was responsible for a jump in sales, market charts were showing substantial upturns in 1984 and 1985. Condom industry spokesmen attribute the rises in those years to community awareness sparked by three AIDS-related infant deaths in Queensland and the widely publicised death of Rock Hudson. After a series of boom years, the condom market is now showing increases of three to four percent annually.
- Only 20 percent of sexually active Australians between the ages of 18 and 35 are using condoms.
- Women account for 30 percent of condom purchases in Australia.
- At any given time over the last two years there have been between 10 and 15 brands of condoms available here. Variants within each brand (ribbed, lubricated, spermicidal, flavored, etc) combine to offer the Australian consumer around 170 choices in penile

contraceptive apparel, a range equivalent to that available in America.

• Condoms are marketed in different sizes in Australia, but the labelling of smaller lines is such as not to put the punter off. If you feel you were behind the door when the meat was being handed out, look for condoms advertised as "snug fitting." Hugger is one such brand. In the States, to cater for the John Holmeses of this world, there is a line called Magnum. No such mega-condom is planned for the Australian market.

• In a bid to determine whether micro and mega-condoms should be marketed here, Sydney University's Public Health Department last year undertook a study of the erect Australian penis. From the sample of volunteers willing to bone up for science, the average true blue erection was found to measure 15cm, a size easily catered for by all locally available condoms.

• The biggest selling condom in Australia is the Checkmate Lubricated Condom marketed by Ansell.

• The most "novel" contraceptive condom available here may be the Kiss Of Mint scented non-lubricated prophylactic also marketed by Ansell in their new sexily packaged Contempo line.

• The Australian company Ansell currently boasts a more than 80 percent stranglehold on the local market. Competitors Durex, BDF, Searle and a handful of small companies wrestle for the crumbs.

• Since August last year no condoms have been made in Australia. Ansell imports all its contraceptive lines from America, more specifically from Dotham, Alabama, condom capital of the world.

• Government standards require that all condoms are tested at the point of manufacture and in Australia. Tests consist of blowing the condom up to withstand at least 12 litres of air before breaking, filling random samples from each batch with 300 mls of water

(about the capacity of an old-fashioned Coke bottle) to check for holes, and running an electric current through each condom, also to check for holes. Mr John McCormick, Ansell's condom guru, says that most Ansell condoms have been shown to withstand more than 40 litres of air, a volume that stretches the latex sheath

Number Four isn't getting it much these days.

• According to Dr Derek Llewellyn-Jones, the pregnancy rate among "highly motivated" couples using condoms is two per hundred woman years. Among those who are a little more lax, the rate is about five per hundred woman years.

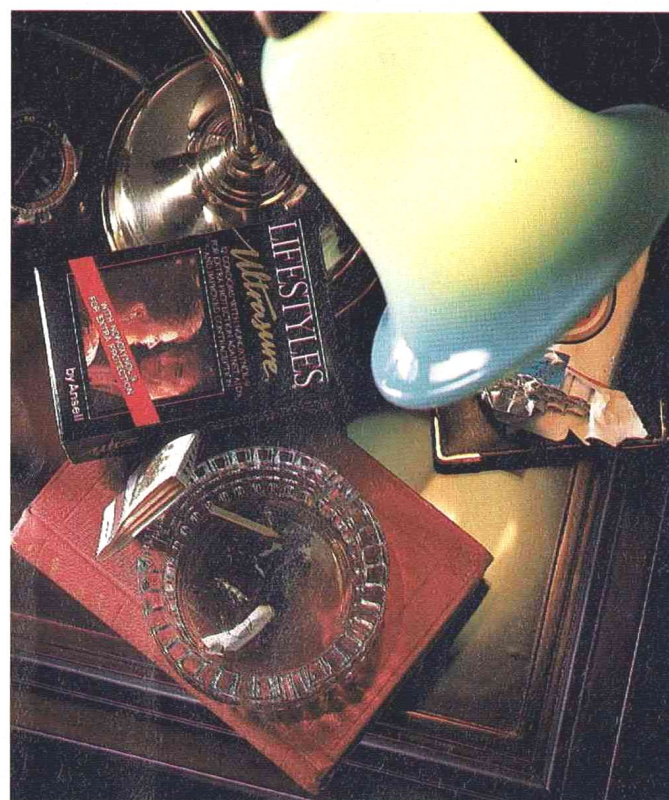


Photo by Geoff Howden

to about four feet in height and 15 inches in width, or about the size of an average dwarf.

• The world's most prolific condom users are the Japanese, who each year rut their way through 870 million of them. The non-availability of the Pill accounts largely for this reliance. However, there is some speculation as to whether all the condoms purchased are actually used, for apart from being sold at traditional outlets, condoms are peddled door-to-door in Japan by inscrutable little ladies who resort to fiendish tactics to flog their froggy wares. Many housewives are shamed into buying more than their real requirements for fear that the wagging tongue of the condom lady will inform the neighbors that Mrs Suzuki in

• While it has been a great decade for contraceptive condoms, that waggish old favorite, the French tickler, has all but died a quiet death. Prior to the appearance of AIDS, those entrusted with buying the really stupid presents for office parties could go to any sex shop and choose from a cornucopia of ridiculous dick wear. Since the Big Bad A, however, stringent standards requirements on imported contraceptives and the labelling of sex novelties have seen the sad demise of the tickler.

Interestingly, most of the products previously imported would have probably been very effective contraceptives. Quite apart from the fact that, according to one former importer, some of them were as thick as

electric BLUE Connoisseur Collection

Latest Release

ELECTRIC BLUE 32

CARNIVAL TIME IN RIO — with Ronnie Biggs being detained at his pleasure by three of the cutest conchitas you've ever seen.

LUST IN SPACE — it's all aboard our spaceship USS Voluptua for the ride of a lifetime with a crew of girls that are out of this world. Beam me up!

NUDE ART — with bodies so firm and ripe they're a picture already.

THE TASTE OF AMBROSIA \$55.00

A sizzling encounter between two strangers who find each other on the streets of New York. All is not as it appears, however, as we see in the surprise ending.

NINE LIVES HATH MY LOVE — A story about one woman's solution to having to choose between her man and her cats.

THE RITES OF PASSION \$55.00

IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE — Annie Sprinkle's autobiographical story of a woman's search for sexual fulfillment through many sexual adventures until she discovers ancient love-making secrets.

SHADY MADONNA — In a timely place, Veronica Vera takes us along with "Mr Morality" to the TV studio to tape his message but instead he finds himself travelling through his minds lustful secrets.

SENSUAL ESCAPE \$55.00

Gloria Leonard takes us on a touchingly funny walk through the minds of two people who are about to take the leap into bed. What is your lover really thinking about before the big plunge?

THE TUNNEL — A young artist's recurring erotic dream leads her to an encounter with a mysterious man who helps her discover her hidden and explosive passion.

THREE DAUGHTERS \$39.95

The story of the Claytons and their three beautiful daughters Michelle, the hot blooded red-head, Jennifer, the serious concert pianist with a secret side; and the budding of eighteen year old Heather whose sexuality blossoms amidst the passions around her.

electric Fantasy \$39.95

DIRTY LAUNDRY — Feelings run high as our young heroes put the 'stud' into stud poker. As the game progresses they discuss their sexual prowess, conquests and desires. Beautiful girls plus plenty of action make this 80 minutes of entertaining and erotic viewing.

electric Fantasy \$39.95

THE LAST CONDOM — A look at life and lust through the eyes of two packets of condoms in a hotel room. One a well-worn story-teller, the other a young stud eager to prove himself. It's non-stop action as one after another, couples check in to explore their desires and fantasies.

electric Special \$49.95

NUDE WIVES CONFESSIONS — LUSTY LIZZY SAUCY SARAH RANDY CANDY AND MANY MORE REVEAL ALL

NUDE WIVES CONFESSIONS — Discover how these sex crazed, horny housewives make it through the day — Luscious Lizzy tantalizes with tasty delights from the kitchen — Randy Candy, sweets for the sweet — Saucy Sarah, every handyman's dream come true.

electric Special \$49.95

MARIE & LINZI'S FANTASIES — Electric Blue's Marie Harper and UK Penthouse magazine's editor Linzi Drew — two of the most notorious girls in the business. They review some classic viewers letters and entertain a few of their more bizarre suggestions.

ORDER 3 OR MORE TITLES AND RECEIVE A FREE ELECTRIC BLUE T-SHIRT VALUED AT \$14.95

POST TO: Electric Blue
Private Bag 15, Neutral Bay, 2089
Or PHONE: 02 908 4422 for
Credit Card orders.

I would like a
FREE Electric Blue catalogue ☐

Please send me the following titles in VHS ☐ Beta ☐

I enclose cheque/money order for \$ or debit my Bankcard/
Mastercard/Visa No:

I declare I am over 18 years old

Signature

Name

Address

Postcode.....

+ Postage \$2.50

NON-VIOLENT EROTICA

Beam's Choice

Just a little
extra special



Proudly distilled from the old Beam family formula.

JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO • CLERMONT • BEAM • KENTUCKY

APB5911-A

Sins

tractor tyres, the very appearance of the monstrosities was enough to cool even the hottest feminine ardor. (Collectors' note: Some ticklers brought in

before the tightening of the laws are still available in sex shops. Hop in quick and snap up a family heirloom.) — C.J. Mackay

SLOTH

LAND OF THE BLOODY BIG TROUT

New Zealand is fly fisherman heaven

Crouched on the banks of New Zealand's Wheao River, one of the country's finest trout streams, the Washington attorney was unusually indecisive. He'd been on the river for more than half an hour but still hadn't cast his line.

Clutching a state of the art Sage graphite rod and decked out in the finest fishing fashion a six-figure annual income could buy, he was engaged in an extensive entomological study in order to select just the right lure from his collection of more than 200 flies.

Meanwhile, 50 metres up-river, the American's weather-beaten Kiwi guide was busy netting his third rainbow trout. "What sort of fly are you using?" enquired the American, as he watched the magnificent fish flapping on the bank.

"We call it the WBB," replied the guide, trying hard to disguise a sneer. "The Wee Black Bastard. And if that doesn't catch fish we use the BBB — the Big Black Bastard."

Fly fishing for trout, more than any other form of angling,

is a sport surrounded by elitism, mystery and bullshit.

If you want to fish in the style of the grey-haired American lawyer, flying first class halfway across the world to a fishing hot spot where you'll hire a guide with extensive local knowledge for \$500 a day who'll give you every opportunity to catch a trophy fish with the ultimate array of high tech tackle you've brought with you to your luxury lodge, then go for it.



But you'll probably be paying about \$200 per kilo for the trout you catch — which is a pretty stiff price, even considering the exorbitant cost of fish these days.

The reason rich Americans are willing to fork out ridiculous amounts of money to come fishing in New Zealand is

simple. The country's climate and river and lake environments provide the planet's greatest trout fishing — more and bigger rainbows and browns than just about anywhere. New Zealand trout aren't quite sticking their heads out of the water and saying "Catch me," but you'd have to be a complete mug or as unlucky as Alan Bond to head home from a fishing trip in the Land of the Long White Cloud without scoring.

The enthusiasts who spend tens of thousands of dollars to come here to practice their refined but gut-wrenchingly exciting sport know that the New Zealand experience is worth every cent. New Zealand caters admirably for the up-market fly fisherman. Luxury lodges like Lake Taupo's Huka, Solitaire and Tongariro offer the guest splendid scenery, sumptuous food and the instant expertise of local fishing guides. Or you can take another step up and walk into the elegant old-world

Lodge guest knows he has arrived as his olfactory system is pampered by the cherry blossom-lined driveway which is surrounded by gardens rich with color and scent.

Hosts Noeline and Errol Officer will greet you as your vehicle comes to a gravel-crunching halt beside stately Moose Lodge. Their exclusive retreat caters to a maximum of 12 couples, and apart from the appeal of its tranquility and luxury, the lodge's fine cuisine is a major attraction.

Moose Lodge is also renowned for its spectacular views. Perched on the edge of Lake Rotoiti, which is rich in fish resources, it's a half-hour drive to some magnificent trout streams and lakes. For those who wish to really experience wild New Zealand, a heli-fishing safari is available to take you into remote wilderness rivers.

On returning from a successful day's fishing your catch will disappear into the kitchen. Dinner is a casually elegant affair and it will invariably be shared with a sophisticated but gregarious group. A typical table at dinner includes a psychotherapist from Memphis who's here to go bushwalking, a New York architect who's mad about fishing and his brittle blonde wife, the Chairman of AMP (I asked him how my superannuation was accruing but he appeared to have forgotten my name), and a New Zealand couple on their honeymoon.

When the trout, transformed from mere fish flesh into something quite delicious by the lodge's chef, appears at the table, it is agreed unanimously that this is the finest thing to ever touch the human palate.

This fertile island chain presents more for the tourist than just fishing. A land of startling variety and beauty, New Zealand has no crowds and no pollution. If you want to experience Maori culture, then try Bondi. But if you want to fish and surf in clean sand and water, visit New Zealand. — Mike Kent

ROD ALEXANDER



ROD ALEXANDER

AT THE FOREFRONT OF CONTEMPORARY FASHION IN AUSTRALIA.

232 Edinburgh Road Castlecrag NSW 2069 AUSTRALIA Ph: (02) 958 6314 Fax: (02) 958 0595



a man's PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER woman

"I'm a man's woman," confesses 25-year-old Kaeli. "I've always been more comfortable in the company of men. Most women seem to get their claws out when I'm around." No wonder — this femme fatale would make any other woman more than a little green with jealousy.



Kaeli is a nightclub singer, touring the country singing her seductive tunes. "Singing is a way of expressing myself, my emotions, my sensuality. Being of European descent, I'm very fiery and passionate." This sultry song bird makes sure she calls the tunes: "I don't take anything lying down. I'm not the submissive type."





As soon as the sun goes down, Kaeli comes alive. When she's not singing she's out combing the local nightclub scene, midnight a distant memory as she dances till dawn. "I'm very nocturnal. I wake up after dark. Night-time is much more exciting and creative." Set your body clock for midnight and catch this dazzling nightingale if you can.





Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

You've been married for 11 years. Now you realise the relationship has been declining for some time, although a year ago you would have said it was fine. You never really argued; you have two great kids and a comfortable home. Sure, sex has become less frequent and exciting, but doesn't that happen to everyone? You had been working with a woman colleague in the office for some time. You worked together well and enjoyed each other's company. When you went on a business trip together, it was not surprising that she invited you into her room. Since, you have been having a secret love affair. You feel very much in love with your new partner, but guilty about how the affair might affect your family. Your new partner would like a full relationship with you, and you feel great when you're with her. But you don't hate your wife. You just don't feel in love any more. Your kids are very special to you and you would hate to hurt them or lose them. What do you do? Do you grab this chance at a new and exciting love relationship? Or do you turn your back on it and go back to the mundane and boring? Do you go or stay?

This is easily the most common dilemma I see in my clinical practice. Change the details a little, make it the wife who is in the dilemma rather than the husband, and you have a crisis that must face around half of all married couples at some time or other. It may be some small consolation to know you're in a large boat, but it won't tell you what to do. What you definitely should *not* do is try to decide by comparing the two relationships. This is a confusing exercise that will only give you a headache. Recognise that you actually face two quite separate questions and you will best tackle them one after the other.

First ask yourself: "Do I think there is a reasonable chance that my marriage might work well for me?" The fact that you have become seriously involved in

another relationship shows there has been something wrong with your marriage in the first place. I have *never* seen someone get involved in an affair unless there was *already* something wrong with his (or her) primary relationship.

So what was wrong with your marriage? You will probably find it was one or more of the following: not enough common interests, so not enough shared good times as a couple; not enough communication, so not enough support and intimacy; not enough fun from a neglected sexual relationship; maybe disagreement over how to make important decisions; and maybe too many arguments. The most common pattern of a marriage headed for strife is the empty relationship, just not enough shared good times and communi-

"The feelings and activities that usually occur in affairs are not valid predictors of the long-term success of the relationship."

cation. It sneaks up on you. Because you aren't arguing much, you can get the illusion that your marriage is safe when, in fact, it is becoming emotionally empty and unrewarding. If you now think you don't feel in love with your wife any more, ask yourself when was the last time you did any of the things that couples in love do?

The vulnerability of an empty relationship usually is revealed when one of the partners has an affair, looking for the rewards that he (or she) hasn't enjoyed at home for some time. Then he winds up in this dilemma. The new relationship is full of the passion of any new love affair. You get together infrequently and briefly, just for fun,

maybe mostly for sex. Meanwhile back home all your marriage seems to offer is more of the same old routine, because that's all you have put into it for years. This is not a fair comparison and it's no way to make important decisions.

If you recognise the gaps in your marriage in my list above, they are common problems that can be tackled successfully, if both partners are willing to. You may or may not tackle them successfully, but you won't do any good unless you try. I believe the *only* question you should ask yourself, then, is whether you think there is a realistic chance of filling those gaps, of making your marriage really good for both of you. Not *are you sure*, because at this point you can't be; just *do you think there's a realistic chance?*

Meanwhile, and here's the difficult part, you should say to your new partner: "You will know I have been having trouble making up my mind what to do. I am going to try to resolve my doubts by working on my marriage to see if it can really work for me. I expect you will feel bad about this, because I know I do, but it will help me make up my mind properly. If I decide then to stay in my marriage, I will always be sad about losing our relationship, but I hope you will see I have done the right thing. If I decide to leave my marriage, after really working on it, then I am free to try to develop a real relationship with you, with no strings attached and no doubts. I understand you

may not wait for me and I just have to accept that, but I hope you can see this is the best way out of this dilemma."

If your new partner really cares for you, she will accept that it is the best way out of the dilemma, even if she feels bad about waiting. My rule of thumb is that it takes around three months to really work on a troubled marriage and get an idea of its future. If you rebuild your marriage successfully, you have a good relationship and your family has been saved a lot of hassle. If working on your marriage proves to you that it can't really work for you, then at least you leave it with a clear conscience, knowing you have not inflicted any unnecessary hurt on anyone.

Then you can address the second question in your present dilemma: "Can I make a successful long-term relationship with my new partner?" No matter how passionately in love you feel, you really don't have an answer to this question yet. The feelings and activities that usually occur in affairs are just not valid predictors of the long-term success of the relationship. In fact, working on this new relationship should involve your addressing much the same issues as you would in working on your marriage.

One final, difficult suggestion: if you decide to first work on your marriage, you should try to have little or no contact with your new partner while you're doing that. I don't underestimate how hard that can be but, if you want to make a worthwhile decision about the future of your marriage, you need to concentrate on it. Continuing your affair at the same time will only dilute your efforts and add to your confusion.

Anyone who has been in this dilemma will tell you how awful it is. When you finally do get out of it, if you don't want a repeat dose, don't take your relationship for granted and let it gradually empty. If you want to stay happily in love, keep doing the things that people in love do. ○—

AMERICAN BABYLON

Crack, crime and corruption are killing the American dream

Times Square in New York City is a modern metaphor for America. The opulent buildings that surround the area symbolise the power and energy of America's largest city — a city that has acted as a gateway for millions of immigrants who sought their fortunes in a new and promised land.

But that promise has become a nightmare for many. Hundreds of homeless men wander aimlessly on the streets around Times Square. In the winter they huddle in the huge Port Authority bus terminal building and survive by begging or through crime.

Crack dealers are everywhere, vying with the pimps and their withered prostitutes for control of the sidewalks. Violence explodes with frequency and intensity. In one block around the Square — between Seventh and Eighth Avenues on 42nd Street — there were 2246 reported crimes in 1988, of which 462 were murders, rapes, robberies and assaults. Another 468 felonies were committed in the subways running beneath the Square.

Even the pornography shops symbolise the collapse of urban America. In the early 1890s theatres and restaurants and the offices of the *New York Times* thrived in

the area. Vast batteries of neon signs and magnificent theatres glittered in the Square by the 1930s. Then the Depression, and later, the advent of television, wiped out vaudeville and burlesque and by the mid-1960s great porn palaces and movie theatres appeared in their place.

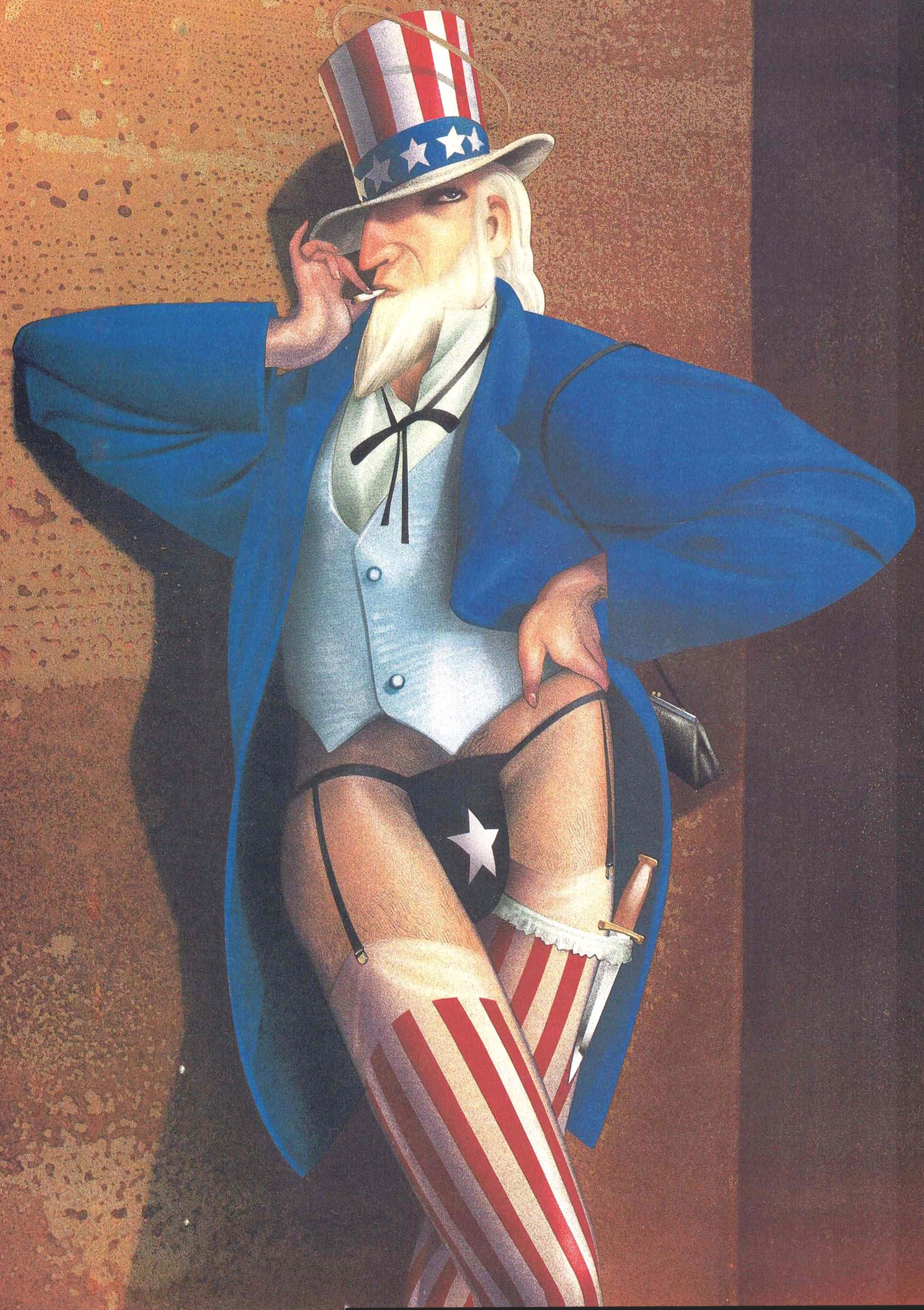
Crime and drugs and urban decay have reduced these palaces and theatres to sad shadows of their former showy opulence. Now, the movie theatres show bottom-drawer Kung Fu and horror shows and the porn shops smell of urine and sperm and sell violent and sadistic videotapes.

The moral campaigners of the Eighties would have it that Times Square, like most American urban areas, began to decay when sin and sex replaced church and family as the values of the day. But crack, heroin and crime and the collapse of the inner cities had nothing to do with the sexual revolution of the Sixties or the freeing of attitudes towards the erotic and sensual that occurred during those years.

During the eight years of his presidency, Ronald Reagan slashed federal funding for public housing, education and social security. As a consequence, the inner

BY PAUL R. WILSON*

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



BABYLON

city areas of large American cities began to decay and with them, the small businesses that served the people in the ghettos.

When Colombian crack cocaine began to hit the streets in the mid-Eighties, it did so in a context where poverty and social disorganization were intensifying. Drugs — crack, in particular — came to form the basis of a substitute economy as legitimate economic opportunities were fast diminishing.

A volatile drug market is now established where crack has become a currency of the realm, an asset with cash value that can be bartered for food, goods and sex. The huge increase in violence that has occurred in cities like Washington, Los Angeles and New York reflects the battle between gangs fighting for control of this underground economy.

Yet during the Reagan years and continuing into the Bush era, the "solutions" applied to solving the drug and crime problems caused by urban blight have had nothing to do with the causes. Instead, these solutions have relied on the twin forces of police power and moral zealotry.

President Bush exemplified the first of these forces when he launched the so-called "War On Drugs" in September 1989. Nine billion dollars was set aside to give police forces more resources to arrest drug users and to provide correctional authorities with the money to build bigger and better prisons to house them.

The money for these drug war strategies will not be raised through additional taxes or taken from the defence budget. Instead, funding will come from "general revenues", which means that housing, welfare and other social programs will suffer. Inevitably, the decay of the inner-city ghettos will continue, and violence, crime and drug-peddling will proliferate.

The second weapon in the war has been an attack on the alleged decline in the moral standards of Americans. The Meese Commission into Pornography established under President Reagan fired the first government salvo in this war, but the Moral Majority and the religious televangelists had been for some time marshalling the ground troops.

The push to restore what are called "old-fashioned values" and to expurgate the sexual and the erotic from American life continues with force and vigor under George Bush.

The Moral Majority campaign suggests that by banishing the evil influences of sex and blasphemy, crime and drugs and homelessness will be reduced and eventually eliminated. The major targets in this campaign have been literature and the print and electronic media.

All over the country books are being banned from school libraries. In September last year, People For The American Way, a group that opposes censorship, issued a report listing 172 incidents in 42 states of attempted or successful censorship in the previous 12 months. The group's president, Arthur Koop, called the findings an example of "an unreasonable undercurrent of fear about the so-called dangers of public school instruction."

J.D. Salinger's 1951 novel *Catcher In The Rye*, a story about a troubled teenager, is the most censored book in American schools. It is closely followed by John Steinbeck's classics, *Of Mice And Men* and *The Grapes Of Wrath*.

In the small town of Boron in California, Salinger's masterpiece is now banned from the classrooms. The banning has created a new black market. According to the local librarian, the book has a waiting list of 15 people, where previously it had

The country, which allows its policies to be shaped by those who are obsessed about bikinis on television, is preoccupied with sex

been sitting on the shelves for years pretty much unnoticed.

The book was banned when a 14-year-old girl brought it home and showed her mother a page with three "goddamns" on it. Though the woman, Vickie Swindler, had not read the book right through, the language angered her sufficiently to mount a successful campaign to have the novel expurgated from her daughter's school.

The banning of books is only one target of the moral crusaders. Art is also very much under scrutiny. In August this year, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington DC became the target of an artists' boycott because the gallery's director cancelled a retrospective exhibition of the works of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

The cancellation of the Mapplethorpe show stunned the art world. The exhibition, partly supported by the National Endowment for the Arts, included sexually explicit works. The gallery management said that they cancelled the display because they were afraid of being dragged into a Congressional battle about funding for the arts.

Under a Bill introduced by Senator Jesse Helms, a Republican from North Carolina, federal grants for art that is deemed "obscene" or "indecent" or that is discriminatory would be disallowed. The Senate was quick to pass the Bill by a show of hands without any consideration of who would decide what was obscene or indecent and without any real discussion on what criteria would be used to assess these qualities.

The banning of works that are deemed discriminatory may be welcomed by some. The recent case of the banning of Salman Rushdie's book, *Satanic Verses*, on the grounds of bias toward one creed, however, shows just how dangerous censorship can be.

Fortunately, the House of Representatives rejected the Bill when it came to their attention. Representatives were vitally concerned that if the Helms amendment was passed its effect on the arts would be severe and widespread. Though the Bill was rejected, Senator Helms and his supporters are planning to introduce legislation dealing with obscene art yet again, even if in a more disguised form.

Meanwhile, a continuing attack on the electronic media by the moral crusaders is raging. Television is undoubtedly the number one target though, increasingly, radio is under fire.

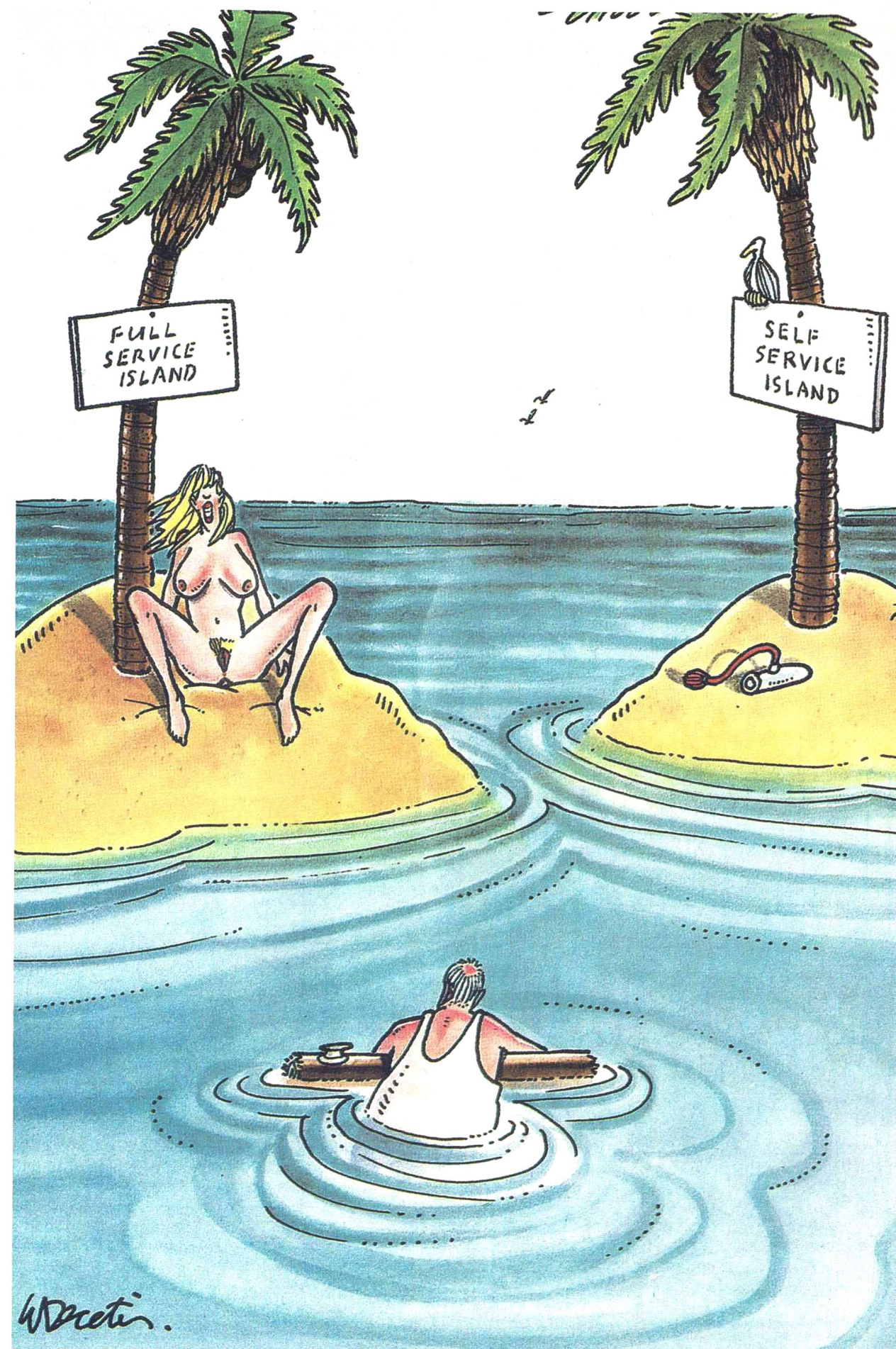
If a particular program has a hint of explicit sex, partial nudity or uses words that are considered undesirable by the crusaders, then the advertisers rather than the station itself are targeted. Fearing a backlash from the audience, companies often cave in and threaten to withdraw their advertising from the program.

Gerald Stone, previously the Executive Producer for the Australian program *60 Minutes*, is now the head of the American Fox Corporation's current affairs department. After nearly 30 years in Australia, Stone is still adjusting to the conservatism of American society and says he is constantly amazed by the nation's preoccupation with language and sexuality.

Stone quotes the example of one segment prepared for his network's current affairs program where bikini-clad women strolled down a North Carolina beach. Management at the network were nervously concerned about an advertising backlash that might have arisen as a result of the segment. In this case nothing happened, but such a backlash is always possible when exposed flesh is involved.

Television producers like Gerald Stone also have to carefully consider their choice of language on prime time programs. Phrases like "son of a bitch" and "goddamn it" can cause coronaries for station executives and references to bodily functions or genital parts may suddenly end a promising career in the industry.

Advertising boycotts are often very effective. One of America's favorite television programs is *Saturday Night Live*.



BABYLON

The program lampoons religious figures and makes fun of rabid right-wingers. The Reverend Donald Wildmon is a preacher who has frequently been the target of satire on the show.

From Tupelo, Mississippi, the Reverend Wildmon decided to hit back at *Saturday Night Live*. He announced a consumer boycott of the program. Unfortunately, some of the advertisers listened to him, including a large chain of pizza outlets. The company pulled out its advertising and *Saturday Night Live* was forced to be more careful about the language it used and the targets it poked fun at. What was once a hard-hitting satirical show has now become cautiously conservative.

Open-line radio comperes are particularly vulnerable to pressure from the moral zealots. Though President Reagan deregulated the industry and some stations are being sold for as much as \$73 million, what is said on air is more regulated than ever before.

Ed McAteer, director of a pressure group called "Religious Roundtable", specialises in targeting radio hosts. According to McAteer, words like penis and vagina are "not what American families want to hear" and he uses his argument to persuade both advertisers and some audiences to boycott the offending stations.

With a boom in the price being paid for radio stations, owners, too, become nervous about creating controversy that might devalue their assets and have often caved in under pressure from the religious fundamentalists. Offending announcers are first warned and then, if they repeat the taboo word, are taken off the air.

If economic pressure were not enough to force the media into toeing the crusaders' line, then the Supreme Court made sure that both moral crusaders and law enforcement agencies were equipped with a powerful new weapon to fight the "moral war." The highest court in the country delivered, earlier this year, a ruling that is insidious in its consequences. The court considered two issues: Could lawmen use RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organisations Act) laws to bust adult bookstores? Could they seize the assets of the stores even though the assets had not been labelled legally obscene?

RICO was devised originally to fight the Mafia and other organised crime groups. It gives police agencies extraordinary powers of search and seizure and almost reverses the burden of proof placed on defendants so they, and not the state, are forced to demonstrate their innocence.

The Supreme Court ruled unanimously that eager prosecutors overstepped their bounds when they impounded magazines and other material during an adult book-

store raid in Indiana. The court argued that each specific work must be deemed obscene before it is seized and that it is illegal to confiscate the entire stock of a store. But, in a judgement split along Reagan/pre-Reagan lines, the Justices voted 6-3 that RICO could be used in obscenity cases. What this means is that a powerful law devised to deal with the Mob can now be used to interfere with the rights of Americans to see and read what they want to.

Pressure from the moral crusaders or law enforcement agencies may force even unwilling agencies to activate RICO statutes against adult video and book shop owners. And if official action fails, then pressure groups can instigate a civil action themselves, using RICO legislation as their heavy artillery. Though charges arising from these laws are potentially defensible, the legal costs of battling such cases are enormous.

While politicians are often quick to support legislation aimed at shoring up the morals of their fellow citizens, their own behavior in the sexual sphere leaves much to be desired. The House of Representatives has a bipartisan ethics committee which is currently examining four cases about private morals and public business.

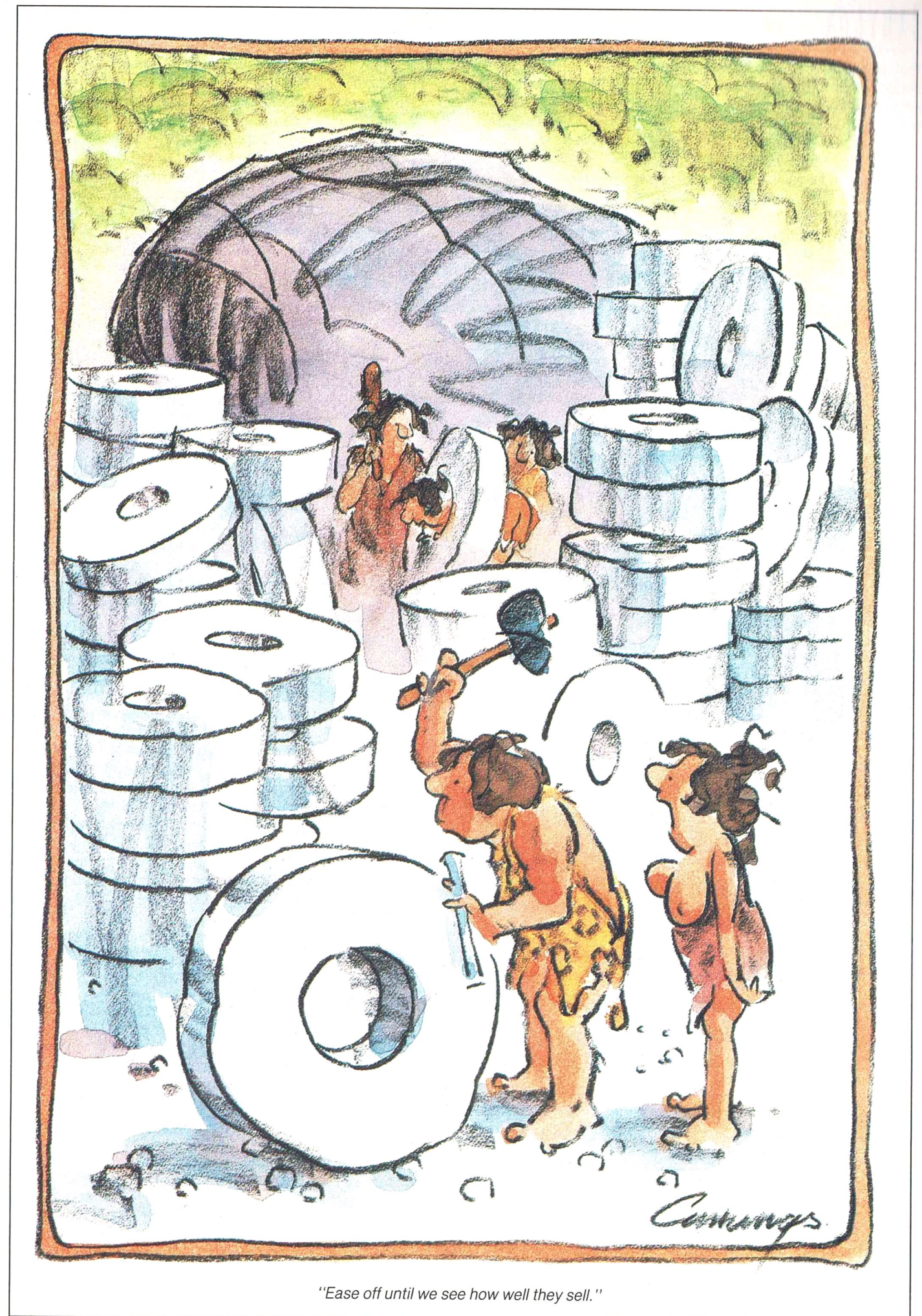
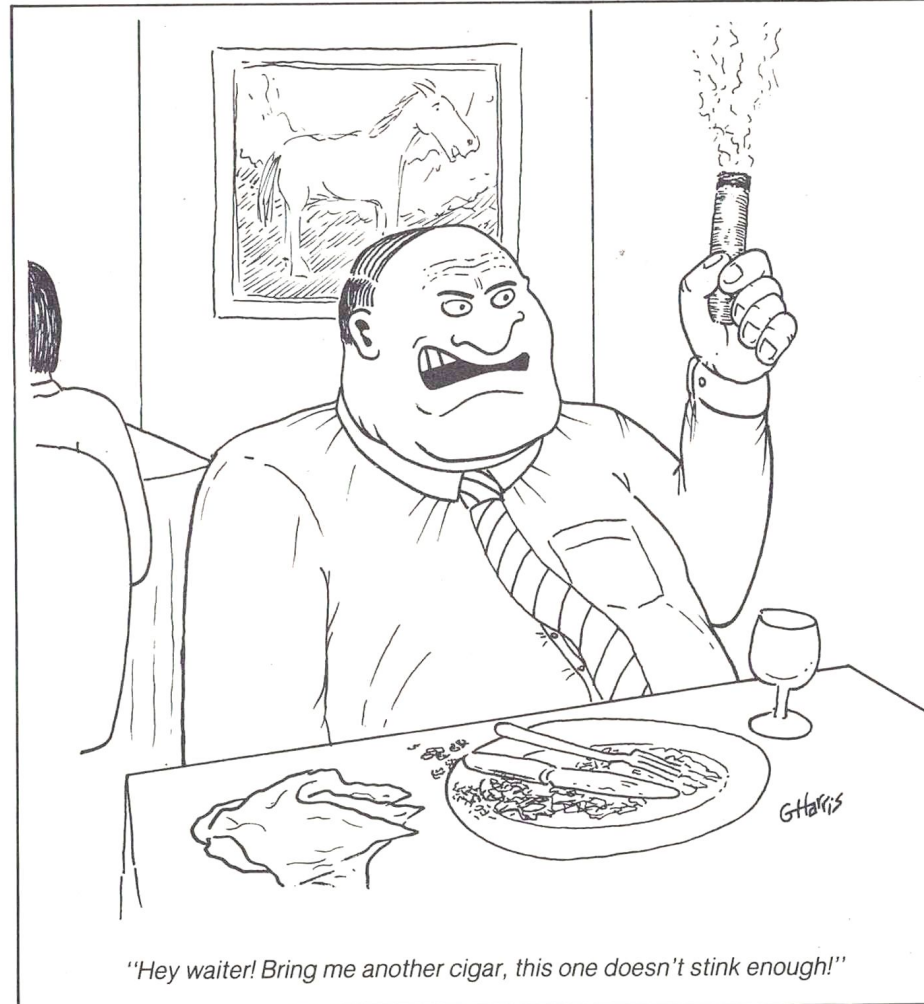
The details of each of these sex cases are different and each involves disputes over facts. Representative Barney Frank, for example, says he at first paid a young male prostitute for his services, and then befriended him and provided him with accommodation, but says he did not know the man was plying his trade from the politician's home. The prostitute says the Congressman did know.

Republican Donald E. Lukens from Ohio is also being investigated by the House Ethics Committee. He has been convicted of a misdemeanor charge of contributing to the delinquency of a 16-year-old by having sex with her.

Gus Savage, a Chicago Democrat, is said to have accosted a female Peace Corps worker while they were riding together in a car during an official visit by the politician to Africa. Yet another Democrat, Jim Bates of California, has been accused by two female staff members of sexual harassment. The politician admits he "kidded around and flirted around" and should have been more restrained.

What is important here are not so much the specific allegations but more the fact that the House Ethics Committee is spending so much energy investigating them. At a time when great financial scandals involving lobbying and fund raising are swirling around Washington, many argue that focusing on sex cases obscures matters more central to political ethics.

The sex lives of politicians, these critics suggest, should only be investigated if they can be shown as relevant to public duties. But the moral crusaders consider



BABYLON

that public and private lives cannot be separated and that family values must be preserved by the rigorous scrutiny of politicians' sexual behavior.

This flurry of concern with family values is coming at a time when the structure of the American family itself is changing dramatically. In 1988, only 27 percent of the nation's 91.1 million households fitted the traditional definition of a family: two parents living with children.

Extraordinary changes in family structure are occurring with more stepfamilies, single-parent families, foster families, extended families and people living the single lifestyle or cohabiting.

Growing numbers of governments appear to recognise diverse family structures. In San Francisco, for example, unmarried partners are allowed to register their relationship with the city and in New York certain benefits, like paid bereavement leave, are offered to city employees who live as unmarried couples.

As with the debate over erotica, however, these moves are being challenged by the moral campaigners. William R. Mattox Jr., director of policy analysis at the Family Research Council, a conservative organisation in Washington, believes that giving rights to unmarried couples makes it very difficult to determine what is,

or is not, a family.

These new laws, Mattox argues, "raise all kinds of really ridiculous situations if you attempt to unravel the traditional meaning of marriage and family by so broadening its definition that it becomes meaningless."

Along with these moral debates sit issues like AIDS and abortion, both still absorbing priorities on the American agenda. While the US generally characterises itself as a nation of pragmatists who "get the job done", to the outsider it appears that the Americans allow blinkered morality to determine what are basically issues of public health.

In the case of AIDS, the public debate still focuses on sexuality due to preoccupation with family values and moral righteousness. There have been no sustained needle exchange programs in the United States. Likewise, condom distribution within prisons has not been instituted. Though Australia does not provide condoms either, few correctional administrators would deny that sex goes on within the confines of Australian jails. Yet in America, prison executives often deny the need for condoms on the grounds that sex between inmates never takes place.

Further moral blindness is exhibited in the electronic entertainment field. While the moral crusaders are trying to expurgate all forms of erotica, it is clear that younger members of the nation are not

watching good wholesome "family" entertainment. The biggest selling videos on the American market today are what are known as "splatter movies."

In films like *Evil Dead II*, for example, blood spurts like a geyser. In one scene, a man cuts off his own hand with a chainsaw to escape bondage in order to rape and mutilate a petrified young woman. According to Chas Balyn, a writer of horror stories, these films are popular because "kids want a body count, otherwise it's all a bit tame."

Just as in Australia, these films are given an "R" rating while harmless non-violent but sexually explicit videos are allocated the tougher "X" classification. And, in many of these splatter movies, seminaked women die slowly and horribly after hours of sexual molestation...

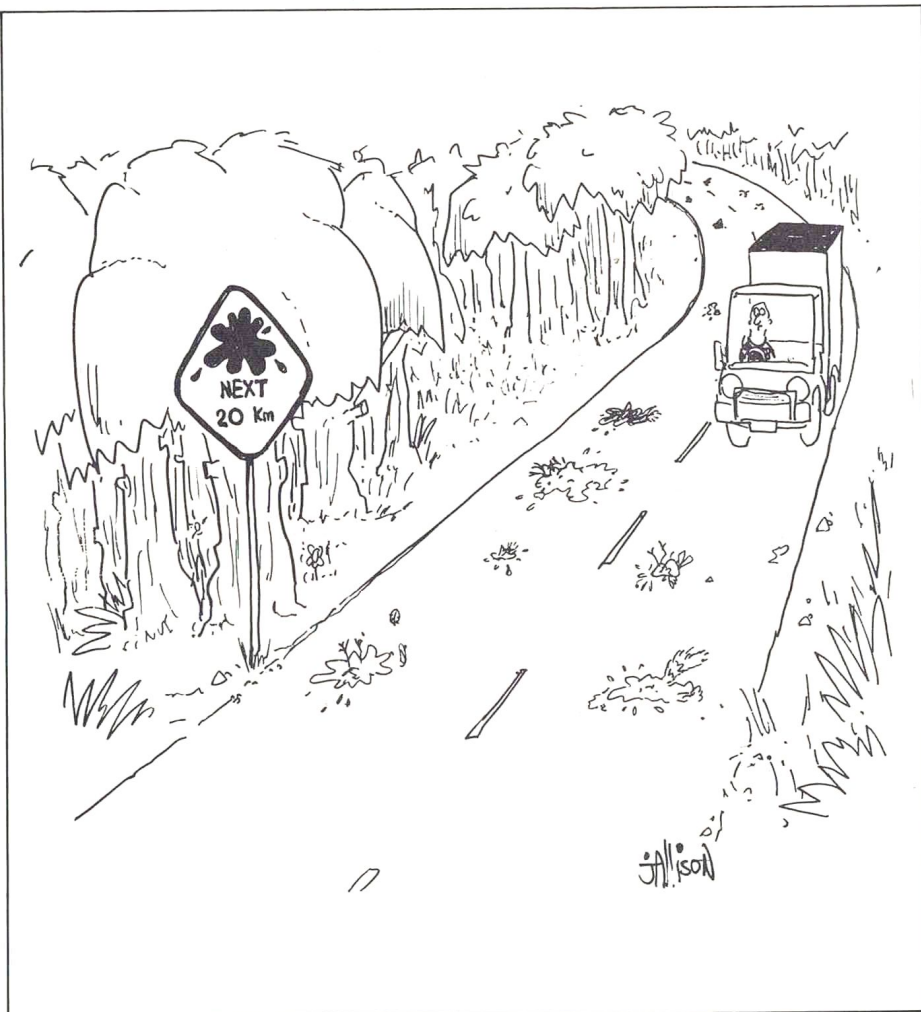
The amount of media attention devoted to splatter films is relatively small, and during my six months in the United States I have yet to hear one of the Christian televangelists or moral crusaders speak passionately about the harm that these videos may inflict on a nation already drowning in "real life" violent crime. The country, which allows its policies to be shaped by those who are obsessed about bikinis on television, swear words on radio or the language used in great American novels, is preoccupied with sex.

The recently retired US Surgeon-General Dr C. Everett Koop recounted on television when he left office how he had to fight the Reagan Administration "tooth and nail" in order to get the White House to accept a policy of advertising condoms as a way of preventing AIDS. Many Reagan and Bush supporters have never forgiven Koop — a conservative they once revered — for suggesting such a policy. Yet, in a country where Reagan appointees dominate the Supreme Court and where civil rights and equal opportunity gains are slowly being eroded, this reaction should come as no surprise. Sex is still firmly on the agenda of both political and public life, even if many are angrily questioning why Southern fundamentalist preachers and crusading zealots are determining what Americans read and watch.

Meanwhile, in Times Square, the prostitutes still peddle their wares and the crack pedlars offer drugs to tourists at absurdly low prices. Homeless men in their hundreds mill around the pornography shops and the X-rated movie theatres seeking not sex, but shelter from the winter winds.

These scenes may be, as some have suggested, a prelude to the American equivalent of the collapse of the Roman Empire. If this is the case then one thing is certain. The fall, if it ever should come, will be due not to sin and sex but rather to a society that has ignored social injustice and urban blight. Such are the morals of America. 

*Paul R. Wilson is a writer and criminologist



I AM WOMAN

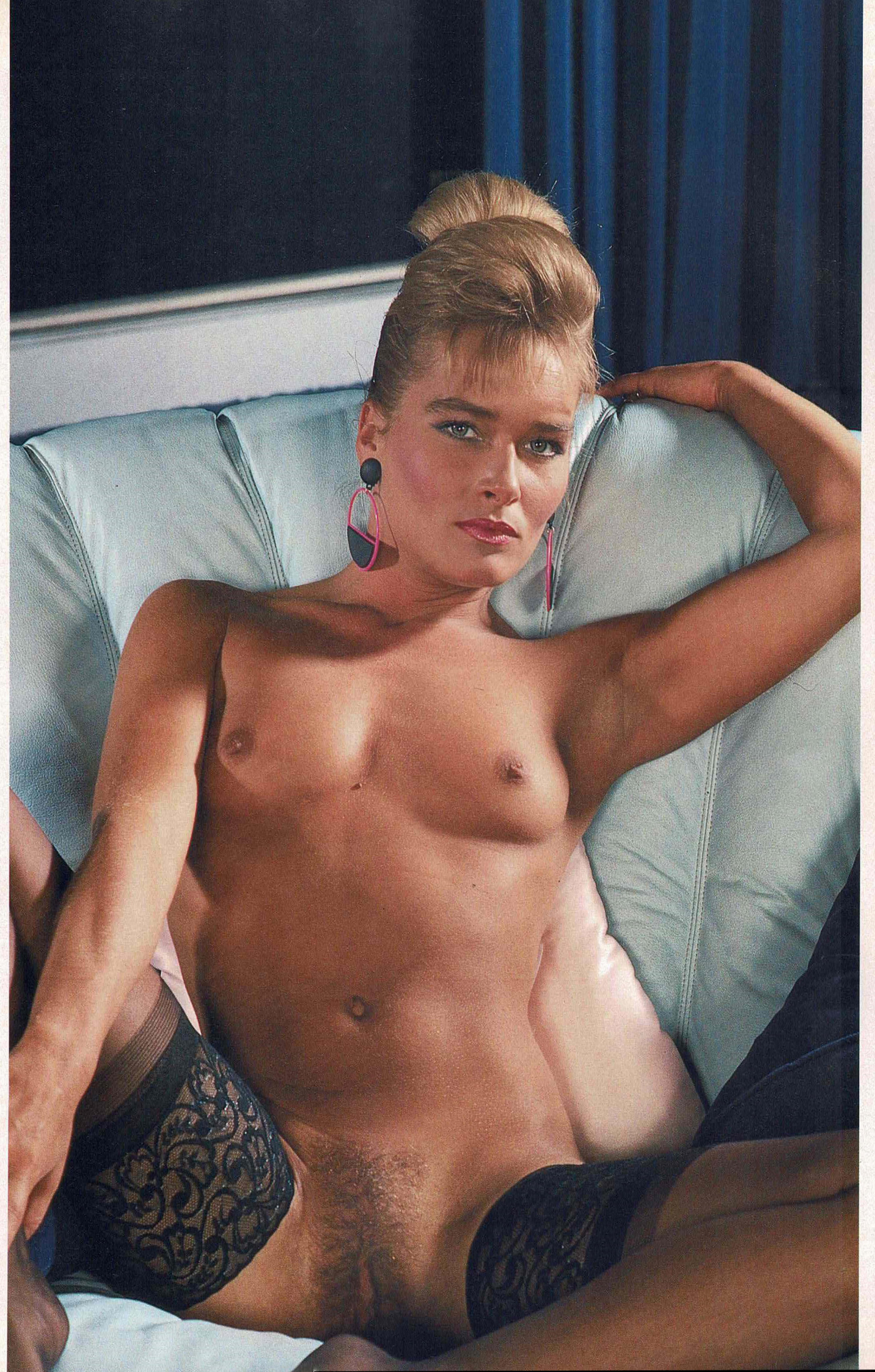
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Beautiful women are the hallmark of *Penthouse* and few would deny that former Miss Denmark Trine Michelson is among the most sublime beauties ever featured in this magazine. She is also the most outspoken. With good reason.

Last year Trine, then 24, attended a party where she was drugged with a spiked drink and then raped by several businessmen. So violent was the crime against her that Trine ended up in hospital, unconscious and badly scratched and bruised. It was not until six months after the attack that she was able to speak of it. By that time her initial feelings of shame and degradation had been replaced by a towering rage. Trine went

public with her condemnation of the supposedly sophisticated men who, in their violent criminal abuse of her, proved themselves to be little more than animals.

"This was no low-rent affair attended by football hooligans," Trine says. "It was held in a mansion overlooking the sea and the guests included film producers, millionaires and a great many Yuppie types. In my naivety, I believed that such people were glamorous, civilised and respectful of one another. I remember even being impressed by the fact that the waiters at the party were distributing cocaine along with glasses of champagne. I now see those people for what they







are — arrogant, self-important bastards who think they can get away with anything just because they have money."

Severely shocked and stripped of her self-esteem after the sexual assault, Trine spent months recovering with the help of family and friends. "At first I hated all men and I hated myself for my misfortune of being physically appealing," she recalls. "But slowly I began to realise that that way lay madness; what was I going to do, join a nunnery? I am a woman. I am a photographic model also. As I got stronger emotionally, I resolved to return to my profession. I realised that what happened to me could have happened to any woman, not just to me. It

shouldn't happen to anyone, but it does, and women must realise that it is not their fault.

"Sure, I am a lot more wary of men after the experience," Trine continues. "But I do not hate all men. At least I am wise to the pseudo-sophisticated jerks who think that a few bucks can gloss over their spiritual ugliness and cavemen mentalities. I have no time for them any more, just as I have no time for any man who fails to respect me or any other woman as a person. Like any healthy human, I enjoy sexual attention — sensitive and appreciative attention. If any man ever tries to commit a violent crime against me again — and rape is a violent crime — I, too, will commit a violent crime. I will cut his cock off."





iron maiden

How a skinny teenager transformed herself into Australia's sexiest body building champion

Sometimes, by the time the compulsory posing rounds are over, the judges are starting to get bored; they've spent hours casting a detached, professional eye over a succession of bulging biceps, rippling abdominals, protruding veins and near-naked buttocks, probing for the smallest flaws in muscularity and definition, symmetry and proportion. What they want in the final free-posing round is excitement, and Barbara Kendell was going to make sure they damn well got it.

Barbara wasn't there to come second. She had worked too hard and suffered too much, had spent too much money on a personal coach and personal choreographer, had even gone to a studio to splice in special sound effects on her backing tape, a Kiss number punctuated by gigantic thunderclaps and beginning with a blood-curdlingly loud "WOW" as Barbara exploded on to the stage, exuding a palpable animal magnetism that rivetted the judges and blew the competition out of the water.

Barbara Kendell, once the skinniest kid on the block, once a weak and sickly sort of girl who was prone to passing out all the time, won the middle-

BY GREG HUNTER

STUDIO PHOTOS BY GINA HAYSOM



iron maiden

weight category of the Australian Titles held by the International Federation of Body Builders last October. It was the strongest category in the strongest line-up of female body builders ever assembled in Australia. But Barbara isn't satisfied with that. She wants to be recognised as an icon — the quintessentially feminine but athletic woman — not just to make the money she thinks body builders deserve, but to serve as an inspiration to every Australian woman who wants to change the shape of her body.

Most people never see a female body builder except on television in competition mode, when the ladies are "peaking out"; an incredibly rigorous diet has stripped the body of virtually all fat and the muscles have been "pumped up" backstage so judges can evaluate every nuance of development. Each vein, tendon and sinew appears ready to suddenly burst through the skin and rear up, screaming, on its tail; to the conventional male eye the overall effect is about as appealing as an advanced anatomy class. TV sports commentators ordinarily feel compelled to make inane jokes about who puts out the garbage. It's all a bit uncomfortable.

But this is a totally artificial and in some cases dangerously unhealthy state, to be endured only once or perhaps twice a year when a title is up for grabs; the normal look of a female body builder, while still spectacular, is infinitely more pleasing to the eye.

The full-page photos of Barbara,

feminine pulchritude, she stands instead at the pinnacle of a bold new vision of womanhood, in which the gifts of nature are meticulously expanded, rearranged and refined to produce a living work of art.

It's extraordinary just how new that bold new vision is. No culture in history has placed any value on muscular athleticism in women, and the amazon woman of Greek legend seems to have been conjured up more out of fear than desire. Yet men have always sought



Above: Wafer-thin Barbara just a few months after beginning her training; **Below:** Victorious in the compulsory posing rounds at the 1989 Australian Titles.

pearance of the first female contestants in the US. A painful evolutionary process followed. At first the women simply copied the men's techniques, in many cases took steroids with the fervor of a junkie, and came out looking like men. The public found them repulsive; the ladies found *themselves* repulsive. They wanted to build their bodies but didn't want to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Eventually they decided that by reaching agreement on what a woman body builder should look like they could change the judging criteria. The new wonderwoman was to be firm, athletic, muscular — but still indisputably feminine from head to toe, her curves accentuated by muscle growth rather than reduced. Yet there is still controversy and dissent surrounding the image of the perfectly developed woman, and in Australia, according to Barbara Kendell, the ascendancy of femininity over sheer bulk was made absolutely clearcut for the first time at the 1989 Australian Titles.

Barbara began lifting weights six years ago, at the age of 19, because she was starting a modelling career and needed to put some shape into her body. But the real transformation took place after she quit modelling two years ago and moved from Perth to Sydney to concentrate entirely on the task of winning an Australian body building title.

The commitment required to win such a title is, to the uninitiated, simply beyond belief. As Barbara puts it, "The way I've always thought about body building competitions is that if you don't go into it with an absolute *hunger*



taken a few days after her win, are proof enough. She is unquestionably a beautiful woman. She is not take-me-in-your-arms-and-hold-me beautiful; she is not follow-me-home-and-fuck-me beautiful; neither waif nor vamp, not fitting neatly into either of those traditional male-defined enclaves of

ways of rearranging their bodies, and nine-stone male weaklings who once had sand kicked in their faces were doing it in a controlled, increasingly scientific fashion for decades before women's body building was dreamed of.

It began as late as 1979, with the ap-

pearance of the first female contestants in the US. A painful evolutionary process followed. At first the women simply copied the men's techniques, in many cases took steroids with the fervor of a junkie, and came out looking like men. The public found them repulsive; the ladies found *themselves* repulsive. They wanted to build their bodies but didn't want to look like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Eventually they decided that by reaching agreement on what a woman body builder should look like they could change the judging criteria. The new wonderwoman was to be firm, athletic, muscular — but still indisputably feminine from head to toe, her curves accentuated by muscle growth rather than reduced. Yet there is still controversy and dissent surrounding the image of the perfectly developed woman, and in Australia, according to Barbara Kendell, the ascendancy of femininity over sheer bulk was made absolutely clearcut for the first time at the 1989 Australian Titles.



iron maiden

building title I could combine that with the modelling and have something really different, something none of the other girls had."

The only way a skinny girl can reshape her body is by training as "heavy" as possible. Barbara always lifted as much as she could manage in sets of six to ten; she trained for three consecutive days followed by one rest day, each session involving an hour and a half of absolutely intense effort. She varied her routines as much as possible to shock her body into responding. She ate large portions of healthy food — rice, oats, pasta, fresh fruit and vegetables, poultry and fish — at a ratio of 60 percent carbohydrate, 30 percent protein, 10 percent fat.

Although there are no steroid testing procedures for women competing in Australia, she claims never to have used them — but is not one of those who like to pretend that the new judging criteria have made them redundant for women, or that their effects are largely psychological, or that there aren't some women bodybuilders who do use them in spite of horrendous side-effects: "They'll give you a winning edge in any sport. I could have won an Australian title years ago if I'd taken them."

Barbara says she made up for the lack of hormonal help by sheer hard work, but her normal routine was nothing compared with the torture she endured under coach Michael Scinti, whom she hired to goad her into a supreme effort in the final eight weeks leading up to the Australian Titles. "He made me lift far more than I ever thought I could — probably half as much again as I'd ever done before. His psyching method was purely about the pain of it all being nothing compared to the pain of coming second. Occasionally he'd pick up a piece of wood and smash the nearest thing with it. He was very aggressive. But you always get better results if you have someone to push you, at any level; human beings just give up too easily on their own, because it *hurts*."

Before Scinti, Barbara used to do sets of five 90-kilogram squats; the coach had her doing the same sets at 135 kilos. That's 300 pounds. Ever tried squatting 300 pounds? Most first-grade Rugby League players couldn't do it once if their lives depended on it. And Barbara was doing it, in those final weeks, on a superstrict diet of 1000 calories per day. But even so, at the official weigh-in she learned to her horror that she was 0.4 of a kilo over the 57-kilo middleweight limit. "You've got

half an hour to get it off," the officials told her.

"There was a mad panic then," Barbara recalls. "We jumped into the car, tore through the shopping centre, and I got into the steamroom with two tracksuits on. I'd only been allowed half a cup of water per day for the previous few days, and I'd had to sunbake to get a tan for the competition, so I'd just been dying of thirst — and then the steamroom. I was close to death; it was awful. Anyway, when I came out I was still 0.1 over but there was no time left — and then it was: 'Oh, I think I can go



Barbara the model as she appeared in a magazine under the title: "How A Skinny Girl Built A Body." A long way from the body beautiful of today.

to the toilet' — *anything* to get rid of it. I managed to do something, then we raced into the car and screamed back down the road — it was so intense — and I jumped on the scale, breathed out all my air, and was bang on 57 kilos."

Barbara had no idea of the bizarre regime awaiting her between the weigh-in and the competition, which would take place two days later. Because of what she'd done to herself, her muscles looked flat and stringy; they were crying out for nourishment. Scinti made Barbara eat a meal every hour — first dry rice, then dry pasta, then dry potato, then oats — and each of those meals had to consist of **2800 calories**. "That's a hell of a lot of calories in complex carbohydrates, and I wasn't allowed to go to bed till I'd eaten them all. I had a great big tub of brown rice and that was 200 calories — so it

was 14 of them in an hour, and it was all dry. In the end it was taking me the full hour to eat it all, so I was constantly shoving food down my throat until four o'clock in the morning — eating porridge out of huge ceramic bowls. I was incredibly sick and looked nine months pregnant, but you couldn't pinch an ounce of fat. I still came out at six percent body fat, which is *really* sharp."

It isn't meant to be anything like that dramatic — but Barbara needed every scrap of mass she could find, because of her originally slight build, and her muscles were still growing and drinking in the nourishment. In any case, that's what it took to produce the magnificent body presented on these pages. Is it any wonder body building is considered a sport of extremes?

And is it any wonder, after what she's been through, that Barbara would like some sort of financial reward in the form of a major sponsorship? There's no prizemoney for Australian women in the IFBB; to turn pro Barbara would have to win again this year in September, then win an amateur IFBB world title. That would allow her access to four or five potentially lucrative international competitions each year, including the prestigious Ms Olympia. But at present she's pulling out all the stops to secure a major backer — something no Australian woman body builder has managed so far. To that end Barbara has formed her own company, The Body Revolution, which has printed 10,000 posters of her for distribution here and in the US and has an instructional video in the pipeline.

But the problem, it seems, is the sport's image; as Barbara observes, "As soon as you mention body building to most people, they just freak out." It needs someone with Barbara Kendell's charisma to usher it blinking into the light. "I've shown you can win a national title and still be appealing to women — they think: 'I'd love to look like that.' People are sick of aerobics, and in my opinion weight training is by far the fastest way of toning yourself up. So I think there's a need for a sort of Jane Fonda of weight training in Australia — someone who'll inspire other women to change what they don't like about themselves. Bodybuilding has done so much for me — I just feel so strong and so much more confident — and I'd like to be able to share that with everyone else."

Everyone else won't be listening — but as the pictures on these pages show, those who do listen can begin an act of metamorphosis, the results of which can only be described as electrifying. 



HOW TO BE A BETTER LOVER

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

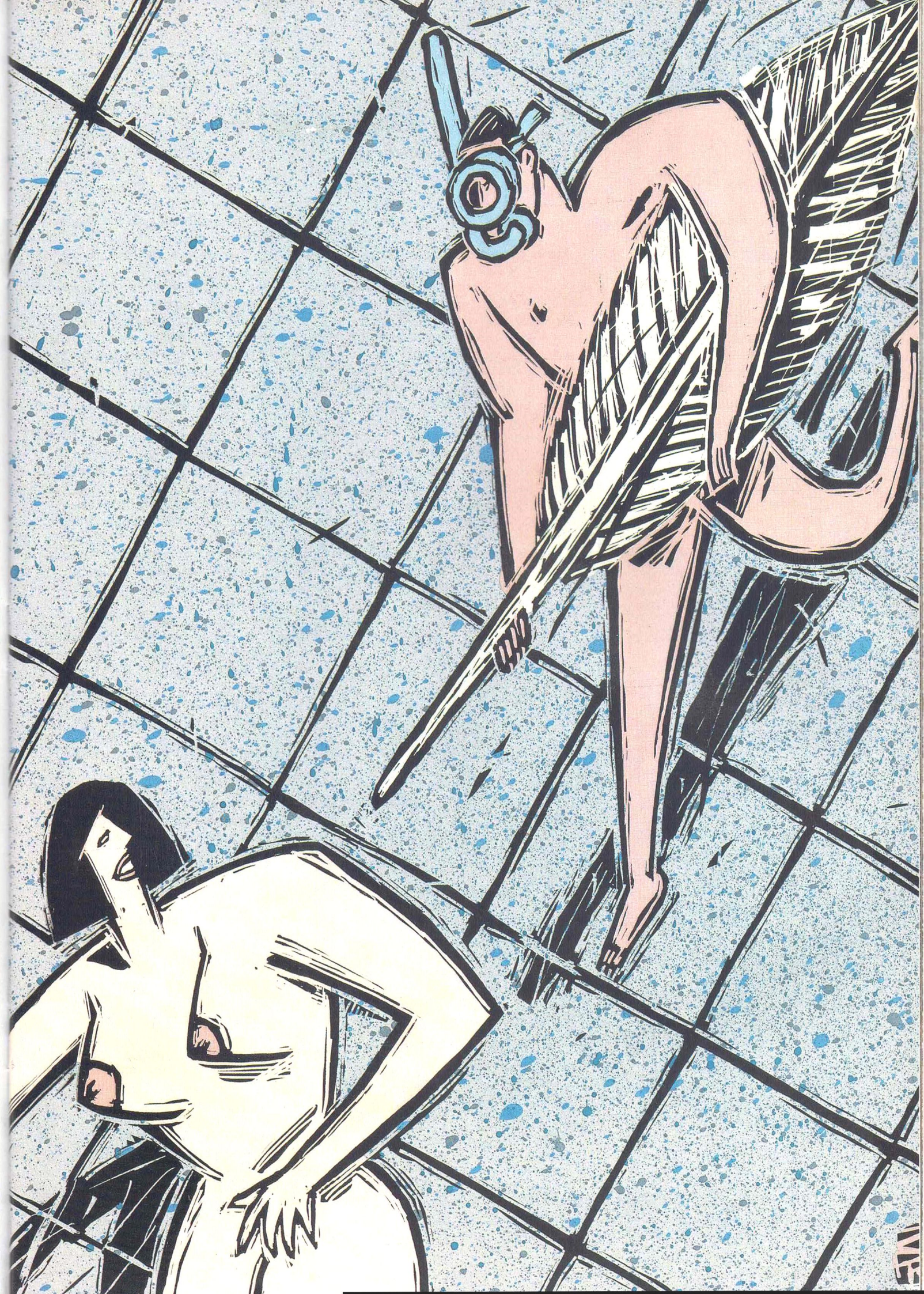
Forty ways to spice up your sex life

Romance is not dead. Well, it is, but it just won't lie down. And that's the trouble when passion loses its spark. There's something missing, and it's usually the romance. Women love it, no matter how liberated or assertive they are.

Men just don't understand about romance. They make a big effort when they first meet a lady, but then they forget. There are other things that occupy our attention. Like money and skiing and getting the car serviced.

So if your relationship has lost a little of its sparkle, perhaps you should try to bung some romance back into it. And here's how. Try some of these . . .

1. *Send her flowers.* That you paid for. Don't mutilate her neighbor's rose bushes or rip off wreaths from the local Memorial on Anzac Day. (Flowers addressed to The Fallen are a turn-off.)
2. *Buy her underwear.* (Not Chesty Bond Y-fronts.)
3. *Hustle her off to a motel for hot, impromptu passion.* When you're in the car, tell her you're so hot you can't wait till you get her home. Take her to the nearest lovenest. Don't quibble over who pays the bill.
4. *Hold her face in your hands and kiss her hard.* Force her mouth open and press your tongue deep inside. Don't try this if you've just eaten a pepperoni and anchovy pizza.



HOW TO BE A BETTER LOVER

5. *Share a bath together.* Do something imaginative with the loofah.
6. *Play with her toes under the table at dinner.* Take her shoe and press her foot into your crotch so she can tease your cock with her toes. Do not make a mess all over her silk stockings.
7. *Do something unusually erotic.* Introduce a feather into your foreplay. Or be really wild and introduce the whole chook.
8. *Sweep her off her feet and carry her to bed.* Do not grunt. Do not put her down to have a breather. Do not mention Jenny Craig.
9. *Contact her at work to tell her what you would like to do to her when you are next alone together and what you are wearing right now . . . nothing . . . and what you are doing with your fingers and the whipped cream you bought for last night's apple strudel.* Remember: phone, don't fax.
10. *Tie her to the bed and undress her.* Make love to her slowly. Remember to untie her before you go to work in the morning. Especially if the plumber's coming.
11. *Love her smells.* The sun on her skin. Her perfume. Her after-shower smells. Don't wear a snorkel during cunnilingus.
12. *Ask her to masturbate while you watch.* Stay interested. Do not fall asleep or turn on *Wide World Of Sports*.

13. *Be very forceful. Kiss her roughly. Pull her hair. Slap her. Threaten her with a revolver.*
14. *Undress her slowly and make love to each part as it appears — her knees, her nipples, her cellulite.*
15. *Hug her close after sex.* Do not just manoeuvre her over the wet spot.
16. *Let her have three or four orgasms before you start intercourse with her.* Do not bring along your mates from the surf club to help you out.
17. *Challenge her to a wrestle and let her win.* (Kicking her in the stomach and following up with a forearm smash to the nose can actually turn some women off.)
18. *Be verbal about your pleasure.* Make sounds. Sigh. Groan. Shout. Scream. But wait until you're in bed together.
19. *Be very intense.* Stare deep into her eyes without smiling. Clench your jaw muscles a lot. Perhaps even frighten her with the strength of your passion. Do not go and get the axe out of the wood shed.
20. *Tie her to the bed with silk ribbons and then make delicious love hour after hour.* Do not tell her you'll untie her only if she makes you dinner, takes out the garbage and cleans the greasetrap for a year.
21. *If you're constantly amazed how beautiful she is . . . tell her.* (If the reverse is true . . . best not to say anything.)
22. *Kiss the insides of her thighs. Breathe on her vulva. Kiss around it. Graze her clit-*

oris with your tongue. Lick it. Suck it. Flick it from side to side with your finger. Bury your face between her legs and moan in ecstasy. Wait until you've left the restaurant.

23. *Let her have three or four or five orgasms before you start intercourse.* Use your finger or your tongue. Do not just shove a vibrator in and put on your Walkman while you wait.

24. *Turn off the Test Match on the final day because you have a sudden and urgent need to make love with her.* Only if Australia is losing.

25. *Kiss the soles of her feet. Lick her toes. Suck her toes. Kiss the tiny crevices between each toe.* Try not to gag.

26. *Spank her a little.* See if she likes it. If she does, get out a whip and an SS cap. Put her in the gas oven.

27. *Talk dirty to her while you're making long, slow, delicious love.* (Not by telephone.)

28. *Tease her.* Torment her with anticipation until she begs you to stop. Try tying her to the bed and holding a chocolate Flake just out of reach.

29. *Have a shower together.* Make it a special occasion. Do not urinate down the plughole.

30. *Make love to her in unusual places.* In telephone boxes, in elevators, in Grace Brothers' toy department, on the Giant Whip at Luna Park.

31. *Give her the erotic fantasy of every woman's dreams . . . a stranger who will make love to her exactly as you instruct him.* Do not sell tickets to your friends at the footy club.

32. *Insist she go out with you for the night with no panties on.* Do not take her to the rugby club dance.

33. *Send her flowers.* A dozen long-stemmed roses. Not COD.

34. *Tell her everything you think is wonderful about her.* What your friends say. What the gossip columns say. How every other woman in your life is jealous of her. Even your wife. And your daughter.

35. *Kiss her nipples.* Flick them gently with your finger. Refrain from going "Ping!"

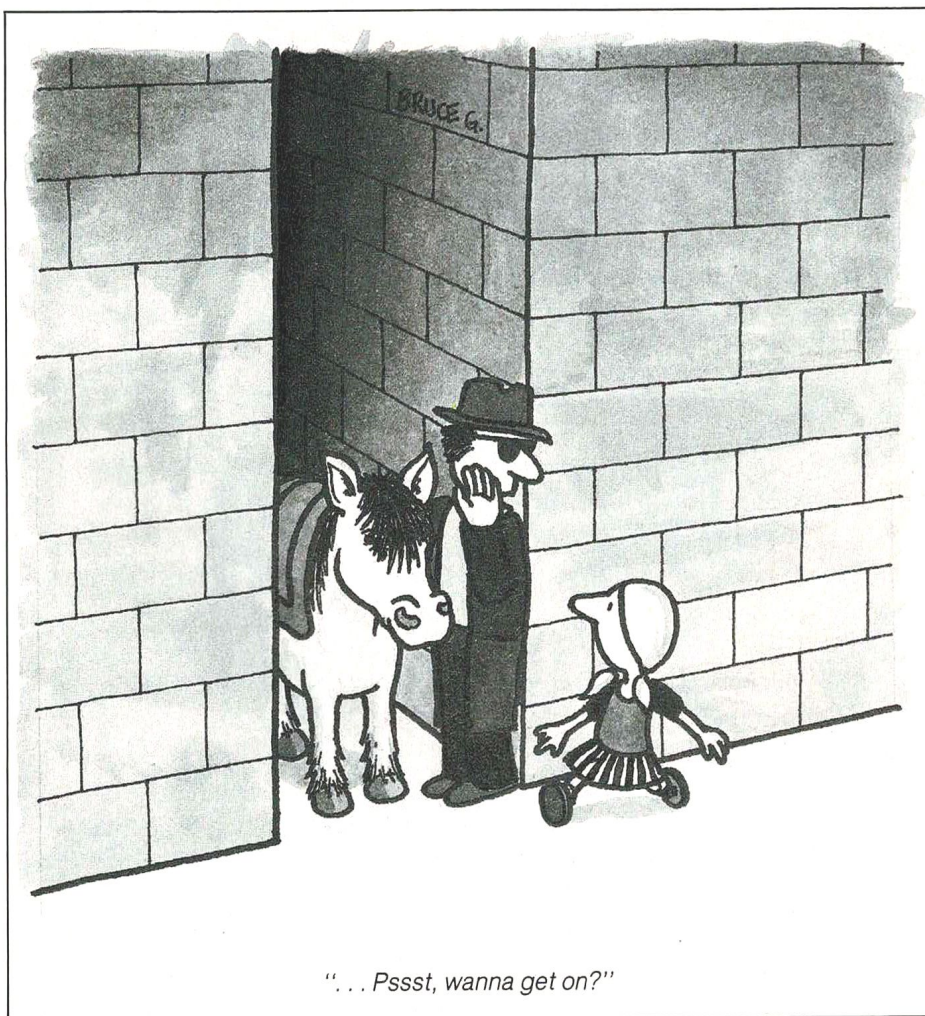
36. *Make love to her in a taxi.* Expose her breasts and garter belt to the driver. Do not do this in an attempt to get a reduction in the fare.

37. *Slow dance with her naked while listening to the radio.* Not John Laws. Not Ron Casey. Not the live cross to the fifth at Eagle Farm.

38. *Get her to stand in front of a mirror while you kneel and go down on her.* Try not to get upset if she starts combing her hair.

39. *Rip her panties off and make love to her standing up.* (Note: This should be employed as a variation in your love life, not simply to fill in time while you're waiting for the bus.)

40. *Try not falling asleep during intercourse.* ☪



Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Gold sequined dress, white sunhat and jewellery from Risk, (02) 331 4276; White tulle skirt and net bodystocking by Rod Alexander, (02) 958 6314; White chiffon ribbon skirt and white bolero jacket from Zeno Max, (02) 332 2882; White dressing gown, lingerie and gold belt from Cash Palace, (02) 360 1565.

TRACY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

The body is back. Tracy Wynters, the girl who would melt the ice-cap, has returned to the pages of *Penthouse*, hotter than ever. Tracy, 22, caused a stampede to newsstands when she first appeared in the September '87 issue, and this time round is likely to send temperatures soaring higher than ever. Since her last pictorial, Tracy has moved from the Gold Coast to Sydney, and from enjoying the quiet life to enjoying the high life. "Posing for *Penthouse* brought me out of my shell. It gave me more confidence. Now I have a lot more fun; I'm more of a night person. I love going out to nightclubs and parties."

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



Tracy isn't just a body beautiful, she's also an up-and-coming businesswoman. "I'm now a director of a company, which is launching a new chain of retail food shops called Cinnabon. I'll be involved in administration and marketing." This young dynamo also still finds time in her hyperactive schedule for occasional modelling.





Tracy's someone who approaches life at break-neck speed, keeping her stilettos flat to the floor. In keeping with her lightning pace, she has a passion for fast cars. And this determined young dazzler likes to be the one in the driver's seat. "I love being behind the wheel of a powerful sports car. Flying."





In her rare quiet moments Tracy loves swimming and lazing by the pool, soaking up the sun, and going to the races. Her other favorite pastime is shopping. "I'm a bit of a shopaholic," she confesses with a laugh.



"I like men with a lot of personality," says Tracy, who certainly has container-loads of it. "I also like being pampered, and I need a challenge. I like to chase them a bit — if they pursue me too much I lose interest." We sympathise. You'd have to be on crutches to resist chasing this one.







No-one is immune from the threat of toxic disaster

It was only a small news item in the *Marine Pollution Bulletin*, a journal which circulates from its British base to scientific types around the world. The Brits had a problem — what to do with their obsolete nuclear powered submarines. One of the most favored options being considered was to dump them in the Atlantic three kilometres below the surface.

If that's not amazing enough, the most remarkable point about the article was that the poor old Poms hadn't really considered the issue before. Given that up to ten of the British Navy's atomically propelled submersibles will reach the end of their working lives by the close of this century, it has suddenly dawned on them that they have a problem.

The Fatal Whore

BY KIRK WILLCOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID IACONO (SD34)

And not just them, but everyone else. There are 360 nuclear powered subs currently cruising the globe.

The case presents an interesting analogy. Humans have been accumulating waste — whether it's nuclear, toxic, intractable (defined as waste for which there is currently no environmentally acceptable disposal method), or plain old putrescible — for a long time now. While everyone was looking to the skies for the "inevitable" nuclear holocaust between the superpowers, waste in all its forms has been slowly but surely festering under our noses, providing a more direct nemesis.

The big problem has become what to do with it all, especially the serious end of the business, the hazardous and intractable stuff for which there are no safe disposal methods. It's one of the big issues currently dominating the world environmental thrust.

The greenies' catchcry has become "source reduction" — avoiding the generation of toxic waste — as the only real solution to a mounting problem. As Greenpeace Australia sees it, waste anywhere in our society is an economic burden, but toxic waste is a double economic burden. "It is costly to make and once made, it is even more costly to manage. And everyone pays for the toxic

waste problem — the people who make it and the people who must live with it," said a spokesperson.

There have been some huge toxic disasters — one of the first internationally noted being at Love Canal in New York State, in 1978, when rain unearthed a black sludge of chemicals which had leaked from long-buried drums. Hundreds of families were forced to flee their homes. The town of Times Beach, Missouri, was permanently evacuated in 1983 after it became known that dirt roads had been sprayed a decade earlier with dioxin-tainted oil to keep the dust down. Dioxin contamination also led to the evacuation of the town of Seveso in Italy. This potent poison has been found to cause birth defects, liver damage, miscarriages or death in laboratory animals. For guinea pigs, it is 200 times as lethal as strychnine. For humans, its long-term health effects are unknown. No-one wants to be a guinea pig.

With increasing pressure in industrialised countries for stricter and more costly disposal of hazardous wastes, generators are looking for a cheap, easy fix. One method is to ship wastes, including intratables, sewage sludge and domestic garbage, to developing countries.

As a recent Greenpeace report, *Waste Trade In The South Pacific*, states: "Between 1986 and 1988 alone, over 3.1 million tonnes of wastes were shipped from industrialised to developing

countries. With the public eye currently on Africa, where a number of illegal and deadly waste trade schemes were uncovered in the summer of 1988, waste traders have identified a new target where they hope to dump millions of tonnes of wastes — the South Pacific."

Papua New Guinea, the Philippines, American Samoa, the Marshall Islands, Tonga, Western Samoa and the Solomon Islands have all been targets.

"The cash payments for accepting foreign waste are often large enough to tempt South Pacific nations to consider mortgaging their public health and environmental integrity in exchange for much-needed currency. Business deals like these force developing nations to make the unfair choice between poison and poverty," the report says.

And we're talking big money here. In 1987, American Samoa knocked back a \$50 million incinerator proposal which would have burnt hazardous waste imported from the United States. Another US company, Admiralty Pacific, is looking at the feasibility of shipping garbage to the Marshall Islands from June this year. The company proposes that the garbage be used as landfill. By its fifth year of operation, when an estimated 25 million tonnes would have been offloaded, the scheme may have earned the Marshall Islands up to \$56 million. Eventually, the company hopes to dump ten percent of the garbage produced by the US West Coast on to the islands.

"Admiralty Pacific suggests that their project, by raising the height of the atoll chain, will protect the islands from the higher sea levels which will result from the Greenhouse Effect," Greenpeace says. "The firm also suggests that their project will benefit the tiny islands by increasing their overall land mass, thereby increasing the economy's development potential."

A Californian proposal for a \$38 million toxic waste plant in New Guinea shows the economic benefits to the waste producers. The PNG Government would receive \$15 per tonne of imported waste and the provincial government of Oro, where the facility would be built, would get \$45 per tonne. To dispose of the same waste in the US would cost anything between \$200 to \$2000 per tonne. The proposal is for more than 600,000 tonnes of hazardous wastes to be shipped in each month.

Obviously, America has huge problems, and some might say that's their bad luck, but here in Australia the dilemmas, like the wastes, are mounting.

The Great Sewerage Scandal, "Sydney's Watergate" as the *Sydney Morning Herald* dubbed it, has revealed one destination for all sorts of nasties — the ocean.

While the fish can't speak up for themselves, the scientific reports do. Two studies show frightening levels of organochlorine concentration in fish, some more



"The moon belongs to everyone, the best things in life are free?"
Hey, Manny, you don't really want me to record this shit?"



"They didn't have a small dog so they very kindly cut the legs off this one for me."

than 12 times the National Health and Medical Research Council's recommended safe maximums. Organochlorines can cause carcinomas and liver, skin and neurological disorders.

For years industry has been allowed by governments to dump its waste down the sewers — hundreds of tonnes a year of heavy metals, pesticides and other toxic intractables. While it is not difficult to detect sewage off Sydney's beaches and know when to avoid bathing, swimmers are unaware of more insidious toxic pollutants.

In six years alone in the Seventies, the NSW State Pollution Control Commission encouraged more than 6000 factories to run their wastestreams into the sewers leading to the ocean off Sydney. Before that the waste was being dumped into rivers. The oyster farmers on the Georges River certainly weren't too impressed by this arrangement.

The move from river dumping to sewer dumping was a classic case of avoiding "source reduction." Far from solving the problem, authorities simply shifted it.

Sydney's biggest ocean outfall, in fact the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere, is at Malabar, just near the popular Maroubra Beach. Fish taken from near the outfall have revealed a particularly nasty organochlorine, hexachlorobenzene, or HCB, in concentrations about three times above the recommended national health levels. HCB is carcinogenic and has been linked particularly with liver tumors.

The biggest producer of HCB in Australia is the ICI chemical plant at nearby Botany, just north of the bay. In fact, they've got about 8000 tonnes of HCB in solid form stored in drums and they are producing another 400 tonnes a year.

The chemical is a by-product in ICI's production of carbon tetrachloride and perchlorethylene. The plant provides feedstock for chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), which are used in solvents, refrigerants and aerosol propellants. Yes, those CFCs that have been depleting the ozone layer and that are due to the phased out in the Western world by the end of this decade.

So how has HCB been getting into fish if it was being drummed? The site environment manager for ICI Australia, Mr Tom Cumming, said processed water from the plant was discharged into the sewer.

"It's a reality of manufacture. Unless the plant doesn't use water, some by-products will appear in the processed water stream."

The Sydney Water Board allowed ICI, and other industry, to put the organochlorine waste into their sewers. The Board classified it under "Pesticides."

The Board introduced a new, much-vaunted trade waste policy in 1988. Prior to that, mercury was banned from the

sewers. Under the new policy it was allowed. It transpired from the Great Sewerage Scandal that ICI had had a secret agreement with the Board before 1988 whereby it could put mercury into the sewers. Mercury is also showing up in the marine life at levels above recommended health limits.

The worst case of mercury poisoning occurred at Minamata Bay in southern Japan during the Fifties. Hundreds of tonnes of waste mercury were discharged from a chemical plant into the ocean, contaminating marine life. As fish was the staple diet of the local inhabitants the tragedy that ensued was all-encompassing. Thousands of Japanese suffered disfiguring paralysis, mental disorder, slow death and the prospect of severe genetic defects in their children.

Back to the HCB. According to Cumming, ICI's solvents plant faces a tentative closing date of 1992 — "basically

“Even with the most efficient high temperature incinerator, you're still going to get toxic emissions,” says Greenpeace's Robert Cartmel.

because the main customer for the products won't need them because of the environmental pressure that has been applied to them." By then he expects ICI will have 8500 to 9000 tonnes of stored HCB.

So what's going to happen to that? This is one of the big underground issues that has been thrashed around in Australian environmental circles for years.

The HCB is classified as intractable waste. It can't be buried because it will leach into the water table and poison the soil; it shouldn't be put into the ocean because of its effect on the food chain; and it can't be burned . . . or can it?

There is currently a proposal to build a high temperature incinerator in Eastern Australia, specifically in NSW. The NSW Minister for the Environment, Mr Tim Moore, is due to announce a site or sites at some stage later this year. The announcement will very likely cause massive controversy. The lead-up has already had its share of fireworks.

The Nature Conservation Council of NSW, an umbrella organisation representing more than 70 groups, including the

Australian Conservation Foundation, the Total Environment Centre, Friends Of The Earth and Greenpeace, recently voted on the issue. The result was 30-29 not to support the establishment of a high temperature incinerator in NSW.

An incinerator of this type burns wastes at 1200C. When you feed it a chlorinated organic solvent, for instance, most of the solvent breaks down into carbon dioxide, water and chlorine. Of these, only the chlorine is toxic. But the opponents of incineration say the hot molecules can rearrange and recombine into new, complex chemicals, or PICs (products of incomplete combustion).

"Even with the most efficient and modern high temperature incinerator, you're still going to get toxic emissions released into the environment," says Robert Cartmel, the toxic campaign director for Greenpeace Australia. "You can even produce dioxin." He cites a report, *Dioxins: A Program For Research And Action*.

The document was produced by the National Swedish Environmental Protection Board. It states: "Dioxins include some of the most toxic substances known to science. These chlorinated hydrocarbons may be formed through almost any process of combustion, as well as in other ways. They are highly stable and can be transported over great distances without undergoing degradation."

"Since they are carcinogenic as well as being extremely toxic, every effort must be made to keep their formation and emission at as low a level as possible."

A Saulwick Poll, published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* in May last year, showed that Australians regarded chemicals in the atmosphere as the most serious environmental issue. This was followed by pollution of rivers, oceans and bays; soil erosion; and destruction of forests.

There have been nine attempts to site a high temperature incinerator in Australia since the early Eighties. All have failed. The latest proposal is a joint effort by the Federal, Victorian and NSW governments. In late 1987 they formed the Joint Taskforce on Intractable Waste. As the preliminary report of its three-phase work stated in April 1988: "Its role is to examine and advise on the minimisation and management of intractable waste and the development of disposal facilities in south-eastern Australia. The current lack of such facilities is widely recognised as a major gap in Australia's capacity to deal with its own hazardous wastes in an environmentally sound manner."

In "the world's greatest environmental statement" in July last year, Prime Minister Hawke added another \$350,000 to the \$1 million the Taskforce already had to continue its work to identify an appropriate site as "intractable wastes present a significant problem for Australia."

Earlier the Taskforce had identified

11,000 tonnes of intractable wastes in Australia, mainly PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) and HCB. This 11,000 tonnes includes the 8000 tonnes of HCB at ICI.

Even though the production of PCBs ended in the late Seventies, it's a persistent waste that can accumulate in marine life and cause cancer in animals. It has also been linked with upper respiratory problems, depression, fatigue and dizziness.

PCBs gave durability to hydraulic fluid, to coolant in electric transformers and to plastics. And yes, they're also found in the fish off Sydney.

In what some Australians may see as poetic justice, about 500 tonnes of waste, mainly PCBs, have been shipped annually to Britain in past years. Tim Moore went to Britain early last year and asked if they were willing to accept more of our intractable wastes. Not surprisingly, they weren't too keen.

Dr Peter Brotherton, one of a team of three on the Taskforce, said that, based on overseas experience, our waste could increase by 50 to 100 percent if an incinerator is built in Australia.

"The amount is a totally open-ended guess derived from our knowledge of experience elsewhere," Brotherton says. "But a large contaminated site could turn up that would blow those figures right out of the water."

"For example, there are 1000 farms quarantined in Australia because of

dieldren contamination. You couldn't feed whole paddocks into an incinerator. It doesn't take much soil to blow the figures up to 100,000 tonnes."

ICI once tried to build a high temperature incinerator on its Botany site. Tom Cumming wrote in a 1986 issue of *Clean Air*, the journal of the Clean Air Society of Australia and New Zealand, that incineration at Botany ceased to be an option in 1985, following discussions with the government. Cumming also wrote that it was impossible to be optimistic about the possibility of an incinerator being established in NSW in the near future, "say within the next five to ten years."

He is more optimistic now. "If the community accepts that those people (the Taskforce) have no axe to grind and are trying to come up with a sensible, impartial solution to a problem that needs a solution, not only for industry but for society in general, [it will succeed]."

Last year the NSW Government passed legislation to allow the Metropolitan Waste Disposal Authority to own and operate a high temperature incinerator in NSW. Siting could be anywhere in the state except for on Lord Howe Island and in national parks. ICI's Tom Cumming doesn't expect it to be sited at Botany, close to the source of the majority of waste.

"It can be put anywhere, according to normal industrial siting principles, but

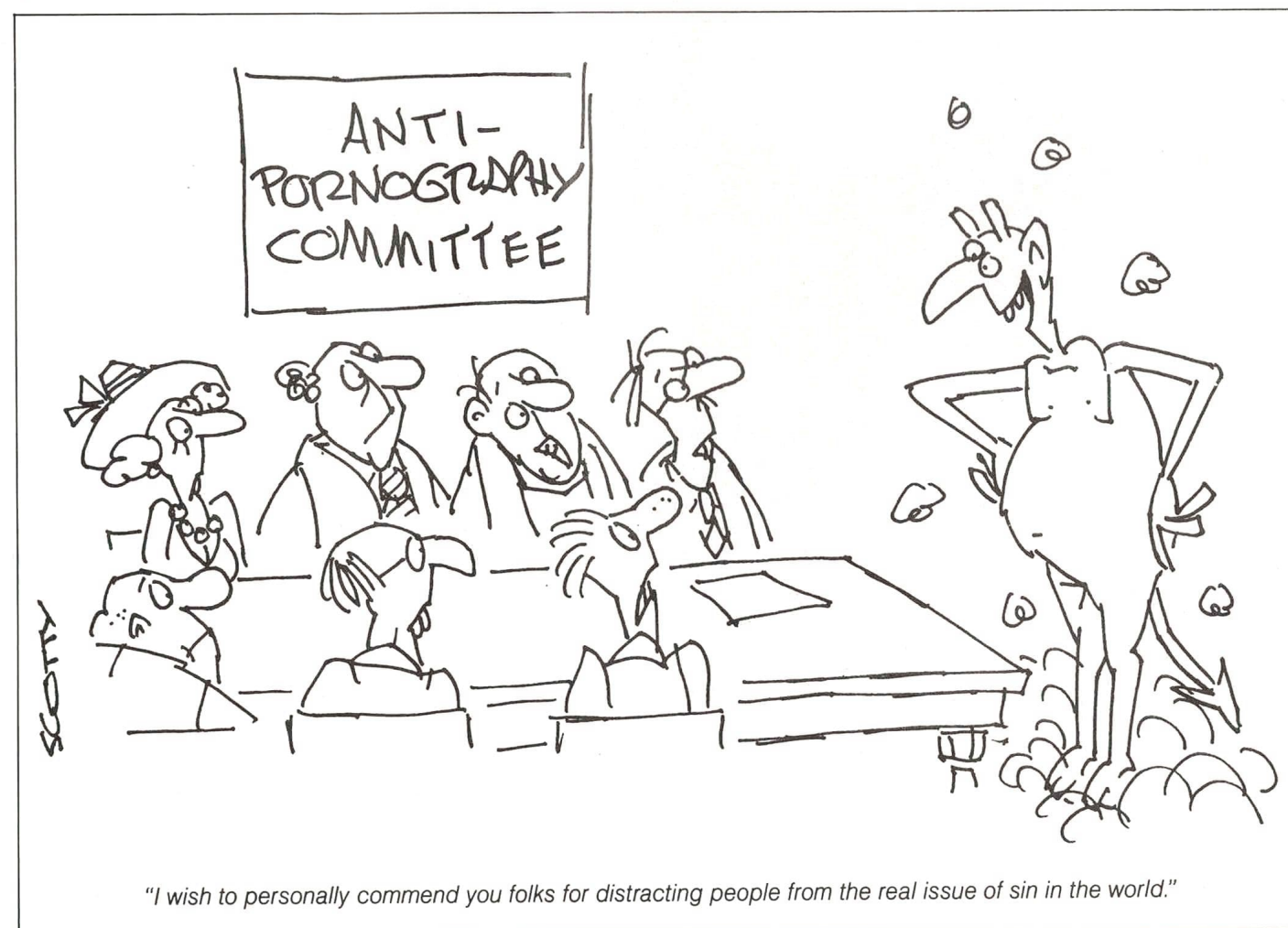
public opinion would be such that it would be unwise to attempt to site it at Botany or close to any other community," Cumming says. "But then it would be foolish to put it so far away from settlement that it didn't have the infrastructure support. It needs to be reasonably remote, some kilometres from any significant town, but not so far that the town can't provide the infrastructure like roads, railway, power and water."

Botany Council, however, is taking no chances and late last year called for an environmental plan which would prevent an incinerator being built in the area.

In 1982, ICI chartered an incineration ship, *Vulcanus I*, to burn its stockpile of liquid organochlorine waste. According to a 1988 report by Dr Kate Short, of the Total Environment Centre, the ship also took waste from other Australian ports — 4660 tonnes in total — and burned it 200 nautical miles off the south-east coast of Australia in the Tasman Sea. Besides the Australian burn, two shiploads of Agent Orange from the US stockpile were burned off an atoll near Hawaii in 1977.

Dr Short wrote that while industry and some sections of the conservation movement welcomed the *Vulcanus*, "others opposed its presence, claiming that ocean incineration polluted the sea and encouraged short-term 'crisis management' approaches to long-term structural problems

Continued on page 102



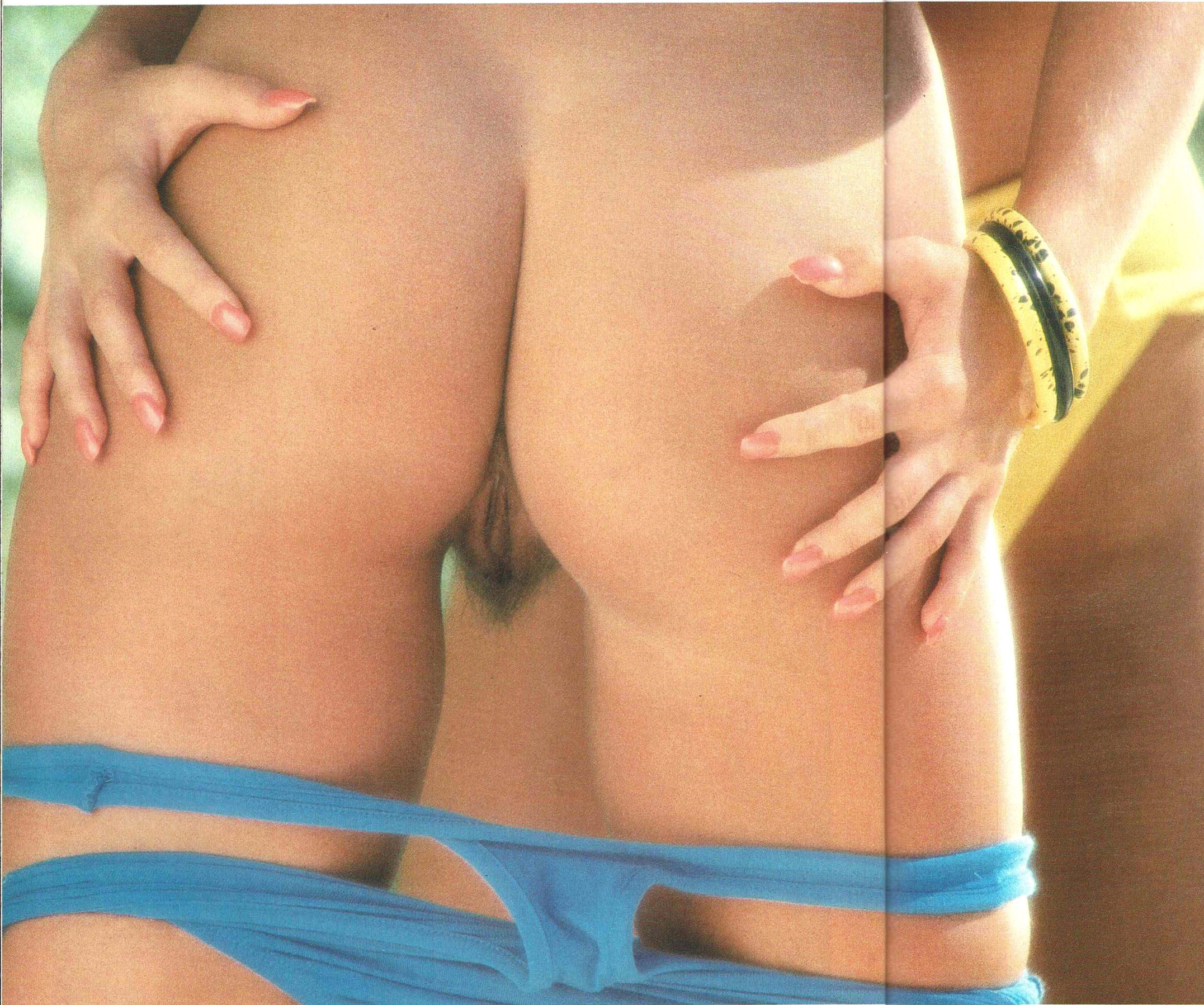
HEAT TREATMENT



Brigitte and Sally were sunbaking together side by side one late afternoon. As these things sometimes go, the sensual warmth of the sun and the magic of summer wine loosened their inhibitions. Giggling like schoolgirls, they began peeling their costumes down, caressing each other's bare breasts, and tickling each other with their tongues. Their playful passion grew as hot as the sun beating down on them, and soon their activities segued into the coolness of the bedroom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS







Here they gave full vent to their passions as they indulged in wild lovemaking. They wrapped their limbs around each other, bit and scratched in passionate loveplay, and drank each other's nectar. Like the elements that had encouraged their abandon, their celebration of the flesh ran fever hot.





TWO DOG — NIGHT

When he took the dognapping job, Syd Fish should have remembered the actor's maxim about never performing with animals or children

The Wahroonga house was a phony English-looking job with gables and the inevitable BMW in the driveway. Inside, the good taste was professionally prepackaged, but the house felt unloved, unlivin'. When I met the owner I realised why: nobody home there either.

Whichever way you looked at it, Hamish McLeod was a pompous ass. I was looking at it in his study over the rim of a heavy crystal glass of Chivas. The room featured leather chairs with buttons, a state of the art personal computer and lots of unread-looking hardbacks about statesmen, explorers and captains of industry. He probably holed up in here to read *Penthouse* and pick his nose.

The man himself was wearing a tailormade suit designed to look old-fashioned and cover the ravages of too many expense account lunches. Combined with rimless glasses, it made him look like one of Ben Chifley's aides.

My critical appraisal was interrupted by McLeod's fat, fruity voice. "It's a custody case . . ." he began.

I groaned. The space between divorcing couples is like the Somme, littered with the bodies of the innocent and the foolhardy. It would take more than a shot of whisky to make me go over the top.

" . . . of a sort," he finished patiently, making a pyramid of his podgy manicured fingers. He blasted a pipeful of Dunhill at me and I coughed weakly.

"What sort?" I demanded.

"The objects of the dispute are canine," he said.

"Dogs? You're having a custody battle over dogs?"

"Two dogs, to be precise."

"Big dogs? Savage dogs? German dogs?" As an inner-city dweller, I'm not all that fond of dogs.

"Oh, no. Well, biggish, but not savage. Definitely not savage. On the contrary, they're very friendly." He opened his antique desk and took out a leather framed snapshot of a woman and two English sheepdogs.

"Stan and Ollie," he said, and I nearly choked on my Chivas.

At least one member of the family had a sense of humor. I examined her photograph.

Fiona McLeod had long brown hair, Carly Simon teeth, legs like Linda Ronstadt's before she got fat, and a definite glint in her eye. I wondered how she'd stuck it out so long with the Young Winston.

"I take it your wife wants the dogs?"



TWO DOG NIGHT

"My wife has the dogs, Mr Fish. I want them back."

"Whose dogs are they?"

"I paid for them," he said. "They're mine."

His faith in logic was touching. He'd probably bought Fiona too, and she wasn't his anymore.

"I get the feeling Mrs McLeod isn't going to just hand the dogs to me on a platter," I said. "How do you want me to go about getting them back?"

"I want you to use your judgement."

The man wasn't going to be nailed for conspiracy in any dognapping. Imagine how it would look in *Australian Business*. He was probably taping the whole interview.

"It'll cost you," I warned, mentally factoring in rabies, fleas, the indignity of it all and the glint in Fiona McLeod's eye.

He named a fee. I sat tight. He cracked. "And a bonus of \$5000 on delivery of the dogs, safe and well."

I was bought. "So where are Stan and Ollie and Mrs McLeod?"

"I don't know."

"Who does she know who doesn't like you and has room for two big dogs?" I asked.

He got out his Mont Blanc and wrote me a list: Lucy Le Gay, friend, Palm Beach; Ambrose Pierce, brother, Double Bay; Mary Woods, mother, Glen Innes. It had to be Palm Beach or Glen Innes, and knowing my luck . . . I pointed to the mother's name and raised my eyebrows.

"Fiona's mother remarried," he said. "A farmer. They have a property outside Glen Innes."

"Is she likely to go to her mother's?" I asked.

"It's a very close family," he said sourly, and I wondered.

"I need a cover," I said. "What does Fiona do?"

"Fiona shops."

"Before she got married," I prompted.

"She was a stewardess with Qantas."

Evidently Singapore girls weren't the only great way to fly. "When was this?"

"'80 to '86."

He saw me out through the cheerless house and said: "Mr Fish, Fiona is no fool." He coughed: "And she has an extensive knowledge of male psychology."

Fiona McLeod was beginning to interest me. I needed a bit of excitement in my life. First Palm Beach, hangout of silvertails and surfers, and more recently, reclusive heroin dealers and best-seller writers.

Lucy Le Gay's house was what the denizens like to call a shack. In this part of the world a shack starts at about a million.

I got no answer at the front door, and found the owner in the garden. I introduced myself and told her I was looking for Fiona McLeod for a feature on ex-

stewardesses for the Qantas magazine.

"Did you ask her husband?"

"Mr McLeod seems to have lost touch with his wife," I said. "He gave me your name."

"Poor Hamish," she said. She took off her gardening gloves and brushed her hair back. "It's hot. I could use a drink. Care to join me? Or are you one of those dreary people who won't touch alcohol before sunset?"

"What sun?" I said.

She led me to the sort of verandah they used to build, with old cane furniture, potted palms and views of the sea. Trying not to do too much full frontal staring, I watched her as she made drinks and rustled up some nuts. Lucy Le Gay had dark blonde wavy hair cut to show off her long neck, green eyes, a golden tan and good cheekbones. She was small-boned and light on her feet like a dancer.

Fiona was with her mother in Glen Innes,

It was
straight out of
Somerset Maugham — gin and
tonic and sexual tension
on the verandah
at dusk.

she told me. She asked casually about Hamish, but obviously wanted to know all the dirt. "Did he say anything about Fiona?"

"No," I lied. "I got the impression there was no love lost between them, but he didn't give away much. He's a pretty cold fish."

"Cold men are the most dangerous sort," she said, and I sensed a story.

"You worked with Fiona?" I asked, well into my second gin and tonic.

"Yes, at Qantas."

"Tell me why an intelligent woman would want to be a flying tealady," I said.

"It was a damned sight better than being a doctor's receptionist and marrying a bank clerk and moving into the same street as your parents," she said. "And let's face it, where else would you meet that many men?"

"And you met Mr Right on QF11?"

"In Singapore, to be exact."

"It seems to have worked out fine," I said, surveying the spoils.

She didn't answer for a while, then seemed to come to a decision: she needed someone to talk to. Someone

male. It must have been one of my teddybear days.

"Yes and no," she said. "I've got the house, but I don't know if I've still got the man. Or if I even want him. My husband disappeared three years ago on a business trip. In the Philippines, as far as the police can tell. He might be dead."

"I take it he wasn't selling office equipment?"

"I never asked. I suppose I was afraid. If I'd known, I would have had to do something."

"Like go to the cops?"

"Oh, no, I could never do that. It's so complicated . . ."

Some unfinished business there, I thought.

After a while she said: "I did a lot of thinking when Jean-Paul went missing. When I put all the pieces together I realised he must have been trafficking. And I'd been living on the profits. I had some sort of crack-up."

She seemed calm as the Buddha to me, with the sea and the garden. "You seem to have worked it out."

"Almost . . . But I didn't do it by myself. Fiona dragged me through it. She's very strong."

"You're close friends?"

"That's the strange part. We weren't all that close at Qantas. But Fiona rang me up one night out of the blue when I was desperate for someone to talk to. She probably saved my life."

This didn't sound like the woman in the photo. "What was in it for Fiona?"

"I think she needed someone to care about. She felt useless, I think."

"You mean Hamish wasn't enough?"

She said: "It was strange, that: Fiona and Hamish, I mean. It was all wrong . . . But then, so was my marriage."

She got up and walked to the railing and leaned over. I admired her legs. "You know what pulled me through, Syd? I sat at home for months listening to music, thinking about my life and making a patchwork quilt. It was a sort of meditation. I sewed all the hurt and anger and guilt into that quilt. You should try it some time."

"I can't sew," I said. It lightened us both up and we started to laugh.

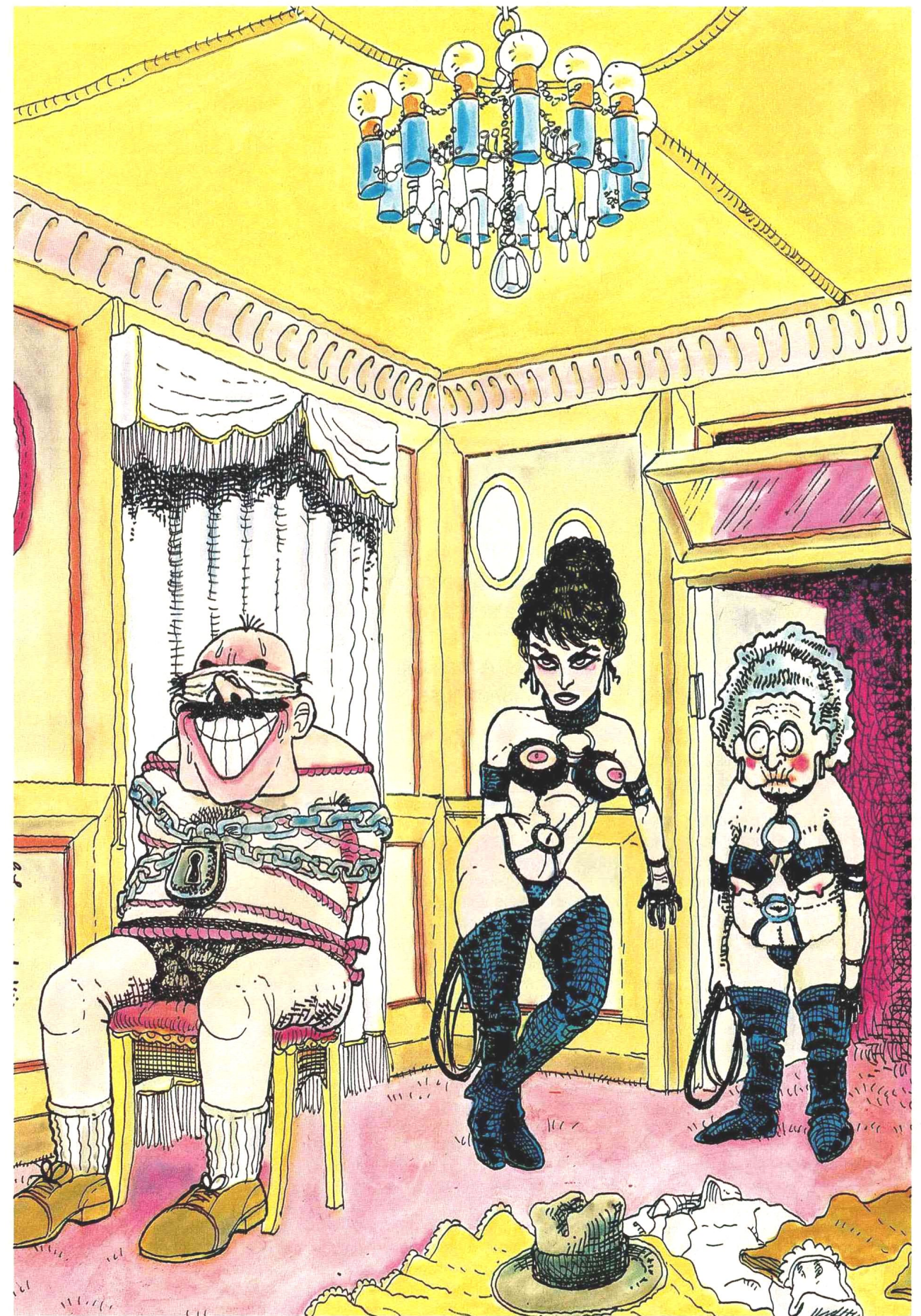
I was living dangerously again, falling in love with Lucy Le Gay and planning to steal her best friend's best friends. But then, I needed the money, and unless Fiona spotted me, Lucy would never find out . . .

The twilight advanced but we lingered on, unwilling to move and break the spell. It was straight out of Somerset Maugham — gin and tonic and sexual tension on a verandah at dusk.

When it got too dark, she went inside, lit a couple of lamps, turned on FM classical and returned with some dope.

"Do you do this?"

"I'll do anything," I said. "And usually more than once."



"... Okay Steve, here comes your 'Night to Remember' ..."

TWO DOG NIGHT

I watched as she rolled some joints with small brown hands. She wasn't wearing a wedding ring. We had a smoke and talked softly, filling in bits of our pasts. She used her hands when she talked, and I must have been staring at them, because she flushed suddenly and folded them in her lap. I'd have to learn to watch my eyes.

"You smoke much of this stuff?" I asked.

"Sometimes. Daydreams are better than nightmares."

"When Jean-Paul went?"

"Yes. And when I started to realise who he was. And who I was."

Such melancholy in her voice. She'd kicked off her sandals and put one bare brown foot on the coffee table. I leaned over and picked it up and stroked it, and ran my tongue along the soft inside of her sole, watching her face.

"Oh!" she whispered, and her eyes closed.

She said: "Syd, I haven't done this for such a long time. You'll have to be patient with me."

I began to understand then how hard Lucy had to work to maintain, how fragile she was. "I've got all the time in the world," I said, and moved on to the couch beside her. She leaned into me and I played with her pretty fingers.

"I'd really like to see that patchwork quilt," I said, and she laughed and it meant yes.

"You've got a lovely strong back, Syd," she said, watching me undress silhouetted against the window. "I feel safe with you."

Lucy was small but perfectly proportioned, and the curve from breast to hip was a roller-coaster ride. The skin on her body was fine and smooth; I tasted every inch of it. And she had the most wonderful smell, very light with a musky undertone — the sort of perfume you can't buy in bottles. She came to me with enormous relief, as if I'd rescued her from a desert island. With Lucy I felt strong and protective: nobody could make me feel honest.

Later she said: "I need lots of hugging, Syd," and we lay intertwined for hours under her patchwork quilt. It was a work of art; subtle, intricate, and finely made, with Lucy in every stitch.

When I left next morning, I felt much better disposed towards Hamish McLeod.

It's a long way to Glen Innes, on the inland route, up Highway 15, through the Hunter, country and western land and Armidale, where I had the best steak in Australia at the Bowling Club.

The countryside around Glen Innes was green and lush, a tribute to Scottish hard work and Australian agronomy. I like to think I could drop out to one of these country towns. Everything seems simpler there, but it's probably an illusion —

people shoot each other a lot in the bush.

The town itself was perfectly preserved, a movie set for a Chips Rafferty film. The streets were wide, pre-War facades intact; the people Anglo-Saxon, Protestant and prosperous. On a Saturday morning the shopping centre was jumping with country folk spending money and tapping into the bush telegraph.

The cakeshops had real pies and sausage rolls, and I even found a passable espresso. As I was sogging up the caffeine and the local color, Fiona McLeod, her mother and the two Disney dogs walked by. They were a little too glamorous for Glen Innes, as if they'd strayed out of a Country Road catalogue. In person Fiona McLeod was striking in a North Shore brunette way, athletic and confident. She laughed a lot. Her marriage might be broken, but her heart appeared to be intact. Mother and daughter seemed to be good friends.

6

He was
about 30, compact
and well-muscled, with tats and
something wired about the
eyes. A man with a
short fuse.

9

Eventually they drove off in a white station wagon, with me in tow. They led me to a prosperous looking farm with a big white farmhouse with green shutters and roof and lots of old trees. The stepfather came out to meet them and carry parcels — he looked more authentic, denim shirt and a battered hat — and they disappeared inside.

I was too conspicuous here, so I drove back to the highway and parked under some trees. It was boring and I was hungry, and absolutely nothing happened. I revived my fantasy about going bush. The radiowaves were full of hillbilly music and schlock rock, so I played some Benny Goodman to keep myself awake, and read an ancient newspaper I found on the floor of the back seat.

Saturday night saw me marooned in a pub faced with the choice of the town bore who told me how the proposed new gun laws would restrict his civil liberties, an ageing country and western singer with a sob in her voice, and English soaps on regional TV. I gave up and went back to my motel room and rang Lizzie Darcy on the off-chance. Lizzie was an old mate from

my journalistic days, a reliable source of information and hard-headed advice.

"What are you doing alone on a Saturday night?" I asked.

"Thanks, Syd. That really makes me feel better. I'm getting drunk, of course."

"I'm still sober. The pubs are too depressing. All that talk about dieback and blight. I expected Hanrahan to walk in any minute and tell us we'd all be ruined."

"Where are you?"

"Glen Innes."

"Glenn Innes! Why are you going there?"

I told her. "Dognapping! Jesus, Syd, I thought you'd hit rock bottom working for a Liberal politician."

I chose not to respond to that. "I can't get near the bloody dogs anyway. They're holed up on the Woods' farm. Old Woods looks like the kind of bloke who'd shoot anyone he caught trying to lift his livestock."

"Shooting is too good for dog duffers," said Lizzie, enjoying herself. "They'll hang you for sure."

"Thanks, mate."

"By the way, what's Fiona McLeod like?"

"Great legs," I said. "Wonderful teeth."

"Are you buying her to race or breed?"

"How the hell would I know what she's like?" I said, exasperated. "I haven't fronted up and introduced myself. I'm trying to be unobtrusive."

"How? By chewing on a straw and talking out of the side of your mouth?"

"Yeah, and spitting in the dust."

She asked me what I'd thought of Hamish McLeod.

"He's a pompous little prick. And vindictive. He's too pissweak to slug it out with Fiona, so he's hired me to grab the dogs."

"Don't underestimate him," Lizzie warned. "Cowards can get very dangerous when they're cornered."

"If he gives me a hard time, I'll bounce off his bald spot," I said.

"And you'll end up in court," she said. "If he turns nasty, tell him Lizzie Darcy said hello, and does he remember the conference in Manila. 1983."

"Tell me."

She didn't. "Only use it in an emergency. He might overreact."

I stored that away and asked her what was going on in the real world.

"The usual. Faction fights, falling dollar, Liberal split, Labor out of touch with the people. Twenty million dollar drug bust."

Maybe Glen Innes wasn't so bad.

Before Lizzie rang off, she said: "About the dogs. They're all God-fearing Scots up there, Syd; I'll bet they still go to church on Sundays."

Of course.

I returned to my spot on the highway early Sunday morning and hunkered down to wait. I'd brought some stale ham sandwiches, Smith's chips, fruit cake and a big bottle of mango mineral water. At 10.30 I

tortured myself with visions of scones and jam and cream and strong tea, and at lunch I had a wet dream about a baked dinner.

At a quarter to six the Woods' wagon appeared, heading for evening service. There were no dogs' noses pressed against the windows. Thank you, Lizzie Darcy, I thought. Bless your little black convent girl's heart.

I drove to the farm and knocked, ready to trot out the lost traveller's tale, but the house was empty. Hysterical barking led me to the back yard where the dogs were chained up. At least I wouldn't be up for B & E. The dogs welcomed me with open paws. I could have stolen the whole farm for all they cared: they thought I'd come to take them for a walk.

The timing was perfect. There wasn't a flight to Sydney till the next afternoon. All going well, I'd be in Wahoonga before Fiona McLeod could hop a plane. I decided to go back the way I'd come — it was predictable, but I had a head start. After a certain amount of manic excitement, the dogs settled down and we barrelled along the New England Highway with a little help from the Beatles.

Outside Armidale I stopped at a big Golden Fleece for petrol and supplies and hamburger all round. The dogs turned up their noses, but hunger won out eventually. I bundled them back into the Valiant and waited in the shadows while the

mechanic scraped the dead bugs off the windscreen. He was about 30, compact and well-muscled, with tats and something wired about the eyes. A man with a short fuse.

As I watched, a teenage girl slipped out of the garage to talk to the dogs. She was a skinny, foxy-faced little blonde wearing shorts, a T-shirt and a vivid black eye. I moved and she saw me and came over. A witness...

"Nice dogs," she said.

"Yeah," I said.

"What's their names?"

"Stan and Ollie."

She frowned at me. "Funny names."

"Yeah," I said. I didn't have the energy to explain Laurel and Hardy to a kid who probably thought *Porky's* was a master-piece.

The mechanic went inside to get my change, and when he was out of earshot, she whispered urgently: "Hey mister, how about giving me a lift?"

"Where to?"

"You're going to Sydney, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"That'll do. I can pay for some of the petrol."

"No dice," I said. This was an underage runaway who'd probably end up cracking it in the Cross. And I'd end up on the front page of the *Mirror* with my coat over my head.

She started to snivel. "Please. I gotta

get away from Lance."

"Is that Lance?"

"Yeah, he's my stepfather."

"He give you the eye?"

She touched her cheek, blushed and nodded.

"I'm sorry mate. It can't be done. I can't afford to have Lance after me at the moment. Or the cops."

A mistake: her eyes popped open. The cops interested her; maybe I was an armed bandit. Anything was better than Lance, who shouted: "Tracy! Get inside! I won't tell you again!"

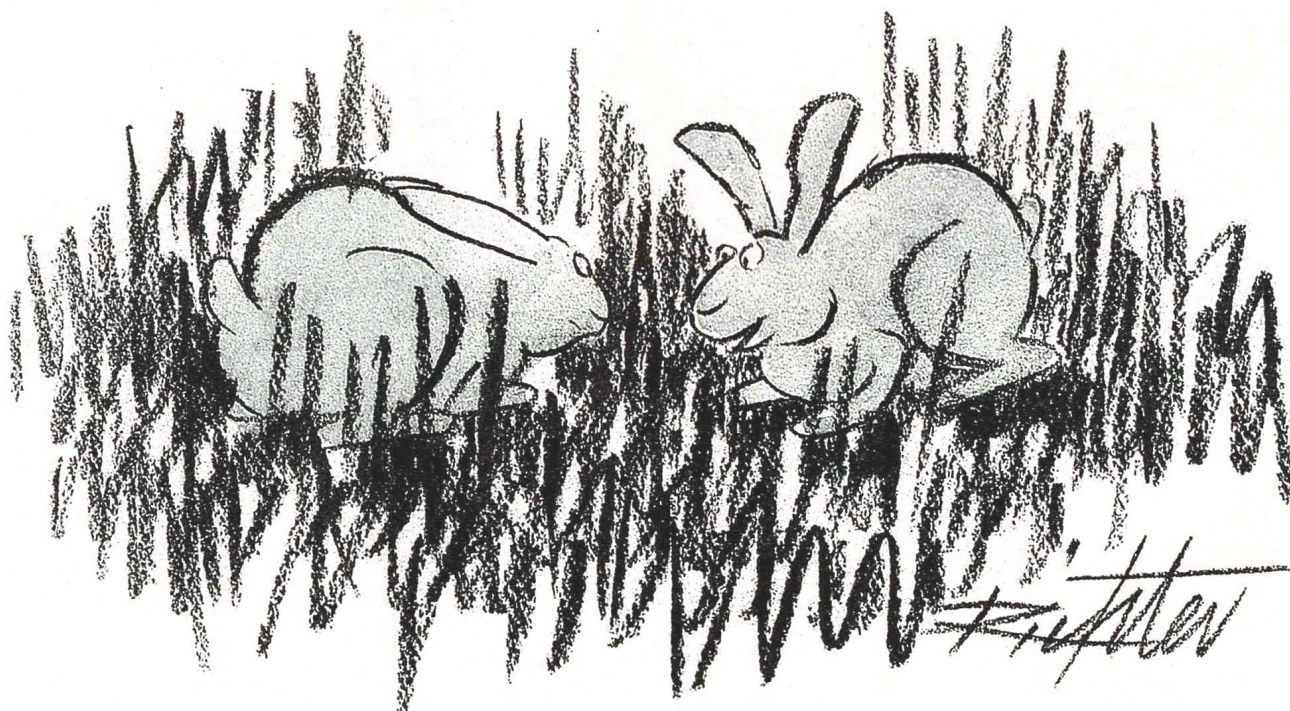
Tracy scuttled away and I breathed again, then went into the men's to wash the stink of dogs and hamburgers off my hands. I was sorry for Tracy, but I couldn't save the whole suffering world. Not today anyway.

The dogs kept barking on the way out of Armidale till I lost my temper and shouted. They subsided immediately except for the occasional resentful yap. Shock, no doubt. I put "Paris Texas" on the tape deck: this was definitely Ry Cooder country.

Then about 200 kilometres down the highway Stan and Ollie started talking again with whiny growls ending in short barks. I decided they were trying to tell me something and pulled off the road for a comfort stop.

They immediately erupted on to the

Continued on page 134



"... being fruitful and multiplying. What have you been up to lately?"



free spirit

Meeting Dawn Raymond is like hitching a ride on a meteorite; her unearthly beauty is enough to send any man into orbit. "I meet a lot of men, but so many are fast. They lack any style. I like those rare men who know how to take their time and woo you. I always make sure it's worth the wait."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND





A female version of Indiana Jones, Dawn is a girl who thrives on adventure. "I love deserted beaches and bushwalking in untamed wilderness. My dream is to venture into the Amazon, and sail the Caribbean — solo. I like being a free spirit, I guess."





Dawn also has her sophisticated side. "I can go straight from overalls to Jean Paul Gaultier. I love wining and dining in exclusive restaurants, and hosting dinner parties — they are my favorite form of entertainment. The only thing I don't like about them is washing up the next day. One day I'll like to meet a man who's handy with a tea towel."



of continuing waste generation."

A Greenpeace Pacific Campaign report states that ocean incineration now only occurs in Europe's North Sea. "But the international treaty organisation which regulates dumping at sea, the London Dumping Convention (LDC), has ordered that the practice be stopped by the end of 1994. In an unprecedented move, the LDC recognised that ocean incineration is considered to represent 'risks of marine and atmospheric pollution' and has the potential to interfere with other, legitimate uses of the sea."

Sixty-three countries are signatories to the LDC, including Australia, but Greenpeace says that few countries located in and around the Pacific are members.

"For ocean incineration operations to be profitable, a steady flow of large quantities of toxic waste is necessary. If a Pacific nation invited a waste disposal company to operate off its coast, it would not be long before other, more industrialised nations would begin exporting their waste to the region," according to Greenpeace.

Greenpeace says that these burns threaten marine life. "One group of chemicals, organohalogenes, pass up the food chain in increasing levels, accumulating in tiny plankton, shellfish, fish, whales and humans. "Health effects on mammals have been known to include birth defects, abortions and cancer, as well as digestive and nervous system breakdowns. Chemical contamination of breast milk is a further cause for concern."

Land incineration also has its problems. Dr Sharon Beder, an engineer and founder of CATE (Coalition Against Toxic Emissions), cites an incinerator at Bonnyridge in Scotland as an example. "There were an unusual number of cases of rare congenital eye deformity in babies born in the area. And at Pontypool, in South Wales, there were several cases of other types of uncommon congenital eye malformations.

"At Bonnyridge, there was also an increased rate of cancer among people and an unusual number of deaths, illnesses and birth deformities, including blindness, among local cattle. A local farmer claimed symptoms suffered by his cattle were very similar to those suffered by animals given feed contaminated with a relation of PCB — PBB — in Michigan, US. Dioxins and furans were found in soil from his farm, and from milk and fat samples from his cattle."

Government reports found that neither incinerator was to blame. "The increase in cancer, since the mid-Seventies, was said to be due to changes in diagnostic procedures, more notification of cancers by doctors, and 'chance'," Beder says. "The

reports admitted the 'unusual state of morbidity' among cattle but argued that it was unusual because of the numbers that had died, rather than because the diseases were unusual."

Peter Brotherton claims this information bears no relation to the Australian situation. "We've rejected the British design and regulatory system as being inadequate. It's at least ten to 15 years behind. The most up-to-date rotary design is in Sweden and we're looking at Swedish pollution control technology.

"Sweden has done a lot to investigate organochlorine pollution, particularly dioxin. They're really getting their environmental controls down and have stronger targets than the rest of the world. Our view is that if we don't have anything as good as that, the thing shouldn't be built."

The proposals that have failed in the past include the Sydney suburbs of Wetherill Park, Kurnell and Botany; "The

As long as
toxic waste is
produced we face
the danger of being
affected by it
in some way

Gorge" near Broken Hill, and a site near Griffith. The Northern Territory proposed a high temperature incinerator for Tennant Creek, to deal not only with Australia's waste but also South-East Asia's.

In Victoria, there was another proposal at Avalon, near Geelong, and another attempt at an unspecified site. In Western Australia incinerators were proposed for Koolyanobbing and Wallaroo, near Coolgardie in the goldfields. The Koolyanobbing proposal, by the Health Department of WA, is still active and has now moved to Mount Walton, approximately 600kms east-north-east of Perth.

In an article entitled "High Temperature Incineration: Its Role In Minimising Wastes And Risk," Peter Brotherton wrote that six years ago he held a very sceptical position on the safety of incinerators. But he has become convinced that pollution control on some of the latest high temperature incinerators is extraordinarily good.

"If you sat on the chimney stack of some of these plants, you would be exposed to many hazardous organic substances at concentrations in air equal to one one-

hundred-thousandth or one-millionth the concentration limits set by the most stringent workplace limits. If you sat on the plant boundary, the concentrations would be at least a thousand times less again."

Robert Cartmel says that with a new incinerator we are not going to see dead bodies in the street. "It's not an instance of knock 'em down; it's far more subtle but, nevertheless, just as insidious in the long term."

As far as dealing with the current stockpiles, Cartmel wants to see more support for research into biological and chemical degradation processes. Scientists in the School of Chemistry at the University of Sydney have successfully dechlorinated intractable organochlorine compounds, including HCB, in recent laboratory experiments.

"The state of research into this around the world is such that we can't take it off the shelf and use it tomorrow but we're quite optimistic that we'll see these technologies in place in two to five years' time, given sufficient support," Cartmel says.

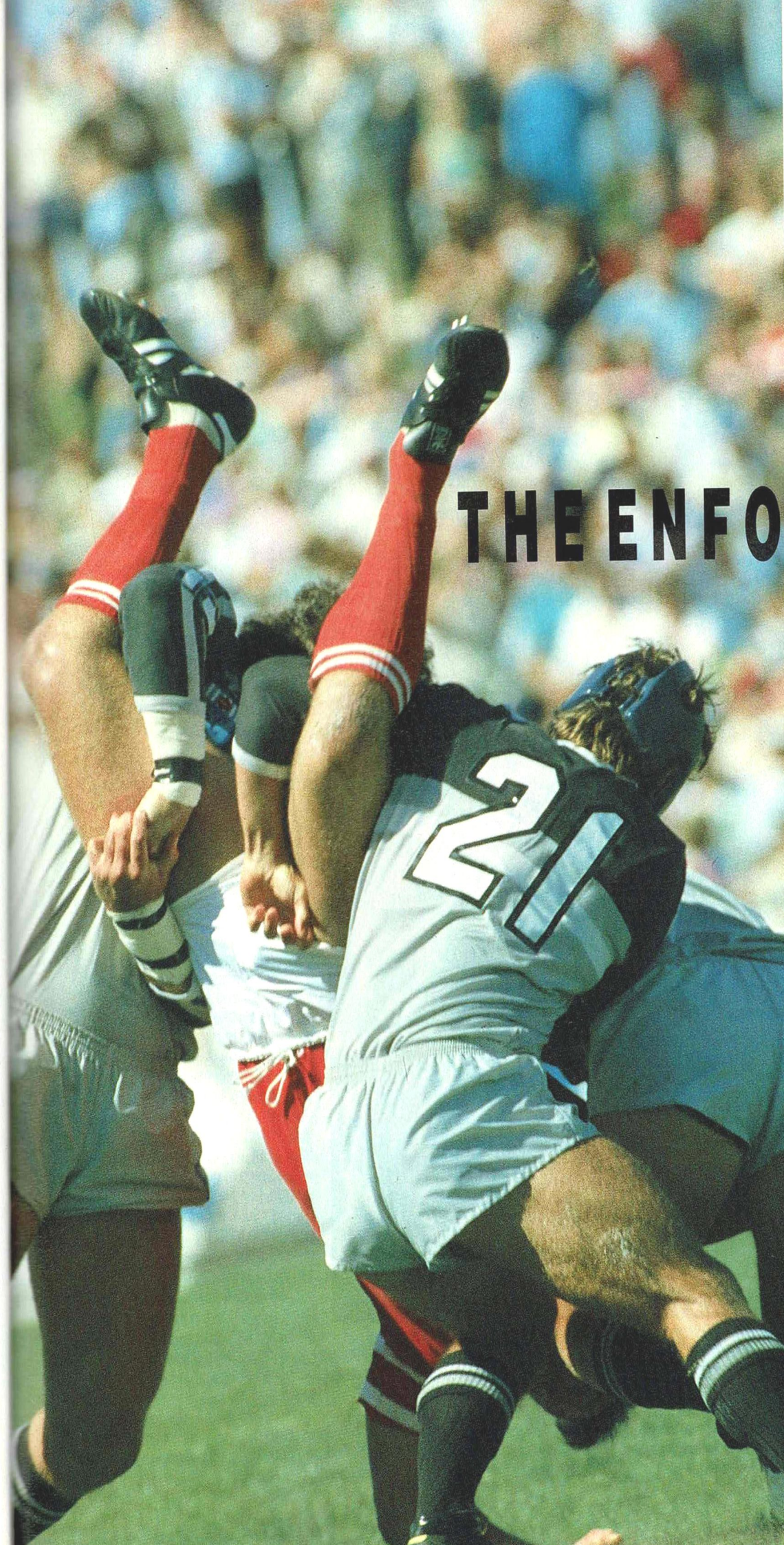
In the meantime, he wants to see purpose-built, above-ground, easily monitorable, easily retrieved storage facilities, away from population centres.

Peter Brotherton contends that storage, except for the short term, is an accident waiting to happen. "Once you get an uncontrollable fire that burns at a medium temperature, you get a witches' brew and all kinds of things are produced, most more dangerous than HCB. You can produce dioxin."

Sharon Beder says that at least an accident at a storage site is immediately obvious to everyone. "Action can be taken and blame can be sourced. An accident or a continual dangerous emission at an incinerator is invisible and, as in the case of Bonnyridge, can be denied. A major chemical accident makes headlines and becomes a social problem; a miscarried baby, even if it is the tenth that month in a town, is seen as a personal problem."

It is as both a social and a personal problem that Australians should treat the lethal dilemma that faces us. Arguments over whether we burn or store these poisons can rage endlessly, but as long as toxic waste is produced we face the danger of being affected by it in some form.

Perhaps the last word belongs also to Sharon Beder, whose premise in the campaign against incinerators in this country cuts right to the heart of source control. "Once you provide a disposal solution, then there is no hope of preventing these hazardous wastes from being generated. Any 'solution', such as a high temperature incinerator, should not be installed until waste is no longer being generated. More and more waste can and will be generated if an incinerator is built. Thus, the solution will, ironically, become a big part of the problem." 



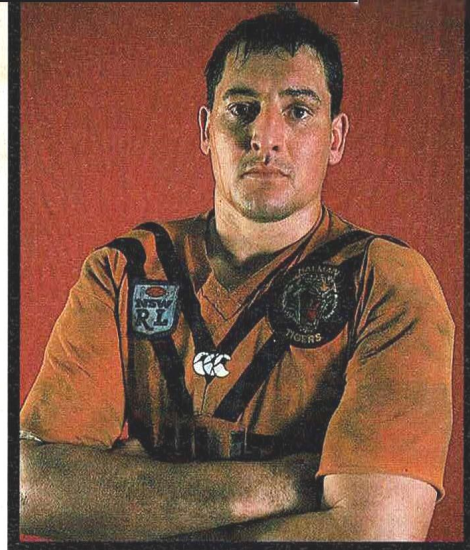
On the football field,
nice guys finish last

THE ENFORCERS

Every football team needs at least one, and preferably several. The enforcer is not merely a tough player who can absorb punishment and keep going at full throttle for the entire game; nor is he merely a courageous player who'll take the ball up when the going is heavy, move up on every play and make the tackles no-one remembers. There are plenty of those players; they are the lifeblood of any successful football team. But the enforcer has all those qualities and more. He is not merely a hard man but a hit man; he has, by virtue of the right combination of power, technique and ferocity, the ability to legitimately inflict severe pain on an opponent, thereby inspiring his team-mates and intimidating the opposition. Fear destroys a football team, which is why the enforcer is invaluable.

The five players featured in this article, representing the three codes, are considered by the pundits to be among the outstanding enforcers currently playing football. More importantly, that view is consistently confirmed by their team-mates and by those who have to play against them.

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM SHELTON



STEVE ROACH

Age: 27

Origin: Wollongong, NSW

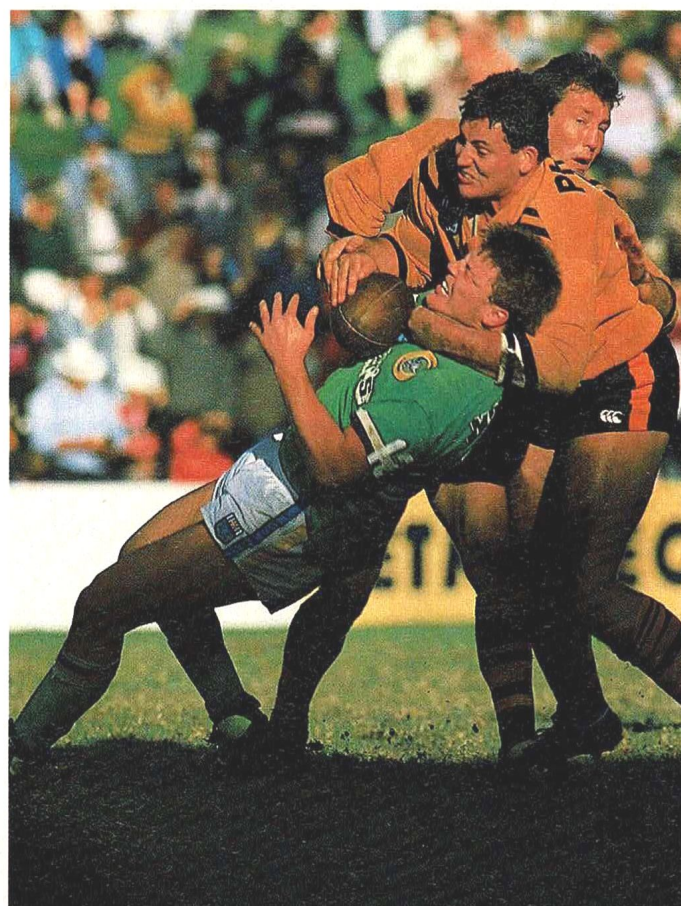
Club: Balmain Rugby League

Nickname: "Blocker"

Playing Weight: 108 kilos

First-grade Debut: 1982

Occupation: Sales Representative

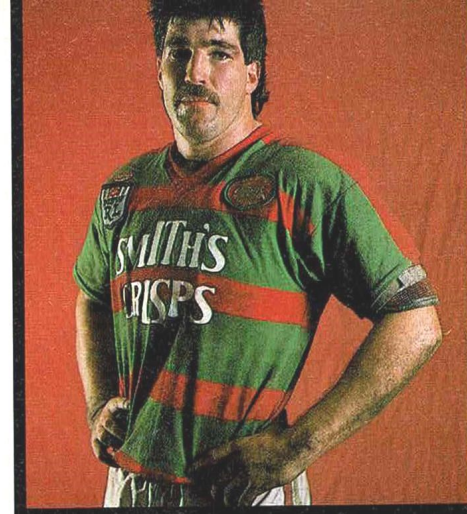


"Every team now has two or three blokes who can hit you and hurt you, and I think the game is better for that. Size and strength obviously come into it, but timing is the most important thing. A hard hit's going to hurt you a bit more than someone giving you a punch in the mouth or gouging your eyes or whatever; anyway, the game is so fast now there's not much time for dirty play. It's become irrelevant in Australia. You don't have to worry about the bloke who whacks you on the chin — it's the bloke who's going to hit you and hurt you."

"The mental side is just as important as the physical. You're always trying to outdo your opposition; if they happen to put a good hit on you, you want to get up as quickly as you can and laugh it off, show them they've given it their best shot and haven't hurt you. That's just my character; it's the way I am. I hate anyone thinking they're beating me. And I think the game lacks a few characters today; I think there's nothing better than seeing Martin Offiah score a try and do his little dance for the crowd. It adds charisma to the game. Everyone's sort of forgotten it's a game — it's way too serious in my opinion."

break your jaw; those things don't happen any more. I was regarded as being a bit mad at one stage. I never thought of myself as a lunatic — if you want to be the best at something, you've got to put your stamp there, haven't you? But I've done some silly things in my time and I've seen what happened to blokes like Les Boyd, and I thought I had to quieten down. I've matured in my approach. I virtually had to. I've got two kids now and I don't want them growing up with people telling them: 'Your Dad was a thug.'"

"If we're playing Souths, I'm certainly going to run straight at players like Davidson because it's inspirational. If someone pulls off a big hit, it gives you a real adrenalin rush and lifts the team for sure. It's about whoever gets in first and maintains their reputation. But it's not like playing gridiron, where you can get hit from behind; at least in League you can see what's coming. Sure you're going to get hit hard, and it'll take a little while to recover, but you're going to keep going because of all the training League players do now. And you know that if you go down in a scrum no-one's going to boot you in the melon and



LES DAVIDSON

Age: 26

Origin: Dubbo, NSW

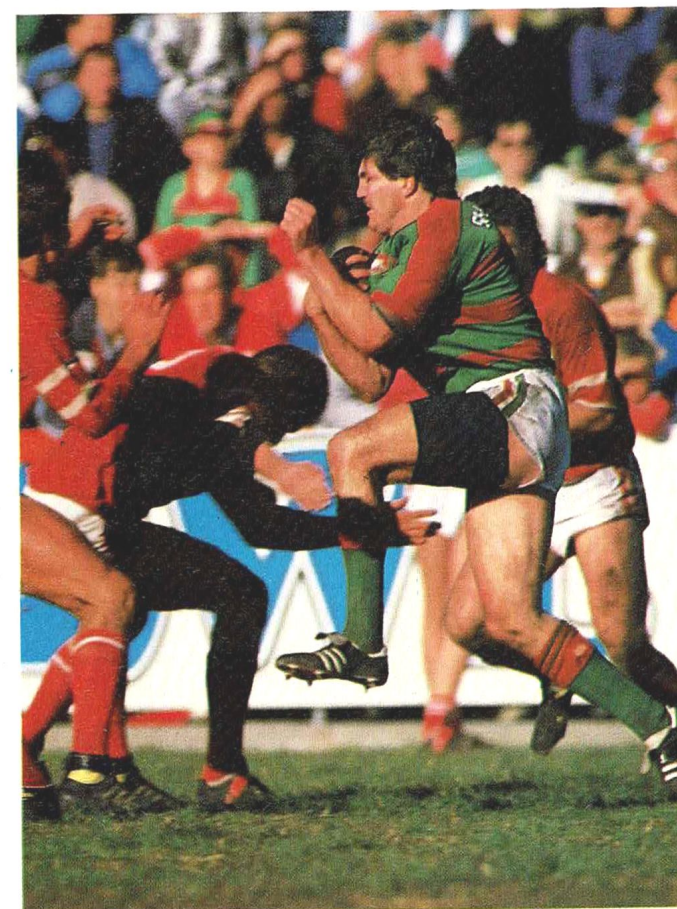
Club: South Sydney Rugby League

Nickname: "Bundi" (Aboriginal for "Big Stick")

Playing Weight: 93 kilos

First-grade Debut: 1984

Occupation: Builder's Laborer



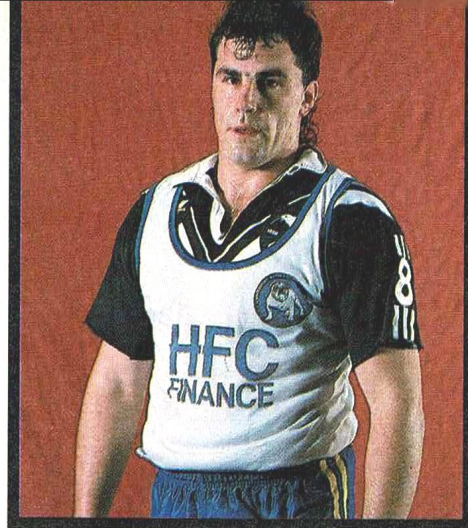
"I've got a few different techniques. I'll eyeball a player to encourage him to try and run over the top of me — which is just a mistake by him. He should be trying to step around me. And I'll try to hit a player just as he's receiving the ball, because he has to take his eye off the defence and it's unexpected. And by having my feet planted I can launch into a guy while he's halfway through his stride, just before he's got his front foot down, so he's off-balance. It's not something I practise — it just comes natural to me."

"Scoring a try doesn't do anything for me. But if I smash someone in a tackle, I get goosebumps. I enjoy smashing people, and probably hurting them too; that's a bit of a bonus. I like playing the game that way. I guess I've got a bit of a cruel streak in me, but I'm lucky — I can turn it on or off. As a kid I had a really bad temper. A few times when I've been in fights I've just blacked out — sort of lost all memory of what was happening. But now I can control it. I'm not one of those players who gets snappy the night before the match; I just wait till the kick-off and then turn on. As soon as the whistle goes I suddenly feel as though I'm a few stone heavier and a few inches taller."

"I tend not to let anyone know I've been injured, including the players on my own team. Unless it's an injury where I can't run any more, like when I tore a medial ligament last year, I refuse to go down or use the head bin. Even at home, if I get hurt I avoid telling anyone; I just hate anyone to know I'm hurt."

"Twenty years ago you could get away with all sorts of things, but now everything you do has to be legal. I think the job of the enforcer is probably more important now, because these days making a big hit is the only way you can hurt someone. Back in the old days they used to determine how tough you were by how many punches and headbutts and so on you could take. But modern players are so much fitter and stronger. If we were allowed to carry on the way they did, who knows what would happen?"

"As a kid I used to hate bullies. Now I always try to put a stop to that sort of thing on the field. I suppose that makes me a bit of a bully myself. I hate seeing people get picked on. I had two older brothers, and if the eldest was picking on the middle one, I'd always try and help him. I feel protective towards the other players in the team. If I can stop them from being bullied, it makes me happy."



DAVID GILLESPIE

Age: 24

Origin: Narromine, NSW

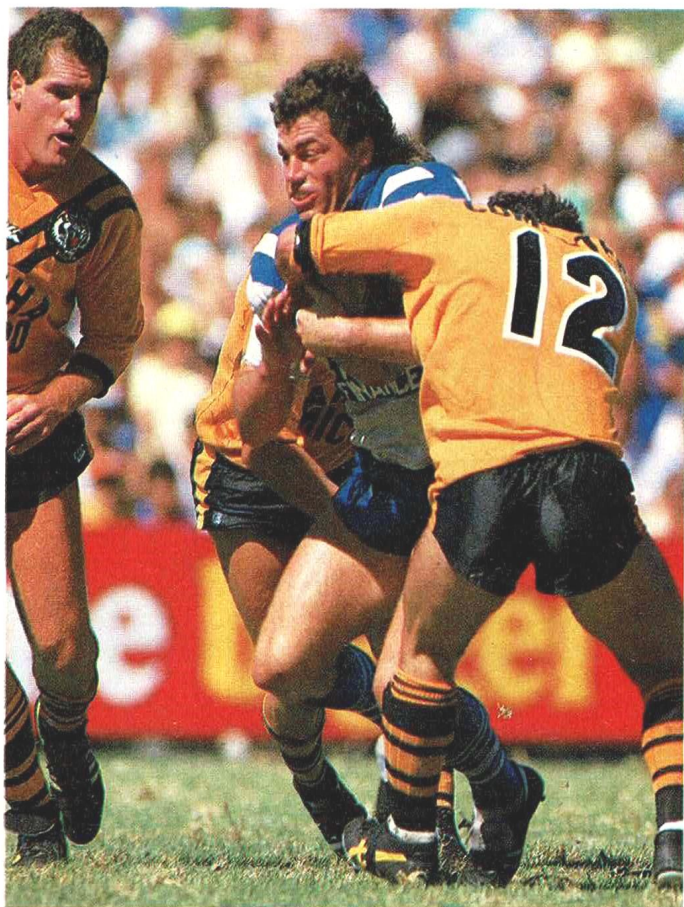
Club: Canterbury Rugby League

Nickname: "Cement"

Playing Weight: 93 kilos

First-grade Debut: 1985

Occupation: Laborer



"You can't teach a bloke to be a hitter. You've just got to have it in you, and the main thing is you've got to *want* to do it. The recognised hitters in the League are not big men — they're more the compact, nuggety type. The big blokes don't seem to be able to get down enough. But timing's everything. If you size a bloke up and your timing's good, and your technique is okay, and there's a bit of wanting to do it — well, you're halfway home. But you're not always going to do it. A pretty good judge of football told me not to go out there looking for the big hits — just let them come to you. If you go out there looking for it you're going to miss and end up looking like an idiot.

"They're out there to hurt you, so you might as well get in first. If you take a backward step they'll sense it, and then you may as well not be out there.

"I think most of the heavy hitters in the game play on anger. And there's got to be a bit of a cruel streak. You've got to have a bit of mongrel in you to play like that. Some blokes you can't hit, some are just born to be hit. They just run straight at you, more or less with a tag on them that says: 'Please hammer me.' To me it's just the easiest thing in the world to do that. They're hittable.

"The guys who get respect are the guys who can hurt a man legitimately.

It gives their team-mates a boost. But a bloke's not going to let on you've hurt him. I mean, sometimes I've hit a bloke and thought, 'Jesus — that *felt* good', but when he gets up and laughs at you, it puts you in your place. I'm the same — I'm not going to let on I'm hurt, because that gives them a psychological boost. The value of it I think is purely mental, because blokes are so fit and tough these days it's not very often you can legitimately put a guy out of commission, and you don't go out there to illegally maim someone. If something did happen to a bloke — say, in the spear tackle I did which got me four weeks' suspension — I couldn't live with myself. I'd probably give the game up.

"There's something wrong with you if you don't have fear. It's only natural. So when Warren Ryan was coaching us at Canterbury, the idea was to put the fear into your opponents. It just happened that we had four or five blokes in the forwards who could hit. We intimidated opponents. That's where the psychological value of it comes in. Other teams hated playing us, they were well aware of what we could do, and whenever they took the ball up, they'd be looking. That's how we got to three grand finals and won two premierships."



SCOTT GOURLEY

Age: 21

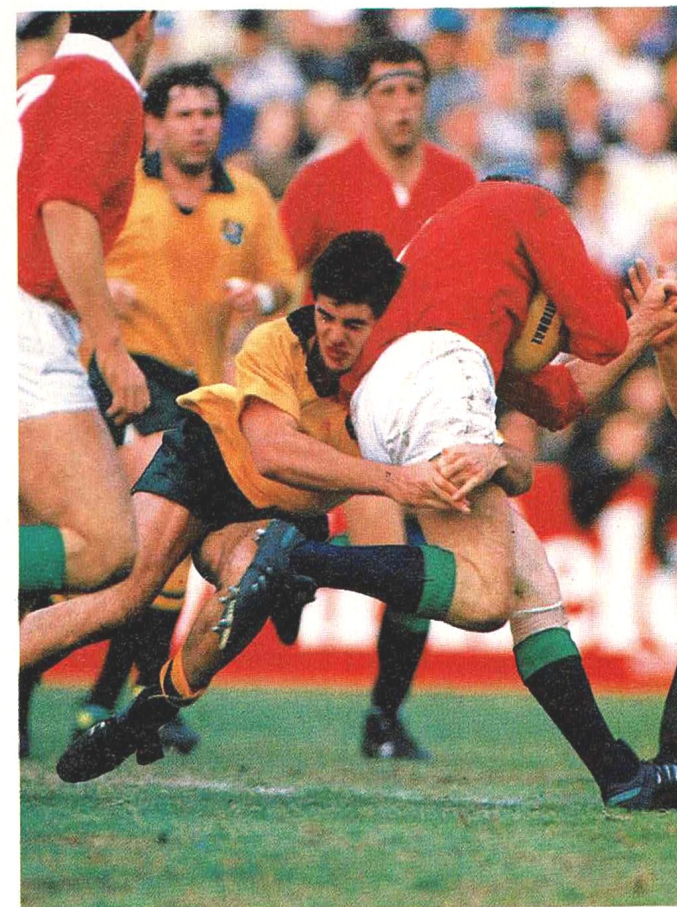
Origin: Narrabri, NSW

Club: Eastwood Rugby Union

Playing Weight: 100 kilos

First-grade Debut: 1988

Occupation: Economics Student



"League is pretty much one-on-one whereas in Union everyone sort of piles in, so there's a lot of difference between the two games, but I still make a point of trying to hurt people in the tackle. In Union, though, you'd probably be lucky to get four opportunities to make a big hit in a game. Playing breakaway does give me the chance to hit the five-eighth if he runs, and I try to get into him as much as I can early in a game. I played mostly League until I was 18, so that's probably why I can tackle the way I do.

"I don't know if it gives my team-mates a lift when I make a hit, but it definitely gives me a buzz. When you hit someone there's the pleasure of that, and I do also get pleasure out of the possibility of having hurt that guy — very much so. If he's taken off the field, that's an outcome I'd like, because it must have been a good hit. I probably get a bigger buzz out of that than scoring a try. I know a lot of Union players don't think like that; I doubt if there are many backs who do. It just depends who you are. Not that I think all backs are wimps — but most are. Well, not wimps — they're just concerned with other things. Not many of them can tackle very well and you rarely see a big hit in the backs, even though it's much more one-on-one than in the forwards.

"What you're trying to do right from the start is get on top of the opposition,

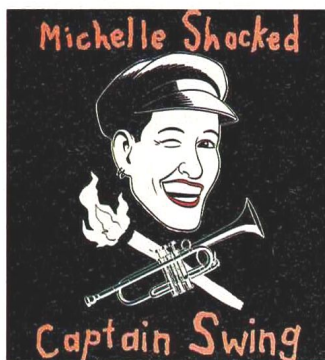
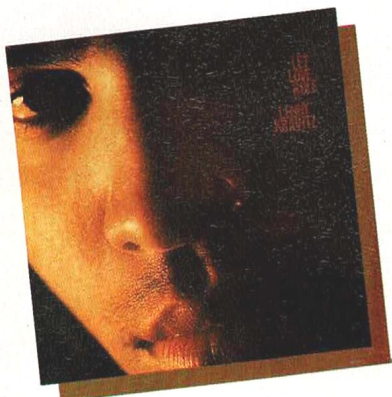
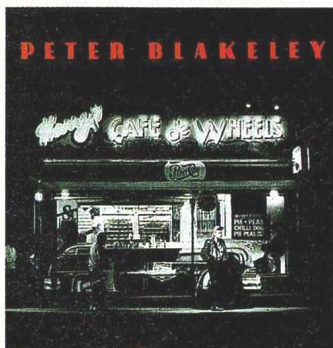
and the harder you hit them, the easier it is. So it has a bit to do with intimidation, but in Union it's more about controlling the ball, which is done through strength, endurance and technique. Intimidation in our game is more about the whole forward pack going forward, rather than one person making a big hit. I mean, you can make a great hit and the opposition can still be running completely over the top of you, so it hasn't done you much good. I don't think there are any players who are renowned purely for their toughness — although there are certainly some who you consider to be wimps. It makes more sense in Union to talk about toughness in terms of teams rather than individuals. For instance, Warringah would rate as a very tough team to play.

"I find if I've got something against the opposition, I play a lot better. I'll get stuck in early on if it's Randwick or some other team I dislike. But it's hard for me to get fired up if I'm playing guys that I know and have maybe been on tour with for months. I suppose League players are on tour together a long time too — but they're playing for different things, aren't they? For me, it's a lot easier if I don't like the opposition. But I don't think of myself as being overly tough, and I don't think I'm overly mean. I wouldn't mind being a bit meaner, actually."

SOUNDS

SWEET PROGRESS

Anti-clockwise from below: The long awaited newbie from Peter Blakeley; Funky Sixties feel from Lenny Kravitz; Basic dance stuff from duo ABC; Michelle Shocked comes into her own on Captain Swing.



Peter Blakeley has hinted at great things since his days as a Rockmelon ("Sweat It Out"). As long in the making as *Ben Hur*, *Harry's Cafe de Wheels* (EMI) may not be such a classic but it is a logical progression from his *The Truetone Sessions* mini-album ("Caterina", etc). "There must be something I can do better than anyone," he asks. The obvious answer is sing — just check the painful beauty of "First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" (made famous by Roberta Flack). With such a distinctive voice and still not fully realised songwriting abilities, Blakeley's problem is one of choices. Capable of wearing many stylistic suits, he's taken it on himself to tailor them as well. His best writing here is the wistful R&B of "Crying In The Chapel", "Who Let My Secret Out" and "Quick-sand." Other tracks including "Stranger In My Own Hometown" bland out to an easy listening shuffle, while "Lost On The River" gets just that. Blakeley's ethereal tenor seems to compel references to angels, so with a bit of divine intervention in the songwriting department his very own Ten Commandments could be gracing our ears some time this decade.

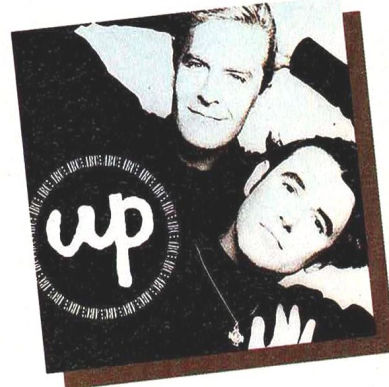
You have to go back a couple of decades to find Lenny Kravitz's idea of a good time (musically). *Let Love Rule* (Virgin) pays homage to the stylistic charm of the Beatles, the Spencer Davis Group and others.

Kravitz has tried (and succeeded) to make an album that sounds like slightly funky "state of the art" circa 1967 (when he was two years old). Playing all the instruments himself, there are no sequenced grooves in evidence and his playing screams of Human Factor. I've got a nagging feeling, however, that Neil Innes did a more convincing rewrite of Sixties sounds and songs for Eric Idle's brilliant "The Rutles" — the Sixties were never that much fun. He eschewed timeless sentiments like "At the back of my mind there has always been cheese and onions." Lenny Kravitz pays similar homage to classic Sixties sounds and sentiments ("Let Love Rule") and the problems of getting a cab when your natural coloring is the other side of a deep tan in a white trash world ("Mr Cab Driver"). Could he be avenging the secret that Billy Preston (the Beatles' token black man) never got credit for singing all of *Let It Be* because the Fab Four were too out of it to remember the words? (True or False?).

Meanwhile in the dance corner Jimmy Somerville, famous for singing while vacuum cleaning, asks us to *Read My Lips* (London). With the Communards and now on his own he's never bettered the first Bronski Beat album. The political stance is as unwavering as the beat, though his soaring falsetto is in fine form. Duo ABC have seen several guises in their career but *Up* (Mercury) is probably their most basic dance album. Mark White's programming has huge holes in it where spicy syncopated keyboard lines, brass interjections and occasional guitar picking fit neatly under Martin Fry's educated croon.

The Pet Shop Boys and Julian Mendelson are causes celebres in their own echelons of technopop. Liza Minelli has generated a horde of adoring older ears who

still give her the benefit of the doubt for being Judy Garland's daughter. The *Results* (CBS) of these disparate elements collaborating is like your own mother announcing, once she's donned bicycle shorts and you've passed the chemical point of no return, that she's coming to the sleaze ball with you. Awesome! There has never been a better reason for an Eartha Kitt revival. It's healthy to believe in miracles but this album doesn't vindicate the wait.



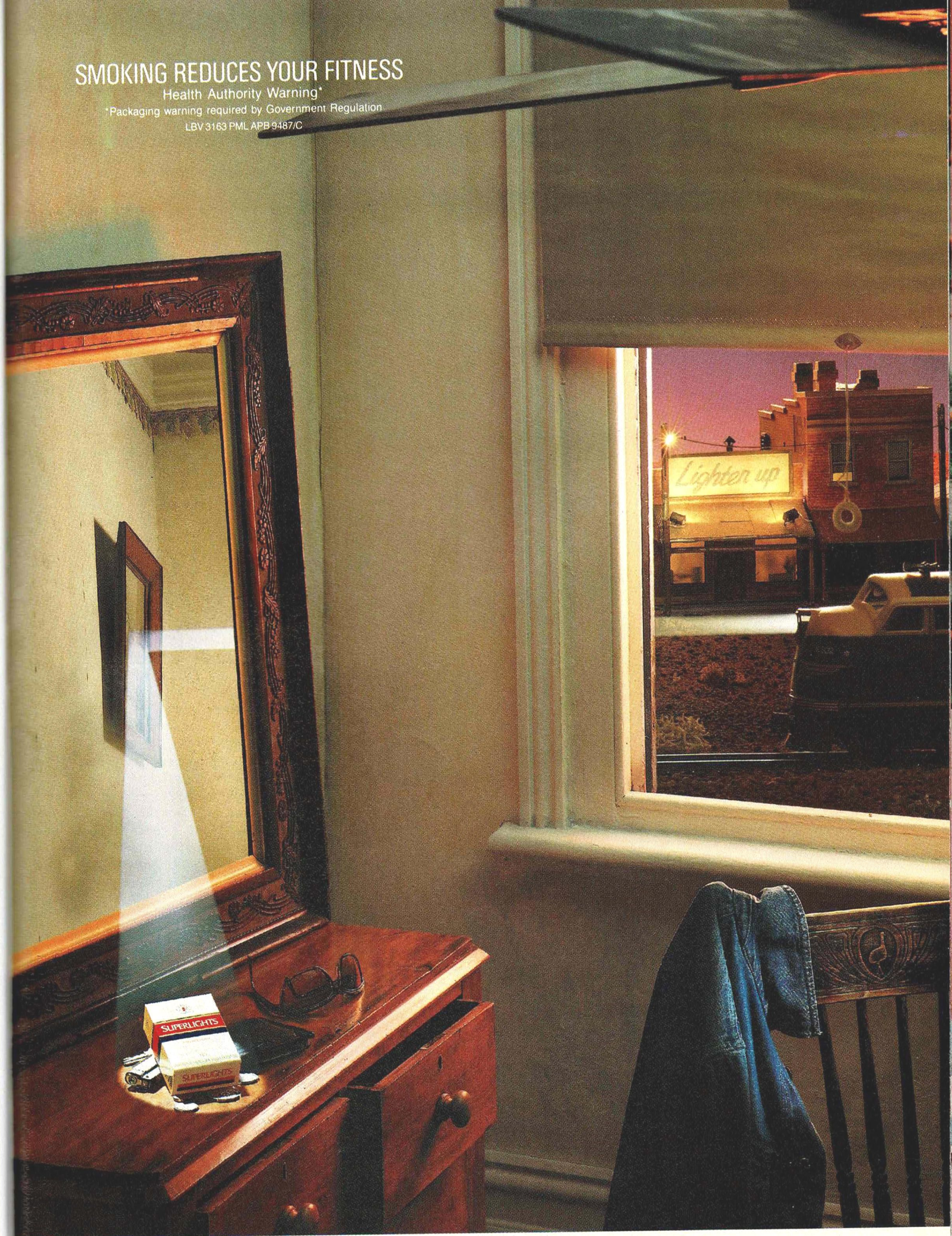
Texas Michelle Shocked cruised through some East Coast (Australia) concert venues in January this year with only her guitar and father on dobro for support. This 28-year-old has, in a couple of years, come a long way from ideologically sound, badly recorded acoustic folk. She's come to terms with a producer, the recording studio and trusting guitarist/arranger Pete Anderson's judgement. As a result *Captain Swing* (Mercury) is definitely worth saluting for its diversity of styles, from the big band R&B of "God Is A Real Estate Developer" (where the gospel connotations of the style get used and gently abused) and the giant bluesy horn blast of "Sleep Keeps Me Awake", the mood cools with the gentler, Stefan Grapelli-like chug of "Silent Ways." She then belts out some rock and roll ("Don't You Mess Around With My Little Sister") and slides unashamedly into some "Streetcorner Ambassador" bebop. The glue in this stylistic mosaic, apart from the strength of the arrangements, is Ms Shocked's authoritative freewheeling vocals that underline the notion "Swing is a feeling, everything else is just style." — Jeremy Cook

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning*

*Packaging warning required by Government Regulation

LBV 3163 PML APB 9487/C

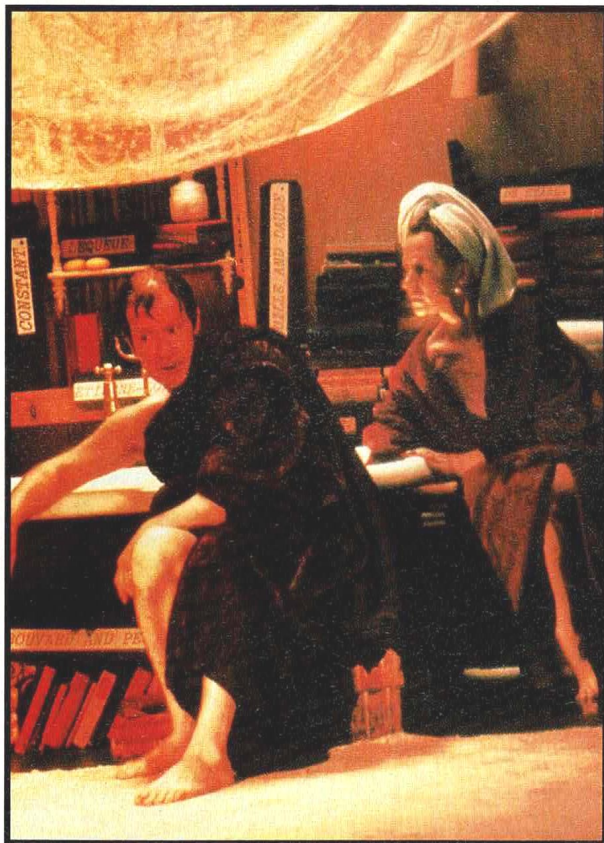


'Lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS

FILM

A BLOW TO THE BELLY



Above: Alan Howard and Helen Mirren in Peter Greenaway's gut-churning masterpiece, *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife And Her Lover*.

Scanning the capsule reviews on the movie listings pages, you'd reckon a film doesn't have to do much these days to be slapped with the tag "riveting." In the breathless lexicon of popular film review, "riveting" — and "electrifying" for that matter — seem to have become almost as devalued as that chestnut "riotous romp" linked with the seldom more than ordinary comedies churned out by the Hollywood sausage machine responsible for Messrs Candy, Chase, Aykroyd, et al.

So when a film comes along that, figuratively speaking now, bolts your butt to the cinema seat and drives a metal rod through your upper vertebrae, making it impossible to turn away no matter how much you'd dearly love to, the old "riveting" tag

seems a trifle, er, pissweak.

The Cook, The Thief, His Wife And Her Lover is such a film. It will rivet and electrify you as surely as a switched-on sojourn in Ol' Sparky. Pardon me while I swab the dribble from my chin, but this one will repulse and seduce you, roll you in shit then fascinate you with some of the most hauntingly beautiful images ever committed to film. To the breathless lexicon of review let a new line be added: This film will *fillet* you.

Written and directed by Peter Greenaway — the British wizard of hypnotic style and fatalism who delivered up *The Draughtsman's Contract*, *A Zed And Two Noughts*, *The Belly Of An Architect* and *Drowning By Numbers* — *The Cook, The Thief* is, in this opinion, no less than masterpiece cinema.

Set in and around a sumptuously decorated restaurant, the film takes as its themes cruelty, sex, revenge . . . and food — all aspects of food: its preparation and presentation, its ingestion, digestion, and its excretion.

The Cook (Richard Bohringer), chef of the opulent Le Hollandais, is a silent, watchful perfectionist dedicated to the creation of exquisite cuisine and the appreciative consumption of his work. The Thief (Michael Gambon, best known as *The Singing Detective*) is a vicious, vulgar and childish racketeer whose pretensions to gourmet status have him commandeering the restaurant every night with his motley gang of bully boys, there to rave and terrorise all about him. His Wife (Helen Mirren) is the chief object of his perpetual tirade. A gentle and sophisticated woman trapped by fear in the marriage, her cowed frustration is relieved by the shy attentions of another regular diner (Alan Howard), a studious and modest bookstore owner. Wordlessly at first, they embark on an affair, stealing their pleasure in the restaurant's bathroom and then, observed and abetted by The Cook, in the surreal, green-lit world of its magnificent kitchen. Inevitably they are discovered by The Thief, who extracts his revenge on The Lover, an act of horrific violence and humiliation surpassed only by the calculated revenge extracted in return by The Wife.

Greenaway says he has mod-

elled his film on the tradition of Jacobean Revenge Tragedy, a genre obsessed with human corporeality — eating, drinking, defecating, vomiting, copulating and bleeding. From its shocking opening scene, all those functions and pursuits are to be found in *The Cook, The Thief*, but they are bound in beauty, both sublime and terrible, and laced with switchblade wit. There is no doubting that this film will churn the most hardy of guts. No-one will be unaffected by it. *****

Also screening this month:

A Dry White Season: Brando's back, playing a powerful cameo as a liberal lawyer in this worthy and moving story of a mild-mannered and apolitical white South African teacher (Donald Sutherland) who enquires after the disappearance of his young black gardener, so plunging into the internecine can of worms that is the apartheid system. Also features Zakes Mokae and Susan Sarandon. Directed by African filmmaker Euzhan Palcy. ****

Driving Miss Daisy. Directed by Bruce Beresford, another examination of black/white relations, this time in the American South. The central story follows the changing relations over a 20-year period between a rich and stubborn Jewish dowager and her black chauffeur. Tender performances from grande dame Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman (*Lean On Me*). Also features Dan Aykroyd and Patti Lupone as Miss Daisy's son and daughter-in-law. ****

Immediate Family. Predictable though surprisingly likeable tale of a pair of thirtysomething Yuppies (Glenn Close and James Woods) who, unable to have children of their own, apply to take custody at birth of the child of an eight months pregnant 17-year-old (Mary Stuart Masterson). Humor and warmth before the birth make way for doubt and emptiness when the young mother decides to keep the child. Though slickly pitched Americana from director Jonathon Kaplan (*Project X*) complete with R&B classic score, this one kind of sneaks up on you, thanks to the winning performances of Close and Masterson. *** — C.J. Mackay



DARE DEVIL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Twenty-three year old Michelle is a girl with a tidal wave attraction. She's irresistible and sweeps everyone in her path. "I must admit I'm an exhibitionist," she laughs. "I love being the centre of attention." With such a magnetic personality as hers, she's assured of the spotlight wherever she goes.



Michelle likes spreading her wings and at her tender age has already traversed the globe. She has backpacked around Europe, travelled America in a beat up Chevy, been to Asia, and even made a flying visit to the USSR. "I love travelling. Now I've got the itch and I can't stop, there's so many more countries I want to explore."





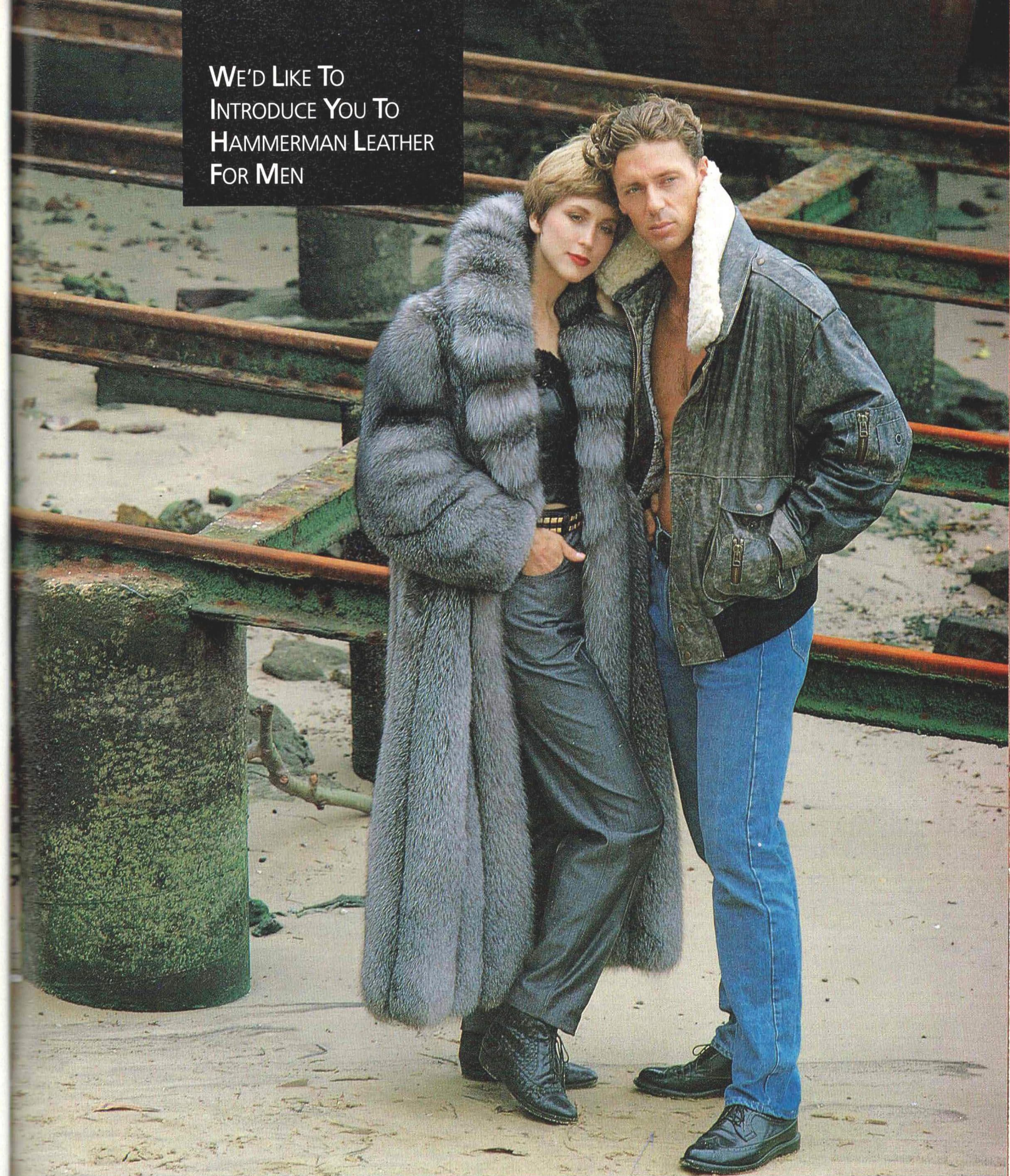


Her thirst for adventure doesn't stop there. "I swim a lot and I love hang-gliding. Soon I'd like to attempt parachuting. I love both aerial and watersports — anything that involves a challenge." Keeping up with Michelle would certainly be a highwire act.





WE'D LIKE TO
INTRODUCE YOU TO
HAMMERMAN LEATHER
FOR MEN



BERNHARD
Hammerman
FURS PTY. LTD.

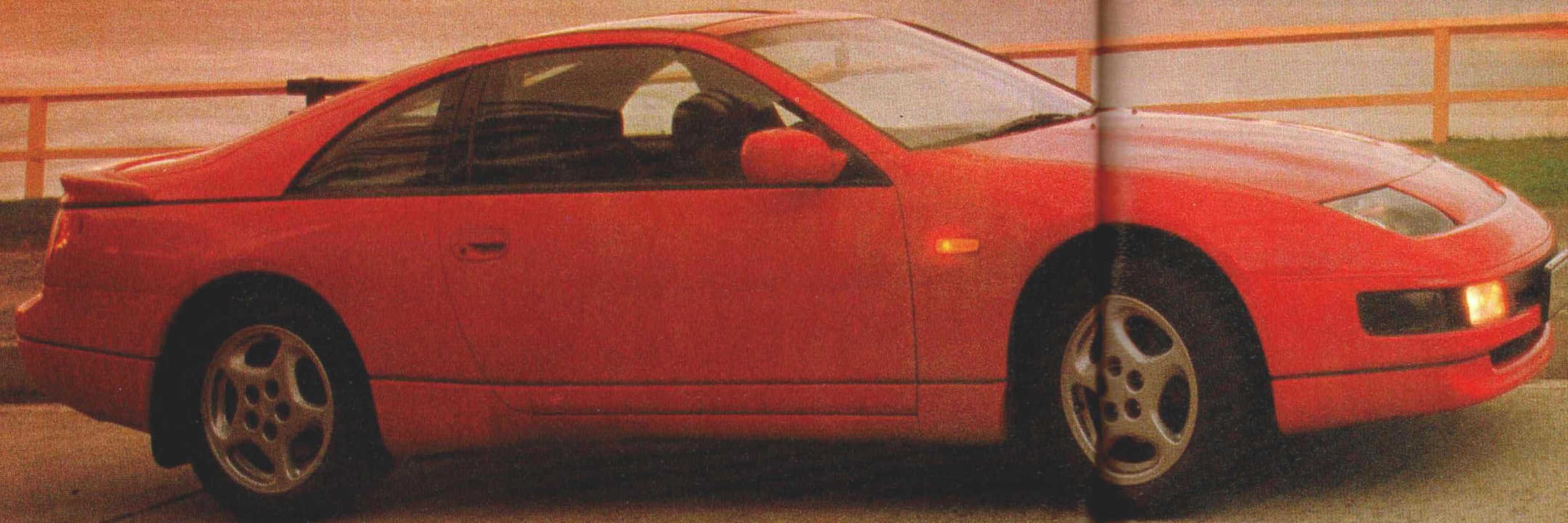
Exclusively available at 119 King Street, Sydney. Telephone: 233 5399

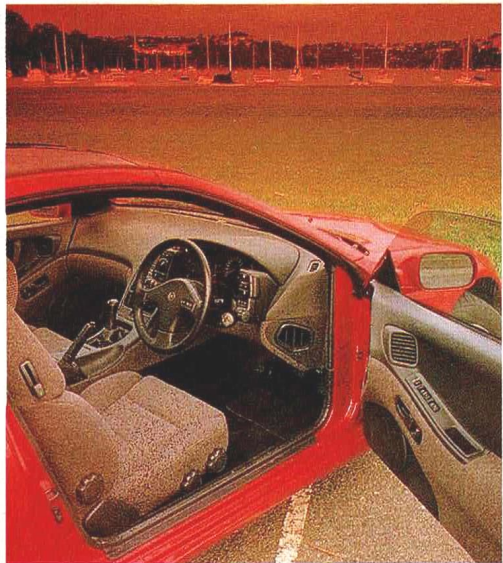
A mobile bordello goes back to its roots

Nissan turned the time machine back two decades to find the inspiration for its 1990 model 300ZX sports, the latest in a succession of Z cars. Evoking much of the verve and spirit of the original 240Z of 1969, but incorporating slick up-to-the-moment engineering, the latest 300ZX has put the frighteners into the European car makers. It's a machine of remarkable refinement and sophistication wrapped in a seductive skin described frequently as the best shape to emerge from Japan. Above all, it's a real sports car, with a much harder edge to its performance than its marshmallow predecessor, a tacky overweight bucket of slops that seemed to attract flashy menopausal types of both sexes. With the new car, the smell of peroxide and the clinking of gold chains are fading...

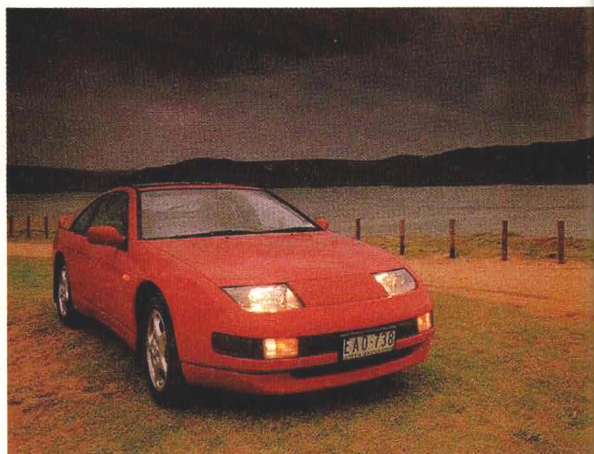
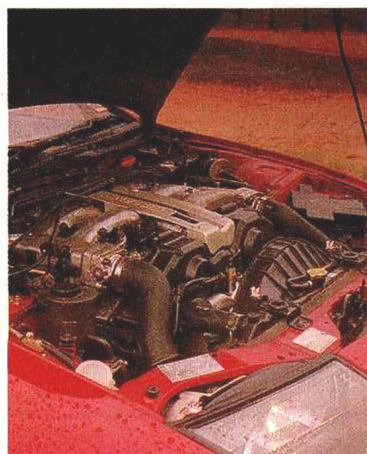
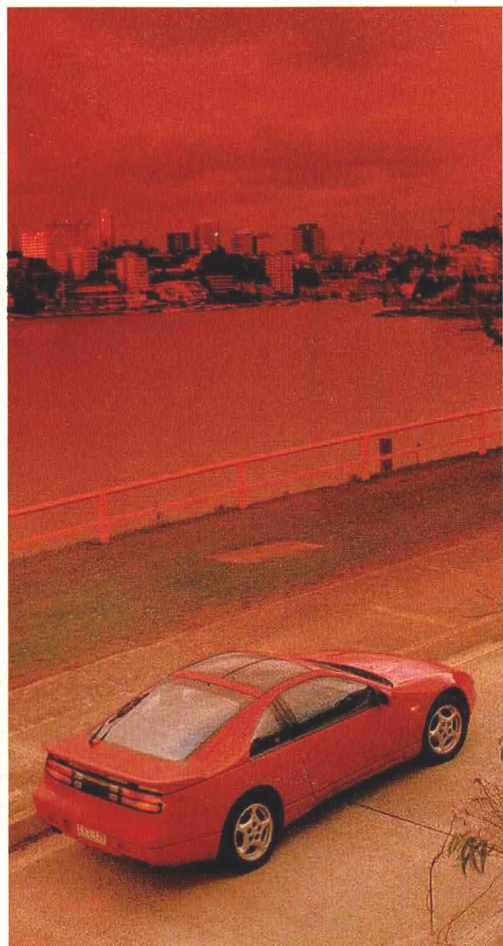
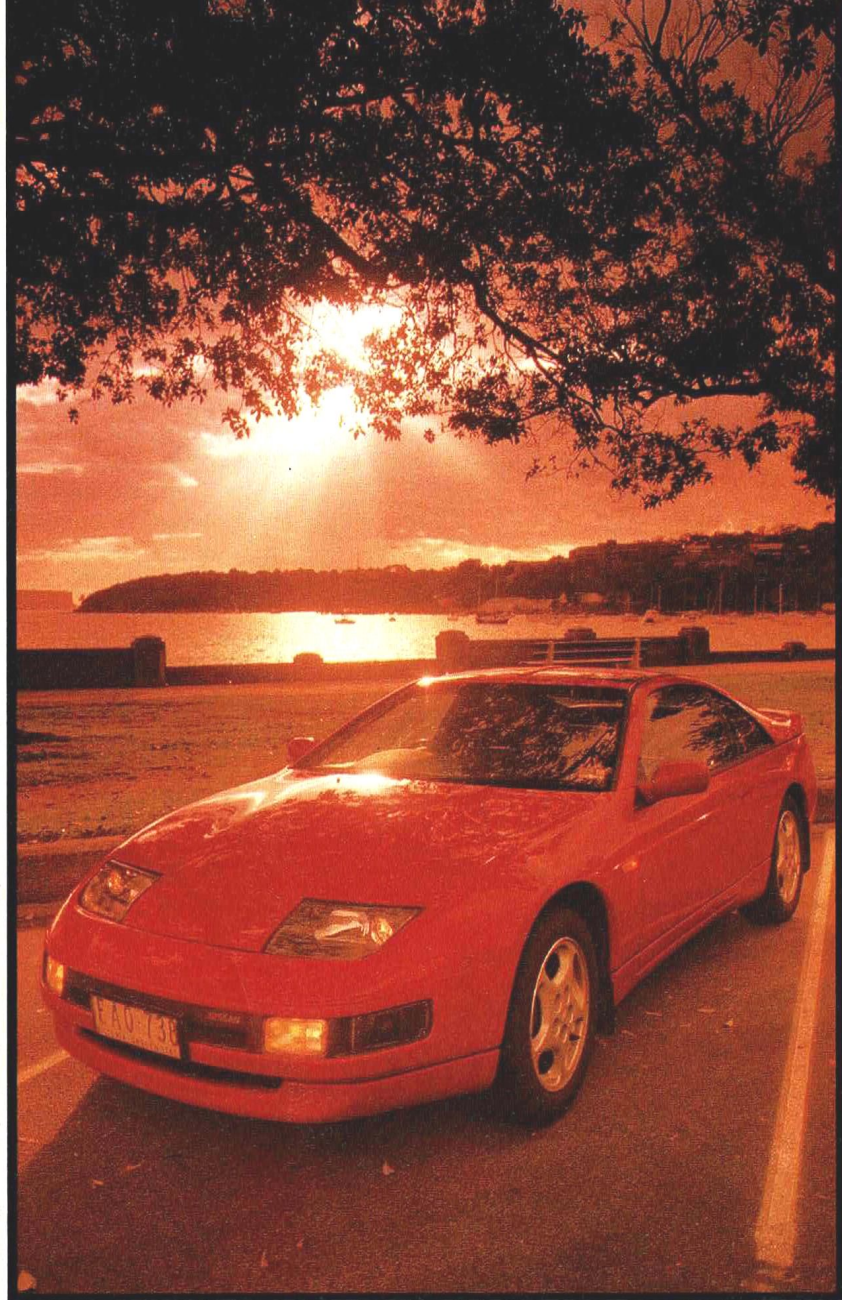
T I M E M A C H I N E

**MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BURROWS**





The new curvy aerodynamic 300ZX, with an abundance of power and interior inclusions, is the jewel in the Nissan crown.



TIME MACHINE

Back in 1984, when the project commenced, Nissan aerodynamicists began evaluating various body shapes on an old 300ZX mule in the company's wind tunnel. As well, Nissan's two Cray supercomputers were analysing the aeroefficiency of specific body shapes. The choices were narrowed to three.

And finally to the distinctive and efficiently styled body that represented quite a departure from existing Z-car styling themes.

Against the tape measure, the new car is shorter overall than the model it replaced, but it rides on a longer wheelbase. With a drag co-efficient of 0.31, it's also the slipperiest Z yet.

The heritage-listed 240Z, with its pure sports car concept and the mood it

created, was a sensible starting point for today's Nissan engineers and stylists. This earliest Z was the lightning bolt from the East that buried the British sports cars of the day.

The taut and terrific 240Z set a whole bunch of standards for sporty coupes. It changed perceptions of what a sports car should be. It could be comfortable, it didn't have to leak every time it rained, wind drafts were no longer obligatory, it

would start during cold weather and it went like a scalded cat.

When released in Australia, in November 1970, it cost \$4567, a little more than the price of a Holden Brougham. The Jaguar E-type, with which the 240Z was often compared, was nearly twice as much. No wonder the Z was such a hit. It was an affordable, reliable personal car with style and excitement. The 2.4-litre engine kicked the Z over the standing quarter in 16.7 seconds, on the way to a top speed of 200 km/h. It ran with hounds like the Falcon GT and Monaro 350.

The 260Z continued this unmistakable performance genre in 1974. But then the Z-car evolutionary process lost direction. The 280Z, launched in 1979, began a shift towards a softer car, catering for lard-arsed executives. It was a four-wheeled knock shop with loud furnishings to suit and everything except a whip and a cash register. Its successor, the 1984 model 300ZX, continued the bordello theme, adding Tokyo By Night instrumentation and turbocharging. It carted its bells and whistles at some speed in a straight line, but lost the plot whenever it encountered a bend in the road.

Then someone cried "Enough" at Nissan in the mid-Eighties, and the bad-taste machine was switched off and sold to Detroit or Gothenburg. So began

a complete product overhaul which led to one of the smartest vehicle line-ups anywhere. The new 300ZX is the jewel in the Nissan crown.

It's a stunning machine at rest. And, on the prowl, this lover of corners of all shapes is gloriously rewarding to the enthusiastic driver. There's a composure and effortlessness that no car this side of the Euro exotics can hope to match. The Z's completeness, the extent of its engineering refinement, is a revelation. A neatly-balanced chassis that provides pin-sharp handling, crisp and beautifully-weighted steering, huge reassuring brakes (with ABS anti-lock), an energetic non-turbo twin-cam V6 that sends an evocative growl down the two exhaust pipes, a beautifully-designed two-plus-two cockpit of cleverness and subtlety that envelopes but doesn't smother its occupants...

At its launch in the United States, the new curvy aerodynamic Z created an unseemly stampede at Nissan showrooms. A six-month wait list quickly built up as the home of the Corvette and Camaro deserted the Yankee products. The *New York Times* came up with a killer line, making the observation that the 300ZX looked like a Porsche whose mother ran away with a Ferrari.

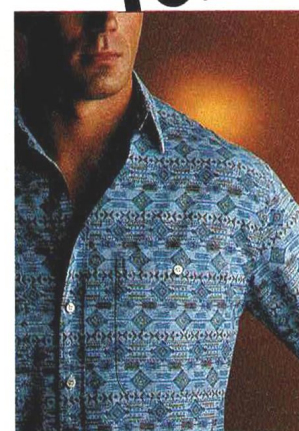
Here, the first shipments of the new model quickly sold out. Dealers have reported a high number of new customers

have been getting out of Porsches on big lease deals to slide into 300ZXs, which are often less than half the price but certainly considerably more than half the car. One motorist off-loaded his late-model 911 for a 300ZX and a Patrol, pocketing some change.

The Nissan blasted on to centre stage wearing a price tag of \$62,950. Compare this with the \$107,706 asked for its logical opposite number at Porsche, the cheapest of the Zuffenhausen range, the 944S2, with its front-located 3.0-litre in-line four.

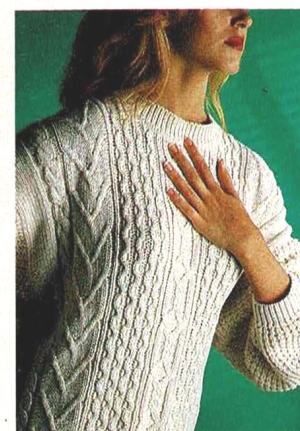
The Nissan wants for little. Mechanically, it comes standard with power steering, a viscous limited-slip diff, set-and-forget cruise control (so handy now the police seem prepared to execute any motorist daring to travel at the most modest of speeds), alloy wheels and superb Dunlop D40 M2 tyres. There are also those half-closed headlamps that look kind of menacing but slice through the darkness like God has flicked a light switch. Interior inclusions are prolific, highlighting the Germanic austerity of Porsche. Air conditioning, power windows, manual seat height-and-tilt adjustment, remote tailgate release, electric mirrors, central locking, rear cargo blind and the now-familiar Z-car feature, the glass T-roof panels which when removed allow the wind to straighten the driver's hair.

TOP SECRET



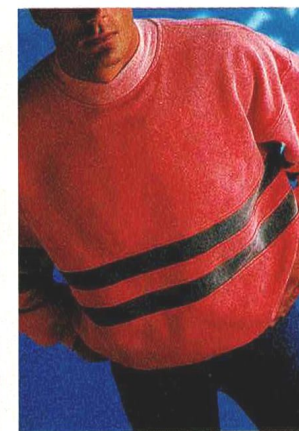
SHIRTS

Lively, loves to be worn in or out. Never wrong.



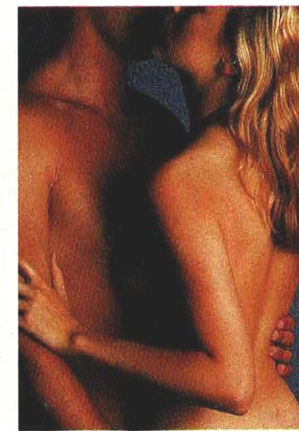
KNITS

Enjoys close encounters of all kinds. Style all of its own.



SWEATS

Thrives on physical contact. Brings colour to every situation.



NO SECRETS

Just a straight answer. Where can they be found?

Sydney: Miranda, Bondi Junction, North Sydney, City, Chatswood, Hurstville, Bankstown • Canberra: Belconnen, Civic • Adelaide: Marion, Tea Tree Plaza • Brisbane: Indooroopilly, Toombul

shirts
and
shirts

TIME MACHINE

Automatic transmission is there as an option for the softies, at a not inconsiderable extra \$4150. The penalty for laziness. The slushbox is the only option; even the spectacular two-coat pearl metallic paint is a no-charge bonus.

Sometime between the last unlabeled model and this new one, the 300ZX took a sojourn at a fat farm, where it not so much went on a weight reduction program but redistributed its mass. At 1490 kilos, it's still a hefty beast — heavier than a Ford Falcon for instance — but it is athletic nevertheless. The cellulite has been replaced by muscle.

The all-new 3.0-litre V6, managed by electronic fuel injection with two camshafts operating over each bank of cylinders and a total of 24 valves, punches out 166 kiloWatts — more power even than the old turbo engine of the same capacity in the superseded 300ZX. Torque is a modest 268 Newton-metres.

The Z will cover the standing 400 metres in 15.3 seconds — an impressive time, particularly accounting for the car's weight, but not quite as swift as the Porsche 944, which is some 280 kilos lighter.

We're talking about a sweet Nissan engine here, with a wide power band and no distaste for singing all the way to

its 7000 rpm redline. It not so much blasts forth its power, but delivers it commendably evenly. It's responsive without being brutal.

The driver immediately feels right in the Z. Unlike the uncomfortable pedal positions found in many European cars (some of which are clearly not designed from the outset for right-hand drive), the relationship between accelerator and brake and the right leg is a happy one. The stubby gear lever falls to hand and the left elbow doesn't find itself fouling either the seat or console during action stations.

The seating appears appropriately firm and supportive and there are no complaints over shorter distances. However, a pal who tackled a Sydney-Melbourne gallop down the Hume reported in with a troubled lower back.

The Nissan's ability to attract attention standing still is something car salesmen never underestimate. Australian motorists are notorious for making purchasing decisions based almost entirely on looks. This of course does not include those who purchase Volvos.

But the 300ZX must be driven to be appreciated. It reveals a nimbleness not expected for a car of its size and weight. The most vivid memory this writer retains of the Z for the Nineties is the manner it tackled and conquered a twisting, undulating piece of deserted

highway on the NSW south coast. It begs to be driven harder and harder, refusing to be unsettled by bumps or dips encountered when flashing through corners. With its brilliant new multi-link independent suspension working splendidly in tandem with the grip offered by the low-profile 50-series Dunlops, the Nissan tracks unerringly through these disturbances with no correction to the steering required. The car doesn't step off line. Not that you notice. Its composure at nine-tenths is astonishing and I'm sure no other mass-produced sports car even goes close to matching it. Only when pushed to the limit does its telling weight handicap start to register. On wet roads, though, the 300ZX's inherent stability is emphasised if anything, helped by the downward pull of 1490 kilos.

The simple and effective viscous coupling limited-slip diff, also available on some other models in the Nissan line-up, ensures the rear wheels keep turning even when one tyre might hit a damp or dirty or greasy patch of bitumen. The viscous LSD senses the traction available at each rear driving wheel and so varies the torque split to guarantee optimal power delivery.

Significantly, the ride quality of this car has improved over its predecessors, proving that there isn't necessarily a trade-off in the struggle for perfect handling.

The massive ventilated discs and racing-type aluminium calipers combine to bring superb braking. Such is the pedal feel that not once during the *Penthouse* test was the anti-lock ABS employed, although it was comforting to know it was there on permanent standby.

Point-to-point, it's a deceptively quick car. Positive, smooth, relaxing.

There's a lot of romance in the Nissan, but enough of a practical side to appease those who haven't fully embraced hedonism with the passion of a Bacchus. The rear seat, non-existent in cars such as the Honda CRX, Jaguar XJS convertible and Mazda MX-5, is not for basketball players or sumo wrestlers. But the rear compartment will accept a couple of bodies of average dimensions without resorting to shoehorns or contortions. Again, the rear cargo area won't suit those planning on moving house, but it does take more than a toothbrush and a pair of jocks.

It is now a part of Nissan lore that Katsuo Yamada, chief engineer and project leader for the 300ZX, so wanted his own Z car that he went out and paid full retail for one. Tamada-san said that this was only fair and reasonable because he derived so much enjoyment from his 300ZX that he should also feel the pain in the pocket. He is indeed a man devoted to his craft. 

Call me if
you can
handle
it

(02) 949 7733
8am - 2am 7 DAYS

Fantasy Hotline



Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only \$11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

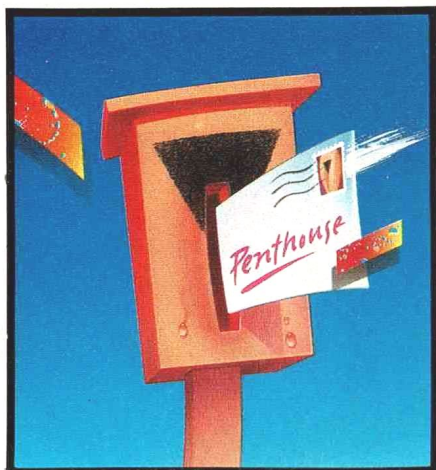
There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Australian
PENTHOUSE 

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.
Please find attached cheque/money order for
..... Penthouse binders at \$11.50 ea. \$.....

Name
Address
..... Postcode



FORUM

Continued from page 17

though I sometimes gagged. When I couldn't hold back any longer, I came, my love juices flowing out of me. Then his cock twitched, and his come gushed out. I swallowed as much as I could initially, but it squirted out of my mouth. Once his cock had stopped throbbing, I licked all the extra come off it.

We kissed for a few minutes, and I stroked his soft love tool until it got stiff again. Then I got on top of him and slowly fucked his cock. As I leaned over him, he fondled my breasts and sucked my nipples.

After a few minutes of gentle fucking, we were ready for faster action. I got on my hands and knees, and he entered me from behind. He started fucking me fairly hard — his cock felt like a baseball bat ramming me inside. He pushed in all the way each time so that his body made mine rock back and forth on each stroke. My nipples were swaying lightly against the bed, adding to my pleasure. When I started to moan uncontrollably, he suddenly stopped and asked if I could take him as hard as he could go. Panting heavily, I said, "Fuck me as hard as you want. Give me all you've got."

With a broad smile on his face, he turned me over on to my back, rubbed my thighs with his hands, and pushed my legs up again by the knees. But this time, his hands went to my ankles and he straightened my legs as much as he could so that my body was in a V-shape. He said, "Baby, I'm gunna fuck your brains out," and pushed his cock into me. Then he leaned against me, placing my legs on his chest. In this position, he could push with his chest and use my legs for support. His cock felt even bigger as my pussy tightened around it. Ray pumped me slowly a couple of times and then began to fuck me as hard as he could. He quickened with no warning, so I cried out loudly from the force. His cock was going in and out of my pussy so fast that it was driving me out of my mind! I nearly screamed from the pleasure he was giving me, and I knew I would come quickly. I came with my

arms flailing and in complete disbelief over how hard he had made me come. But Ray hadn't climaxed yet and kept fucking the daylight out of me. I started toward another orgasm, screaming again from the incredible job his meat was doing on me. Pure ecstasy rocked my body as he pumped me without letting up. After a few more minutes, I came furiously, and then he cried out that he was about to come, growling as another orgasm racked his body. We kept pumping away until we were both exhausted. Finally, we fell asleep in each other's arms, and the rest of the weekend turned out just like Friday night. — *Name and address withheld*

Married but still amorous

Who said married life was boring? Just recently my wife and I booked into an upmarket motel to stay the night and to enjoy dinner at their restaurant. We were early in arriving so my wife had enough time to have a bubble bath to relax her before dressing for dinner.

She wore a two-piece silk dress but nobody knew of the alluring packaging underneath — high-cut panties, low-cut bra, suspenders and stockings. She is 5 feet 9 inches, blonde with flashy blue eyes, lovely firm 34-inch breasts and a gorgeous blonde fanny. To top it off she wore a splash of Poison perfume with just a hint on the inside of her thighs, as I was to discover later.

We had a pleasant dinner with wine but we really couldn't wait to get back to our

room. As soon as we got back, I turned to her and kissed her lovely lips. Our tongues darted back and forth. We stopped; there was plenty of time so we moved to the outside balcony to view the city. It was not long before we were in an embrace again with my hands roaming over her gorgeous bottom and boobs and her hips grinding into my straining cock.

We broke the kiss and she sat on one of the chairs while I knelt between her legs, lifted her dress high on her thighs, and started to kiss them and nuzzle her dampening panties. I slipped one finger under her pants and into her soaking love tunnel. She moaned with pleasure. She pulled my head up, we kissed and then she suggested that we go inside and that I take down the breakfast menu while she prepared a surprise for me.

When I got back, here she was wearing a long white nightgown with lace top, white stockings, tiny white G-string and white high heels. Well, it wasn't long before we were on the bed and exploring each other's bodies. Off came my clothes and her mouth pounced on my hard cock, while I fondled her boobs. I couldn't take too much of that skilful mouth. We changed positions, kissed, and my hand went between her legs. The G-string was soaking. I removed it, slipped her boob out of her night dress and rubbed those soaking panties over her hard nipples. Then ever so gently I sucked them and enjoyed her sweet taste.

I then slipped my hand down to her clit and she started to moan as I gently caressed her love button. Her hands started to caress her boobs and her fingers tweaked her nipples. Before long I felt her hand down with mine. She moved so she could slip a finger into her soaking love tunnel. I joined her and our fingers slipped about as she moaned with increasing pleasure. After that I told her I was going to give her fanny a good fingering. She lay back, eyes half closed, breathing heavily, as I inserted one, then two, three and finally a fourth finger; she moaned and moved slightly as that juicy blonde pussy was spread wide.

She then rolled on top and knelt above me. It was now my turn to be teased. She grabbed my cock and started to pull the shiny material of her night dress across its head. What a sensation! I thought I was going to burst. The girth of my cock increased with the pleasure. Reaching down, she pulled off her nightie to reveal her lovely breasts and white stockinged legs. The nipples were standing out straight and hard. She had on dangling gold clip-on earrings. I could see a new location for these right on those hard pink nipples. I slipped them on to her nipples — she pulled back her shoulders as I continued to rub her clit and look at those beautiful nipples tipped with glittering gold.

Things were pretty hot so she eased herself slowly, inch by inch, on to my rigid tool. She would move down then slowly with-

draw, and then further down until she had him deep inside. She started to moan louder as she moved up and down slightly on my cock, and bent over so I could lick her gold-tipped nipple. Then in a rush she came, moaning, moving up and down, almost breaking my cock in two; then I came shooting deep inside her, hot spurts of sperm. We remained silent in each other's arms until we drifted back to reality. We then showered and fell asleep in each other's arms.

Next morning we had a slow gentle screw as we talked and remembered the night before. We didn't even remove her still damp G-string which she had slipped on to sleep in. We just pulled it to one side and I slipped into that lovely blonde pussy. Who says marriage is boring? — *Name and address withheld*

Wanton wife

It was a warm summer night and I had bought my wife a new vibrator and two blue magazines. I told her we were going to have a hot, steamy, sexy night and that she would be more comfortable in her white stockings and suspenders and white teddy. I would prepare the room by getting the new vibrator, the KY jelly, her favorite dildo and the magazines.

When she returned she was dressed as I'd suggested. Her luscious legs were encased in white stockings and her white teddy stretched tight over her beautiful blonde pubic mound. She has gorgeous tits

Whatever You're having...

give it some ginger!

ANGOVE'S PTY. LTD. RENMARK, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

STONE'S ORIGINAL GREEN GINGER WINE

ESTABLISHED 1740

750 mL

The Golden Apple

Come on, reward yourself.
These are very special
ladies, indeed.
Complimentary limo
service on request.
Private rear entrance with
parking off Brougham Street.

The Golden Apple.
169 Victoria St.,
Potts Point

(02) 357 2556
(02) 356 3615

FORUM

topped with hard nipples which were pushing at the white lacy material.

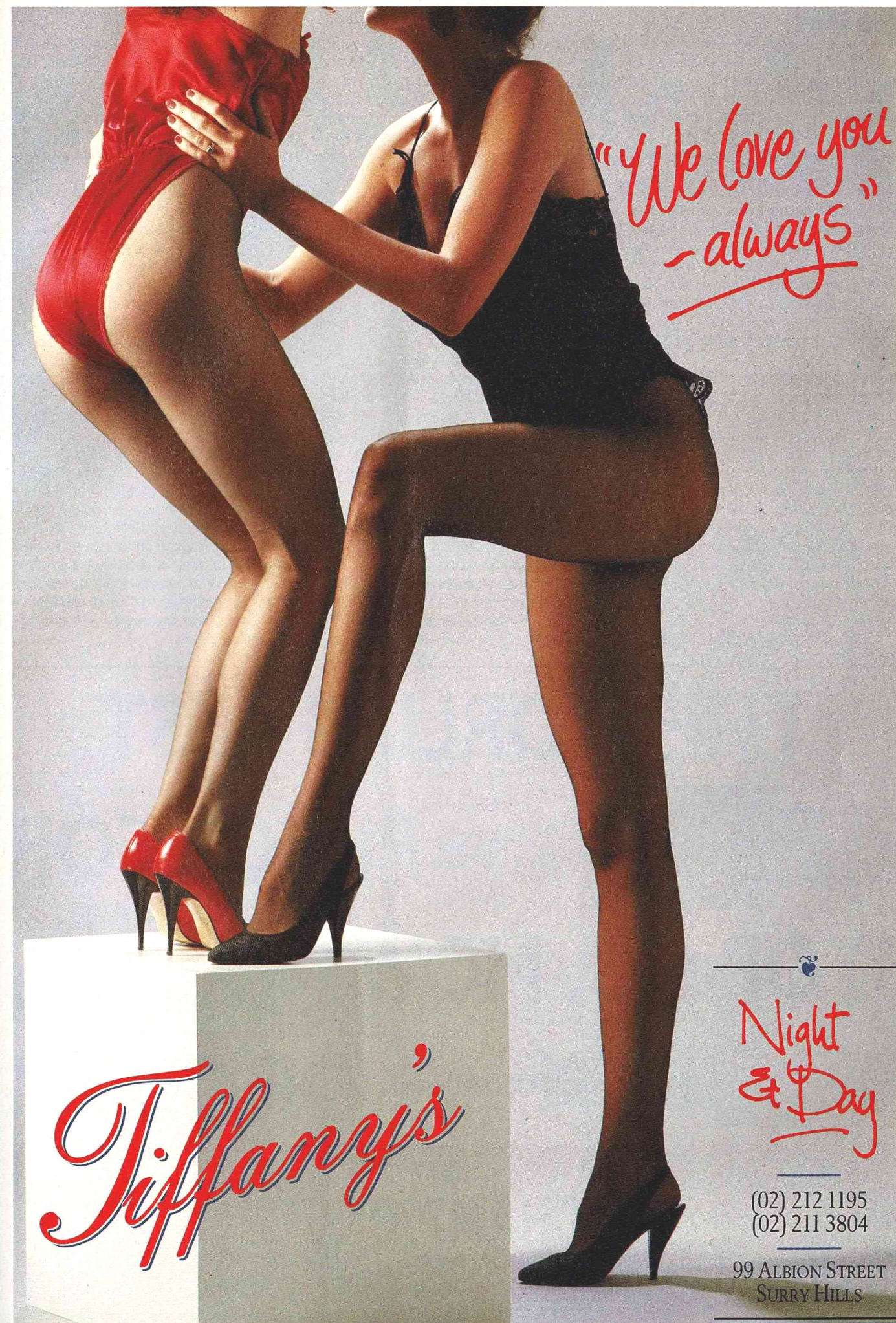
We settled down to read the magazines. The first picture had a big breasted woman with a large black cock in her, there were other pictures of come-covered breasts, pussies being tongued and cocks shooting everywhere. After a while, she reached over and took the vibrator and picked up the KY jelly, took a big blob and massaged it into her juicy cunt. She then stood up and said, "If you want a slut for a hot sexy night, you've got one."

My wanton wife then ordered me to strip. She then stood up, taking the dildo into her sopping cunt. Her eyes closed and her breathing quickened as she worked the dildo deep inside her. Through gasps of breath she said, "Is this what you want?" She didn't wait for an answer but continued fucking the dildo and started to massage her tits and squeeze the nipples.

Still breathing heavily, she withdrew the dildo, took up the vibrator and laid back on the lounge. She slipped one tit out of the teddy to play with the nipple and started to work on her aching pussy. In a moment she came long and hard, crying out in ecstasy. Then all was quiet except for the buzz of the vibrator. She then got me to lie down and she gently eased herself on to my cock, ever so gently, until she had him deep inside her. I slipped the straps of her teddy off her shoulders to expose those beautiful tits and to massage the nipples. It was not long before I started to come. My dick pulsed and pulsed inside her for what seemed like ages. I could feel her starting to get off me. I tried to hold her, but she lifted her teddy over her head and stood up. The come in her pussy started to run down her thighs and into the tops of her stockings. She then put her hands between her legs to gather as much juice as possible and rubbed it over her breasts, stopping to squish her hardened nipple between her fingers. Then, lying face-up on the floor, her tits still glistening with come and cunt juice, she spread her legs and started to once again fuck herself with the dildo. Her cunt sloshed as she pulled the dildo in and out. She looked cheekily at me and said, "Jerk off over my tits — they need a good creaming." I started to masturbate. It didn't take long to shoot all over her tits, which she then massaged. She then said, "I'm sick of this dildo. Give me that poor old declining dick and I will make him stand to attention." I moved in front of her and she placed him into her mechanically-abused cunt. It was cooler than normal. I could feel where her cunt had accommodated the dildo. She started to move and gradually I became hard. We screwed gently until she came. — Name and address withheld

Wine and candlelight

The evening started with some wine and



*"We love you
- always"*

Tiffany's

Night & Day

(02) 212 1195
(02) 211 3804

99 ALBION STREET
SURRY HILLS

FORUM

a romantic movie. After a few glasses of Bordeaux, my girlfriend and I began to heat up. She started by caressing my entire body, paying special attention to my rigid cock.

As the movie came to an end, I suggested that we retire to my bedroom for some more wine and a little nookie.

My girlfriend told me to take all my clothes off and get into bed. I did this so fast and eagerly that it was quite a few minutes before my honey stepped into the room. Bathed in the moonlight, she stood there dressed in a black G-string and matching bra, garters, and stockings. I was so aroused by her beauty that I almost came right then.

Maintaining the mood, she turned on some soft music and began to sway back and forth. Then my garter-belted honey said, "Tonight will be one that you'll never forget." From the tone of her voice and the look in her eye, I believed her.

She continued to dance, letting her hands roam all over her body as she did so, playing with her tits and gently squeezing her nipples — all for my eyes only. Soon her hands found their way down to her pussy. Her fingers caressed her clit and finally slipped inside her cunt.

It was delicious to watch!

I couldn't take it anymore, so I lunged for

her, working my fingers in and out of her drenched pussy and making sure to play with her sensitive clit. I also sucked on her nipples until they were hard and pointy. When it was time for my woman to satisfy her hunger, she had me lie down on the bed. Her kisses finally made their way down to my groin, and I moaned as she licked my rigid shaft. She kissed up and down my glistening pole and, after sucking on its head, inserted me into her mouth. I let out another moan, causing her to increase her tempo. Soon she was pumping my cock wildly, her head bobbing up and down, taking my entire width into her wet mouth. I told her that I was about to come. With that her sucking became frantic, and she began to use her hands on my cock as well. I burst inside her mouth, and she gulped me down, pumping me dry. "Mmm," she smiled. "I love the taste of your come!" I replied by taking off her bra and G-string, and before she knew what was happening I buried my mouth in her pussy. She grabbed my hair, pushed me deeper into her box, and said, "Oh lover, lick my hot pussy and make me come."

I devoured her uplifted cunt and also stroked her outer pussy lips while my baby moaned with pleasure. After a few more minutes with my face lapping her pussy, she tensed with the anticipation of an oncoming orgasm. Her cries of, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" filled the air, and her body shuddered wildly. Her orgasm was intense, and I

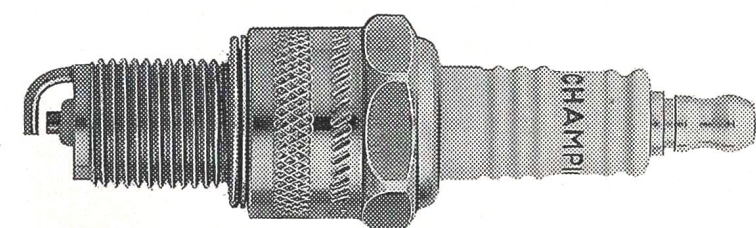
was happy that I could bring her so much pleasure.

Seconds later, my baby announced with a lustful look that she was determined to have more. Licking her lips, she said, "I want you to fuck me right now!" Hard from all her thrashing and coming, I had no problem crawling between her legs. She guided my prick into her waiting pussy and wrapped her legs around me. With our bodies banging in unison, both of us were in heaven.

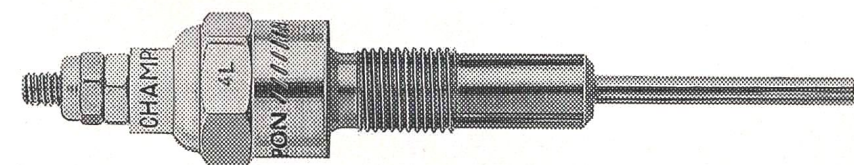
It wasn't long before she wanted to change positions and the next thing I knew I was fucking her doggie-style. With long, slow strokes, I moved eagerly in and out of her dripping pussy. She kept pushing her weight back and driving my cock deeper inside her until the pace of our lovemaking had increased to a feverish pitch. Soon I couldn't take any more. Feeling my come boiling at the base of my cock, I told my honey pot of my forthcoming orgasm. She pumped a little faster, saying, "Do it, baby, blow all of your hot, sweet come into my pussy!" That was all I needed to put me over the edge. My come shot into her and she bucked and moaned as her pussy milked my cock with her second orgasm.

We both collapsed on to the bed breathing hard. But after a short rest and some more wine, we progressed to another mind-shattering orgasm. My girlfriend was right — I will never forget that night. — *Name and address withheld*

THE WORLD'S BEST STOP-GO, MOW OR GLOW.



PLUGS FOR



OR GLOW.



The world's leading plugs are now available to fit virtually every engine, including diesels and 2-strokes.

©1990 CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. (AUST) PTY LTD

CSP 1938/A SWH&P

INTRODUCING THE PHOTOTRON III™ PHOTOTRON OVER 80,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

NEW

OPAQUE
WHEN
OFF

CLEAR
WHEN
ON



Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, and I would like to introduce to you a product so revolutionary that it took thirteen years and 50 million dollars to bring it to the cutting edge of technology. It is from this cutting edge that I have been able to successfully promote my product in such formidable U.S. mass circulation publications as Penthouse, Playboy, Cosmopolitan, National Lampoon, and Rolling Stone, to name a few, as well as Australian People, Picture, and Post magazines, and then change the lives of nearly 100,000 people through a state-of-the-art laboratory grade growth chamber called the Phototron III™.

The Phototron III™ is not a greenhouse nor a hydroponic system. It is a self-contained, laboratory grade growth chamber, honored with fourteen international patents in the U.S.A., Canada, England, Germany, France, and Australia. It was designed to double the growth and production rate of any plant, thus giving any plant the gift of opportunity to reflower, refruit, or rebud over and over again without forcing the plant to succumb to cyclical, seasonal, or (because the chemistry is so precise) even natural death. Standing 90cm tall, the Phototron III™ will maintain six individual plants and allow the operator to manipulate and control each plant through a simplified and precise methodology known as "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically®."

It is because of these well documented and tested pieces of information that the Phototron™ has been recognized as the most sophisticated growth chamber for plant sciences by over 150 universities, laboratories, and research institutes worldwide such as: Harvard, Oxford, N.A.S.A., the United States Department of Agriculture, the University of California, and the Max Planck Institute. Instituted into 500 schools through the United States National Science Teacher's Association, the Phototron's™ basic simplicity is controlled by children from kindergarten through high school, so the children can reap the benefits the Phototron III™ has to offer as easily as a Ph.D.

Unlike a greenhouse or hydroponic system, the Phototron III™ has been advanced by a high tech, electrically safe and sound design that allows the Phototron III™ to far surpass any other growing system known to mankind. The Phototron III™ "Garden Series®" will bring the forces of nature into your home or office and beautify your environment at the same time.

In the kitchen, the Phototron III™ is a gourmet herbal garden that will produce garnishments and seasonings (such as basil, chive, thyme, parsley, garlic, and saffron) to bring any meal to perfection. For the romantic, the Phototron III™ will unlock the powers of Aphrodite, creating an eloquently intimate mood in any room. Anywhere a lamp would ordinarily be put, the Phototron III™ can replace it. Soft ambient light emanating from the Phototron III™ will give off a pleasing gas lantern effect, while 2,000 foot candles burn in the Phototron III's™ interior to bring to bloom the sensual fragrances of roses, gardenias, and jasmine.

With the Phototron III™, you will receive a 100% guarantee, a 24 hour customer service department, a trouble shooting/follow-up mailing every 15 days, 24 hour guaranteed shipping, and a client communications network spanning the globe. It is through this network that the Phototron I™ has evolved into the Phototron III™. I take pride in knowing that 30% of my sales are derived from word of mouth.

I extend to you an invitation to call 0011 1-619-451-2837, and meet my staff so you can take advantage of the state of the art in biotechnology. Nearly 100,000 individuals have realized the opportunities of this system. Now it's your turn.

"Call between the hours of 3:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m. Australian time, and if you do not learn more about growing plants than you ever have before, I will pay you for the call."

—Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LEAF SHADING										
SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY										
COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM										
GUARANTEES THE PLANT										
GUARANTEES FEMALE SEX										
GUARANTEES INTERMODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT										
ONE-INCH AND REBUD THE SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR										
RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD THE SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR										
TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION										
SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS										
CO ₂										
SERVICE										

AMERICAN, AUSTRALIAN, AND CANADIAN CUSTOMERS:

ATTN: DEPT. AH-55

FOR FOREIGN ORDERS:

SEND ALL ORDERS TO ADDRESS BELOW

FOR MOST EFFICIENT ORDER PROCESSING.

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

ORDER YOUR "GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONOMETRICALLY" BROCHURE TODAY.

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

FORUM

Joy ride

I'm stationed in Europe with an electronics firm. Although work does take up a big part of my life, I do have some time for hobbies. I like to ride motorcycles, and I often take rides along the beautiful countryside that I live near.

One particular evening I was very bored and had nothing to do, so I headed for a local club to see what was happening. Once there I ran into a couple of female friends who had just arrived at the company. They had a beautiful local girl with them, and although I had seen her before, I had never had the pleasure of conversation. Well, my friends introduced me to Niane. Both Niane and I were so happy to meet each other that we soon drifted away from the crowd to talk quietly in a private booth.

I told her of my love for motorcycling, and she said that she also enjoyed riding. I offered to give her a quick ride around the town, and she accepted. Niane squealed and laughed behind me during the ride. I liked her company so much that afterwards I suggested that we exchange phone numbers to make a date.

The next day I called her to see if she wanted to go riding that evening. She said yes, and I picked her up at around 9.30. We rode around the city for a while, and after getting something to eat, ended up at a quiet river dock in a neighboring town. We sat there for a while talking about various things, and then out of the blue, our eyes met and we found ourselves pressed together in a long, wet kiss. In no time at all, Niane was struggling out of her leather motorcycle jacket, and I willingly gave her a helping hand. As she freed my waiting member, the breeze from the night air seemed to heighten my excitement and desire.

I removed her tight jeans to find a tremendous amount of heat and dampness around her love tunnel, which I could not wait to explore. As I fondled her clit between my thumb and forefinger, my mouth found her rock-hard nipples, and I sucked them gently. A few moans slipped past her lips, and then she reached down and began slowly pumping my inflamed organ with her hand. I felt like I was about to explode as soon as she

touched me. She must have sensed my degree of arousal, because just as I was about to blast off, Niane told me she wanted me inside of her. Leaning over the railing of the dock, she swayed her buttocks enticingly at me and guided me ever so slowly into her hot hole. Then I was all the way inside of Niane's honey pot, and it was fantastic! We stood still for a good half minute with the anticipation building, and then I began to thrust in and out at a snail's pace. Niane was breathing heavily and pushing back into me forcefully. She wanted me to quicken my rhythm. I obliged her by pushing in further and harder. She moaned and told me to thrust my cock into her, and I did so with glee. I sped up the pace until I was struck by that familiar feeling that always starts at the base of the skull, works its way down the spine, crawls into the balls, and expands to the point of no return. I finally exploded in her.

We could have had an audience of thousands on the pier that night, but we would not have noticed them. — *Name and address withheld*

No beating about the bush

I had been thinking about sex all day and when I finally got home, I was about to explode. I walked in the door and saw Steve sitting on the lounge, watching television. I greeted him by grabbing him between the legs and kissing him passionately. I let my tongue play with his, then moved slowly to his ear and licked and nibbled on it, driving him crazy, all the while caressing the nice, hard bulge in his tight pants.

As I pulled off his shirt, I slowly licked and teased his nipples. I moved down and unzipped his pants. Pulling off his pants exposed his hard cock, which I longed to explore with my hot tongue.

As I tried to control my sexual hunger, Steve ripped off my shirt and bra and hungrily sucked on my tits. He nibbled, licked and teased each nipple until I pulled myself away. I spread his firm legs and started licking his balls, taking each one in my mouth and rolling it around on my tongue. My tongue moved up, as if it had a mind of its own, and gently licked his cock, getting it nice and wet. My lips moved smoothly and easily over the throbbing centre of his sexual desire.

Bobbing on his cock got me so horny, I couldn't help but go faster. Steve's hand moved down to my wet pussy and rubbed my clit as I trembled with pleasure. His dick tasted so good, I wanted to swallow it whole.

Coming up for air, I whispered in his ear how much I wanted him to fuck me, how I wanted him to ram his pulsing cock to the back of my pussy. I moved quickly on top of him and slid down on his rock-hard dick. Then I rode him until we both moaned with pleasure and exploded with satisfaction. We collapsed on the sofa, breathing hard and holding each other close. — *Name and address withheld* ☪

AERODYNAMIC BODY STYLING FOR...

BMW 5 SERIES



Enhance the appearance of your car by adding Zender body styling components. Constructed from the best Hi-Tech materials. Zender components are available for Alfa Romeo, BMW, Audi, Mercedes Benz, VW Golf, Mazda, Maserati, Peugeot, Porsche, and Toyota Corolla... Zender for innovation and excellence.

WE CAN SUPPLY EVERYTHING
FROM A SPOILER TO A FULL KIT
INCLUDING LIGHT ALLOY WHEELS
and SPORTS SUSPENSION.



AUSTRALIAN DISTRIBUTOR
DUTTON PERFORMANCE PTY. LTD.
PHONE (03) 736 4666.

DEALERS...

- VIC CARSHINE (03) 329 6444
- NSW MAZTECH (02) 682 3299
- QLD G.P. CARS (07) 356 9544
- TAS AUTOSPORT (002) 341 161
- WA AUTOMAGINATION (09) 381 4661

Man-Eater

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Although this isn't the Year of the Cat for the Chinese, it certainly is for stunning Stacey Lynn. "Some of my friends say I was a cat in another life. Maybe that's why I have such an affinity for them. Like cats, if you stroke me the wrong way I'll hiss, but treat me right and I'll purr."



SEX ADVICE

FEMALE
ORGASM
0055 14619

MALE
ORGASM
0055 14621
Dr. Steve INFORMATEL P/L





"I love being in charge of my life," says the sophisticated Stacey, who runs her own catering business. "I've never been the type to want to scratch and claw my way up the corporate ladder. Why should I, when I own my own business?" Judging from what we've seen, it would be truly a shame to cage her up in an office all day long!





TWO DOG NIGHT

Continued from page 93

grass, galloped away, stopped, sniffed round; then raced back, circling each other and barking. I could see why Fiona had refused to split them up. I was getting quite fond of the fools.

Getting bored, I whistled and they loped back and stood, panting up at me, waiting for directions.

"In!" I said, pointing, and they hurled themselves into the back seat. There was a muffled grunt.

"Okay," I said. "Get out."

The old army blanket on the floor stirred, and a defiant face appeared. So this was what the boys had been trying to tell me.

"Jesus, do you realise what you're doing to me? I could get ten years for this! You're a minor, for God's sake! I'm abducting a minor!"

My anger upset the dogs, who started up. "Shut up, you stupid buggers!" I yelled. "You're as bad as she is!"

The girl climbed out and made a small movement, as if to run, and I grabbed her arm. It was like holding a terrified sparrow. I stopped shouting, retracted my fangs and turned back into a human being. "Get in the front," I said. "We're taking you home before the Highway Patrol catches up with me. Or bloody Lance."

Tracy's old man might be waiting with a shotgun, Fiona McLeod might be thundering down the highway towards me, and we were probably the subject of a general dog alert, but I decided not to panic. Yet. With Tracy in the front and the dogs asleep in the back, I headed back to Armidale through the warm night to the sounds of The Beach Boys.

At one point I caught Tracy looking at me suspiciously. "It's not me," I said. "It's them."

"Musta been Mum's hamburgers," said Tracy, and we laughed.

She wasn't such a bad kid, I decided.

My good vibrations ended abruptly at a roadblock near Uralla, where bits of semi-trailer and a small sedan were scattered all over the road. The ambulances had gone, but the police were measuring skidmarks and talking to witnesses. Lights flashed and two-way radios blared.

The racket woke my passengers, and before I could move, Ollie squeezed through my window and bounded towards the policeman. Tracy started to open the door to go after him; I grabbed her and pushed her down in the seat.

"Do you want to get me arrested?" I hissed.

Ollie was showing off shamelessly to a young cop with a crewcut. Stan started to whine. "Sit!" I ordered. He growled but obeyed.

"Stay here while I get the mutt," I told Tracy.

"I'll make a deal with you," she said.

"Talk," I said. "Fast. Before the deputy sheriff comes over for a chat."

"I won't give you away if you put me on the Brisbane Express."

"What the hell is the Brisbane Express?"

"It's a train. To Brisbane."

"Where does it stop?"

"Coffs Harbour, Casino, Kyogle," she recited.

"You've done this trip before." I looked up the map: the best bet was Grafton, up Highway 78. Hours away. Goodbye bonus and goodbye Lucy Le Gay.

"Why Brisbane?" I asked, resigned.

"Me Gran lives in Brisbane. She'll let me stay with her."

The young policeman started towards me, with Ollie jumping all over him. "Yes, yes! Anything!" I said, pushing Tracy on to the floor. I leaped out, smiling hard, and grabbed Ollie while the cop told me what a

He looked dissipated, his blue eyes cold and empty, but I lost interest in his face when I saw the shotgun in his hands.

great dog he was.

"Get in the car before I boot you up the arse," I snarled, and Ollie's tail stopped in mid-wag. I waved cheerily and drove off, suppressing an urge to burn rubber.

I harangued Tracy for about 20 kilometres. When I ran out of abuse she demanded equal time and I got her life story. There were no surprises.

We reached Grafton at dawn. A sleepy youth told us the train would be along at 5.19, so we waited on the deserted platform eating Mars Bars. The dogs snoozed. I would have happily traded them for a coffee, but the town was locked shut.

Suddenly a couple of backpackers appeared out of the gloom and the train arrived. I said goodbye to Tracy and gave her a hundred dollars and told her not to spend it all in one place.

"Will you be safe on the train?"

"God, you're ridiculous," she said. "I'm 15!"

"Send me a postcard, then. So I'll know you're okay."

I started to walk away.

"Syd!" said Tracy. I turned around.

"Syd, I wouldn't..." her voice broke. "I

wouldn't have dobbed you really, you know."

On the way back I rang McLeod's office and told him to meet me at a picnic spot in Kuringai Chase to hand over the dogs. He blustered until I said: "Who would you rather talk to, McLeod, me or your wife?" No contest.

I found McLeod's BMW in the parking lot and pulled in beside him. As I was getting out of the car, a white Mercedes convertible glided in behind us and cut off our escape route. Fiona McLeod and a good-looking blond man climbed out and walked towards me. The dogs went mad.

Fiona was smiling. The man was not. He looked dissipated up close, and his blue eyes were cold and empty, but I lost interest in his face when I saw the shotgun in his hands. He pointed it nonchalantly at my belly. There goes the neighborhood, I thought.

Catching the expression on my face, the man smiled. I liked him better the other way.

"My brother Ambrose," said Fiona politely.

Ambrose said softly: "The dogs."

Fiona opened the door and the dogs spilled out rapturously and leaped all over her. She gave me a dirty look and said: "What on Earth have you been feeding them?"

When she had them safely stowed in the Mercedes, Ambrose lowered the gun and said: "Try not to get in my way again, sweetheart." He looked in McLeod's direction and spat on the ground.

I'd been concentrating too hard to register fear, but now my knees started to shake. As soon as the coast was clear, Hamish McLeod surfaced, pale and sweating.

"Thanks a lot," I said.

"He wouldn't have shot you," he said, without conviction.

My fear turned to rage: "Look, give me my money and let me get out of here before I tear your cheeks off, fatface!" I screamed.

We glared at each other and I got into the front seat of his car.

"What happened?" he asked, writing my cheque.

"I used my judgement," I said.

There was no bonus on the cheque. I looked at him inquiringly.

"You didn't get the dogs back safely," he said. "That was our deal."

You had to admire a man whose greed was stronger than his fear.

"The deal didn't have any gun-toting brothers-in-law in it, McLeod," I said. "Let's just call it danger money."

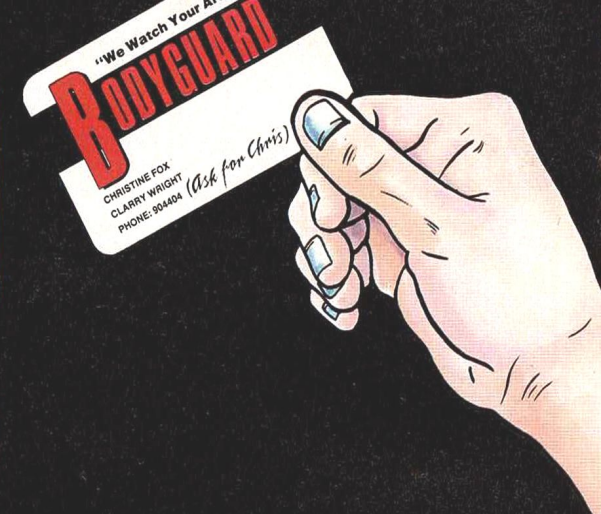
His face set and he folded his arms: he looked like an obstinate cane toad.

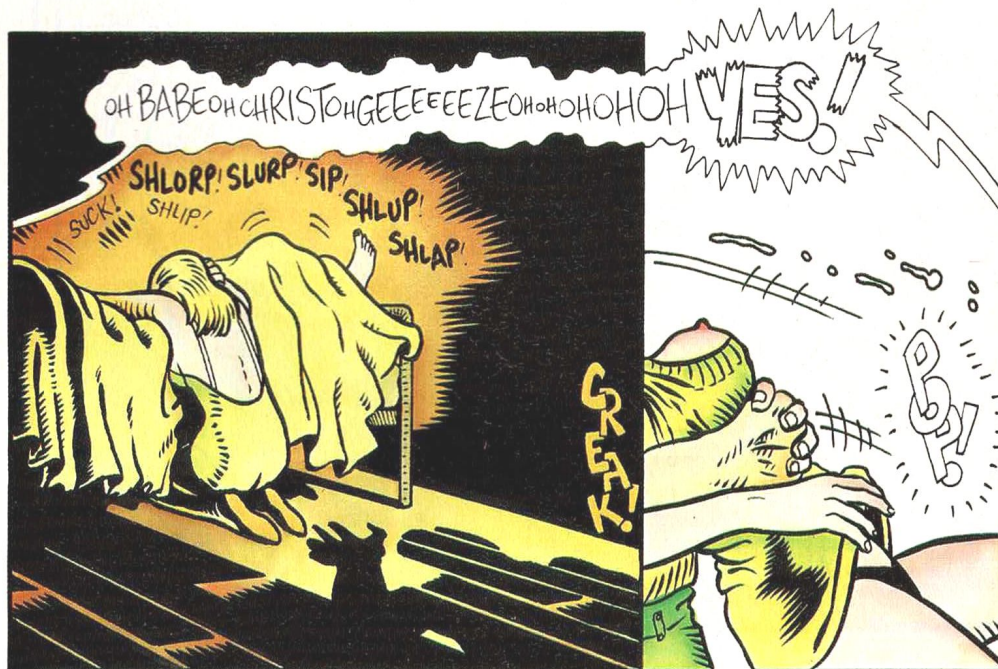
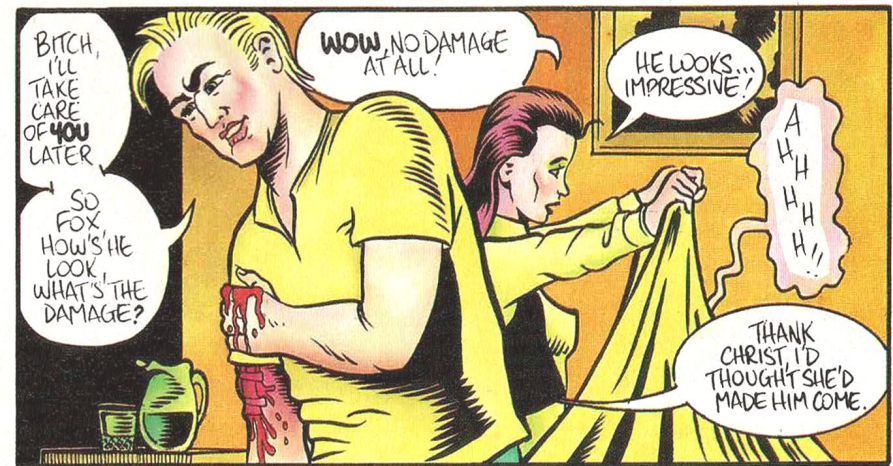
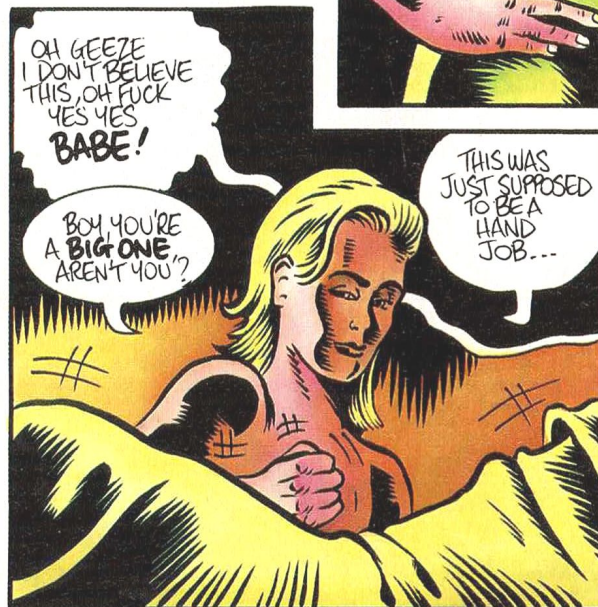
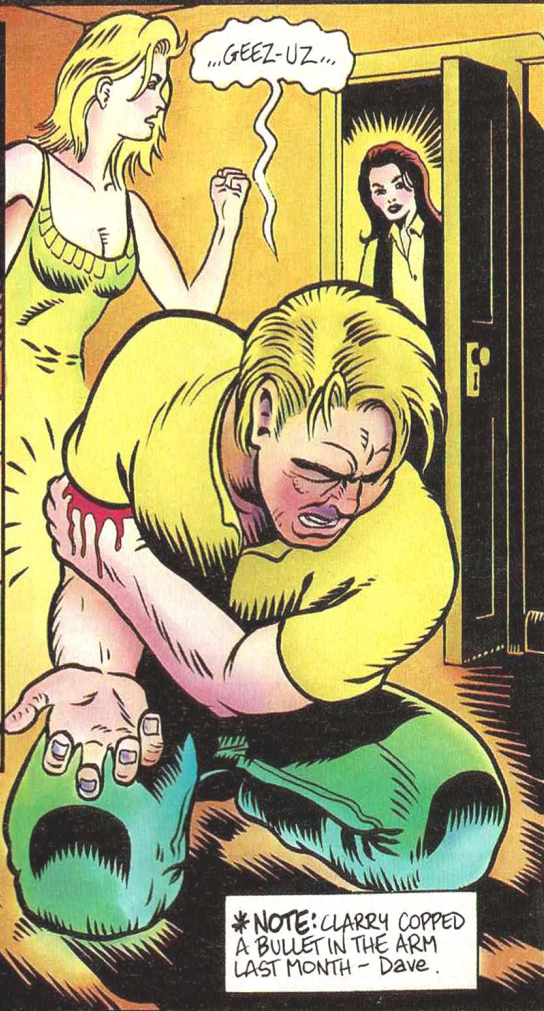
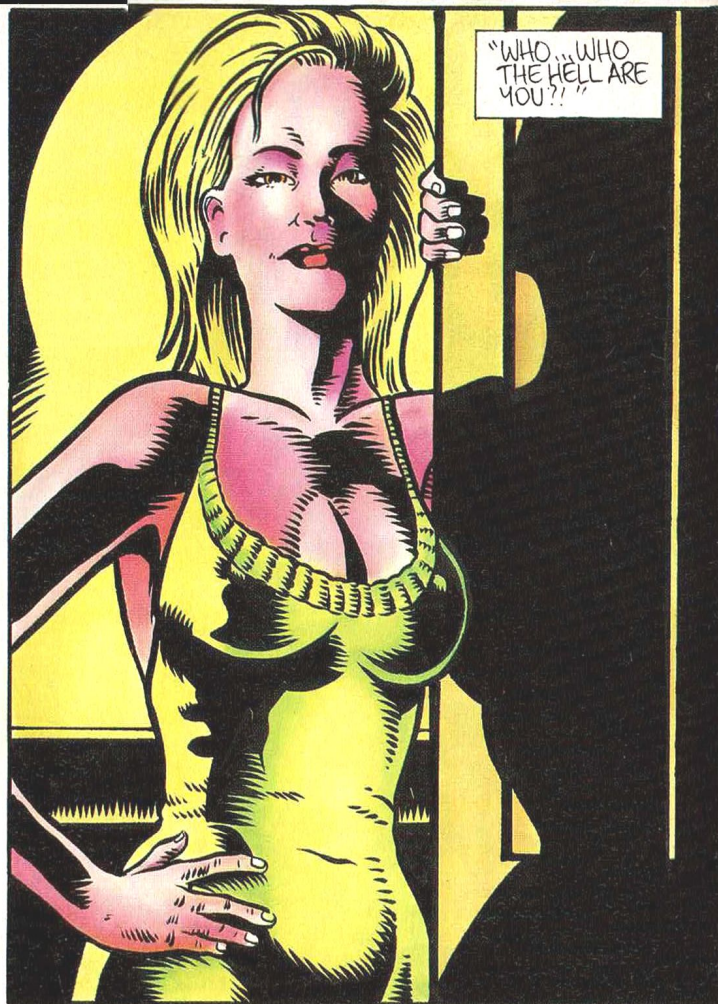
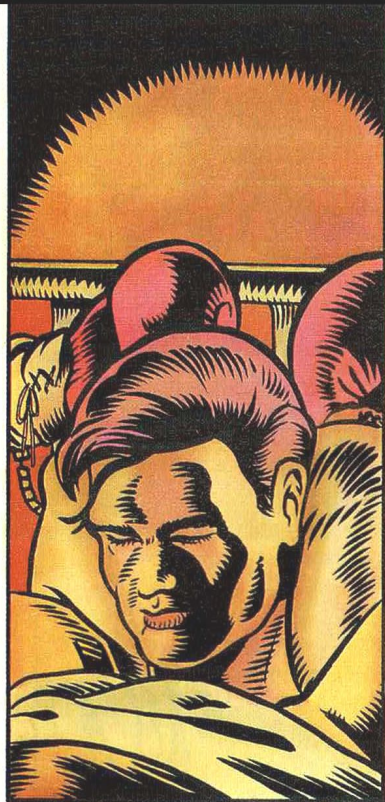
I held the cheque aloft and said mildly: "By the way, I have this really good friend. You might know of her. Lizzie Darcy?"

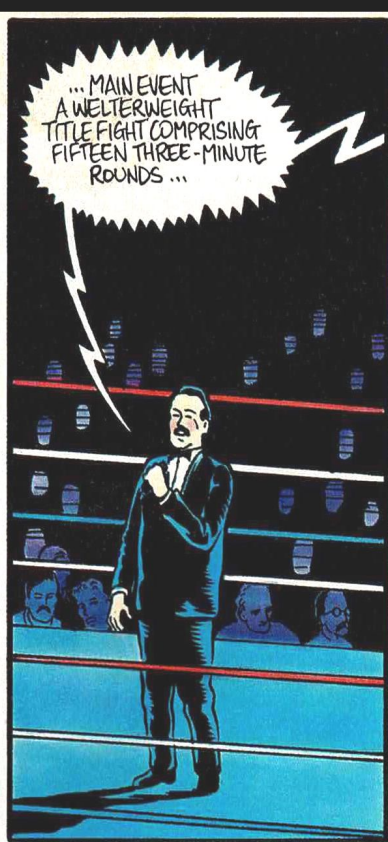
Continued on page 144

BODYGUARD

PART 9: One in the Ring







...MAIN EVENT
A WELTERWEIGHT
TITLE FIGHT COMPRISING
FIFTEEN THREE-MINUTE
ROUNDS...



FOR THE
AUS-TRAL-ASIAN
GRAND-A-SLAM
CHAMPIONSHIP!!

AS I THOUGHT,
THAT BITCH IS HIS
GIRLFRIEND
SHARON!

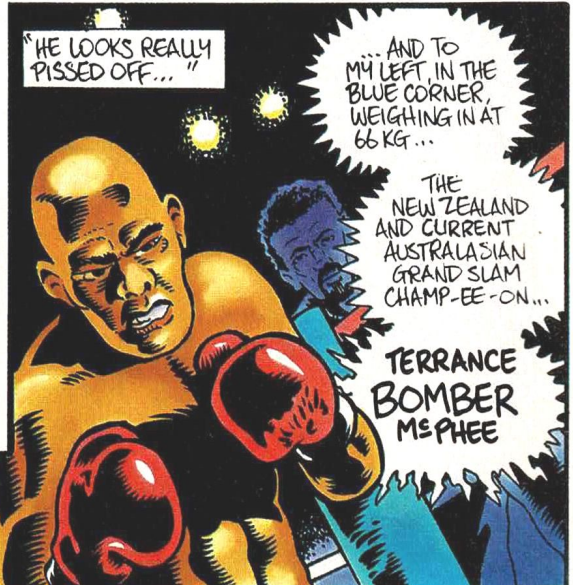
WHAT A PRICK,
EH?

GEEZE SHE
MUST'VE REALLY
WANTED HIM TO
WIN...

CAN WE
COMPLAIN?



WHAT DID YOU SAY
OVER THERE TO
McPHEE, CLARRY?



"HE LOOKS REALLY
PISSED OFF..."

...AND TO
MY LEFT IN THE
BLUE CORNER,
WEIGHING IN AT
66 KG...

THE NEW ZEALAND
AND CURRENT
AUSTRALASIAN
GRAND SLAM
CHAMP-EE-ON...

**TERRANCE
BOMBER
McPHEE**



ARE YOU NUTS?
THESE SORTA
TACTICS GO ON
ALL THE TIME!
IT'S ALL PARTA
THE GAME!

ON MY
RIGHT IN THE
RED CORNER,
WEIGHING IN AT 64 KG,
THE CURRENT AUSTRALIAN
JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT
CHAMPION...

**FIGHTING
ALAN
STOCKMAN!**



FUCKING BRILLIANT
THAT DID THE TRICK!
NOW LISTEN CARE-
FULLY MATE...

WHEN THE
BELL RINGS
HE'S GOING
TO WHISPER
WHISPER...



DING!



YAAAAAH!



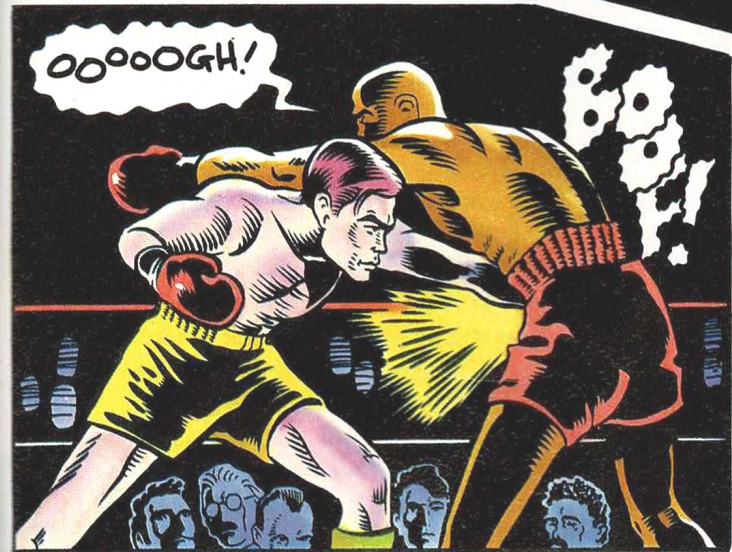
A LITTLE
TACTICS OF ME
OWN...

...I THANKED HIM
FOR SENDIN' SHARON
ON OVER AND TOLD 'IM THAT
YOU, ME AND HER HAD
ONE HELL OF A
PARTY...

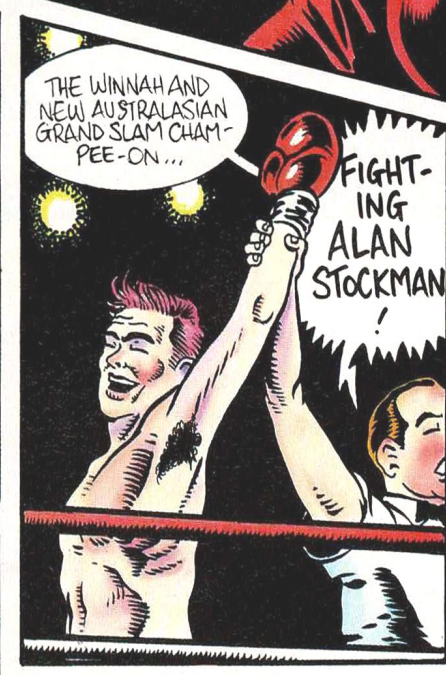
AN' THAT
ALAN CAN'T WAIT
TO GET HIS TURN
TONIGHT?

WHAT?
YOU, HER
AND ME?

HA HA
HA
GOOD ONE
MATE!



OOOOOGH!

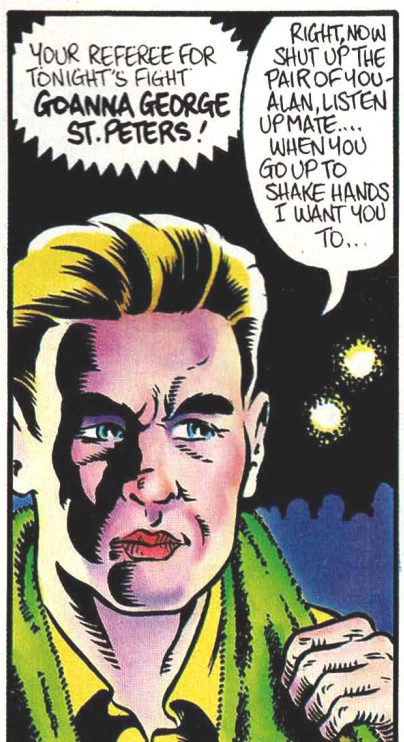


THE WINNAH AND
NEW AUSTRALASIAN
GRAND SLAM CHAM-
PEE-ON...

**FIGHT-
ING
ALAN
STOCKMAN!**

SILLY BASTARD WAS
SO DETERMINED TO
KILL ME HE LEFT
HIMSELF WIDE OPEN
FOR A **SUCKER
PUNCH!**

THANKS
CLARRY,
I OWE
YOU!



YOUR REFEREE FOR
TONIGHT'S FIGHT
**GOANNA GEORGE
ST. PETERS!**

RIGHT, NOW
SHUT UP THE
PAIR OF YOU-
ALAN, LISTEN
UP MATE...
WHEN YOU
GO UP TO
SHAKE HANDS
I WANT YOU
TO...



...SHAKE HANDS
AND COME OUT FIGHT-
ING.

HEY
McPHEE,
TONIGHT'S
MY NIGHT IN
THE RING!!

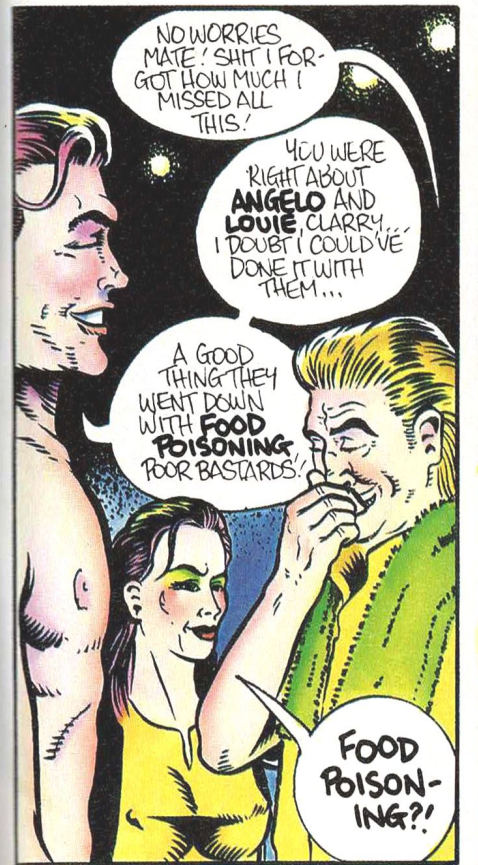
LIKE
HELL YOU
WON'T LAST
PAST THE
3RD



I MEANT
AFTER THE
FIGHT...

...WITH
SHARON.

...WHY
YOU...

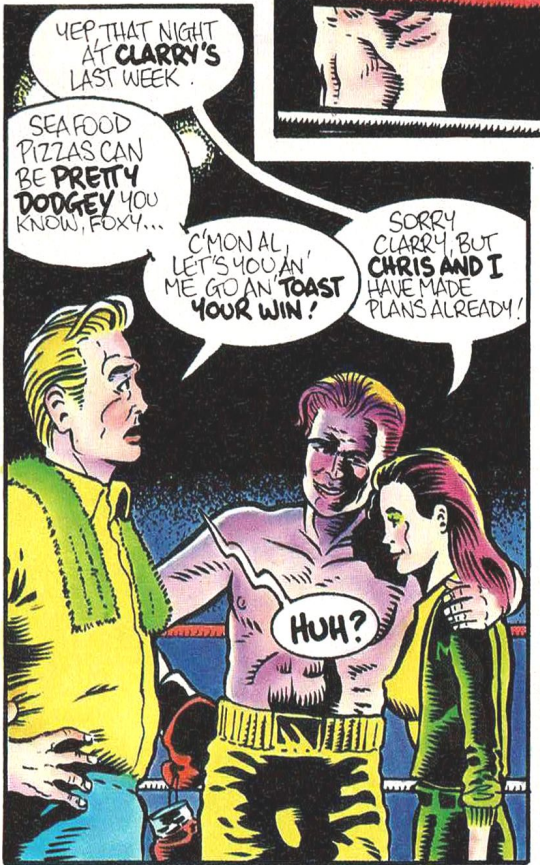


NO WORRIES
MATE! SHIT I FOR-
GOT HOW MUCH I
MISSED ALL
THIS!

YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
**ANGELO AND
LOUIE, CLARRY,**
I DOUBT I COULD'VE
DONE IT WITH
THEM...

A GOOD
THING THEY
WENT DOWN
WITH **FOOD
POISONING**
POOR BASTARDS!

**FOOD
POISON-
ING?!**



YEP THAT NIGHT
AT **CLARRY'S**
LAST WEEK.

SEAFOOD
PIZZAS CAN
BE **PRETTY
DODGEY** YOU
KNOW, FOXY...

C'MON AL,
LET'S GO AN'
ME GO AN' **TOAST**
YOUR WIN!

SORRY
CLARRY, BUT
CHRIS AND I
HAVE MADE
PLANS ALREADY!

HUH?

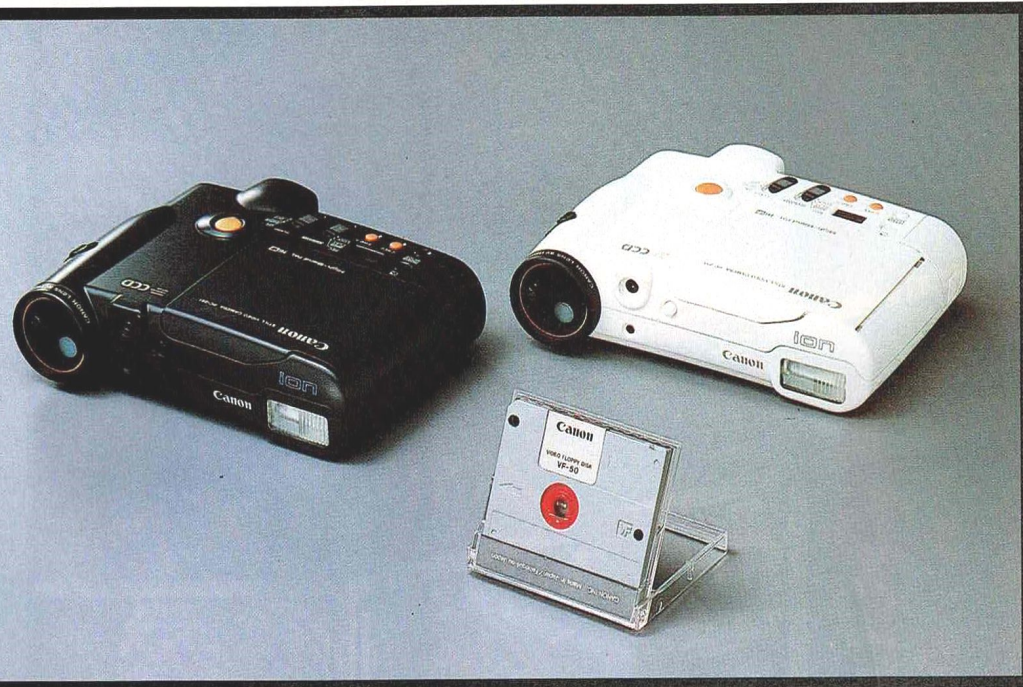


AFTER ALL
CLARRY YOU
SAID IT YOUR-
SELF...

TONIGHT'S
HIS
NIGHT IN
THE RING!

STILL LIFE

This space-age snapper from Canon is a technological first, a camera that allows you to play back pictures on TV. The Canon Still Video Camera, ION RC-251, uses the latest kind of photographic technology



called "still video", which enables you to view the results of your photography instantly, on the small screen. The ION has already been launched with great acclaim overseas, winning the European Inno

Award for outstanding innovation.

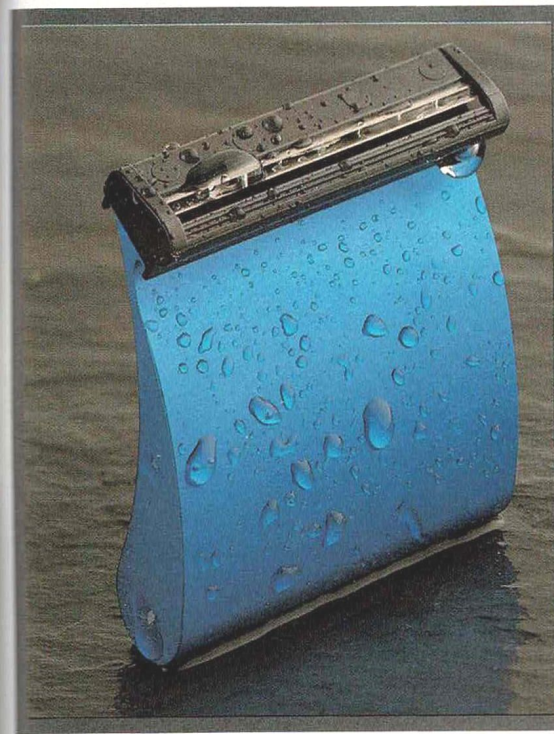
The ION uses a magnetic floppy disk instead of film to capture the images and plays them back by direct cable connection to a standard television, with no processing needed. Up to 50 images are held on the 2" square disk and each image can be erased and reshot at the press of a button.

The ION can also be connected to a range of other equipment such as computers, desk-top publishing systems and copiers. Its versatility and instant replay ability make it ideal for business presentations and commercial use. Selected Canon dealers will be offering a print facility for users to have still images printed out by Canon Color Laser Copier and other printers. The ION retails for \$1300 and is available from photo and video retailers.

DIGITAL DIARY

Portex is a new computer program designed to organise even the most chaotic executives' lives — it makes the Filofax look like a clay tablet. This award-winning UK software package is available exclusively from Portex Information Services in Adelaide. It features a diary, address, database and sophisticated word processor.

Portex links an IBM compatible PC with a loose-leaf diary system, allowing you to combine your business and personal diaries. The starter pack includes software on 5½" or 3½" disks, a quality ring-bound binder, a set of compatible index cards and paper. With Portex, you can store contacts and appointments on a PC and then print the info to keep in a compatible binder. This program is easy to install, and lasts a lifetime, covering you up until the year 2099. It is priced at \$395 and is available from Portex Information Services on (08) 231 3038.



This revolutionary new stubble-shearer is from Danish designer Flemming Bo Hansen, winner of the industrial Design Prize in 1987. Called Razor, this sleek shaver features dis-

FORM AND FUNCTION

posable blades with easily available replacements. Its compact shape and even weighting combine to give a superior control, often lacking in conventional hand-held razors. The Razor is moulded from aluminium and comes in blue, black and steel grey. It is the perfect gift for the man who appreciates form, function and baby-smooth skin. The Razor retails for \$39.95 and is available from the following Sydney accessory outlets: Remo in Oxford Street, Cavalli Menswear, Derek Scott, Paraphernalia, Interim, Isolate and Made Where, all located in Sydney.

STREET MACHINE

The new ZZ-R1100 mean machine from Kawasaki is streets ahead in state-of-the-art sports tourer technology. This tour bike features an exclusive hi-tech fresh air intake system, ensuring Autobahn-ready power. The 40mm CVK-D carburetors supply the right mixture, regardless of internal airbox pressure. The engine is based on the highly successful ZX-10 powerplant. Design innovations include canting the cylinder bank forward an additional two degrees, bigger intake and exhaust valves and ports, a 2mm increase in cylinder bore, lighter concave-top pistons, and stronger chromium molybdenum steel connecting rods with a 1mm increase in big-end diameter. It also has a stronger aluminium double-box section frame as well as a host of other features. The new ZZ-R1100 retails for around \$11,000 and is available from all authorised Kawasaki dealers.



NAUTICAL SUNSHADES

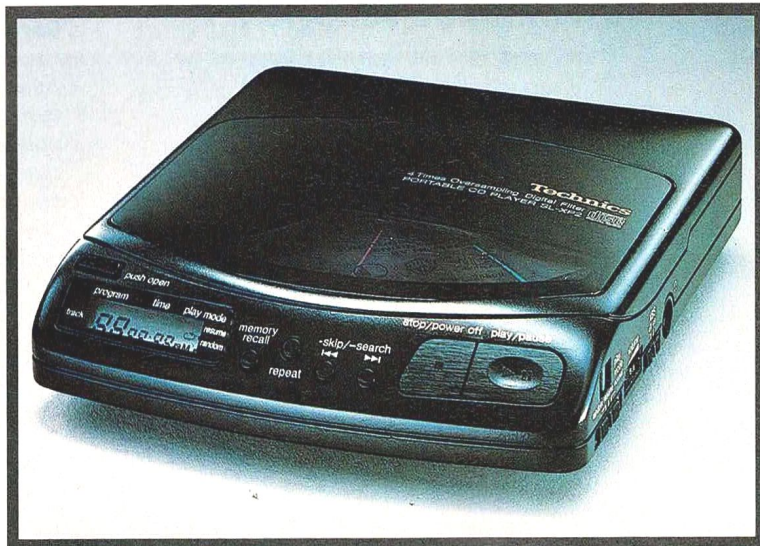
Carrera, the name behind sporting sunnies, have just released the Carrera 5544, sunglasses the company is billing as the best in hi-tech aquatic eyewear. The 5544 spearheads the company's new range of sports eyewear and is specifically aimed at



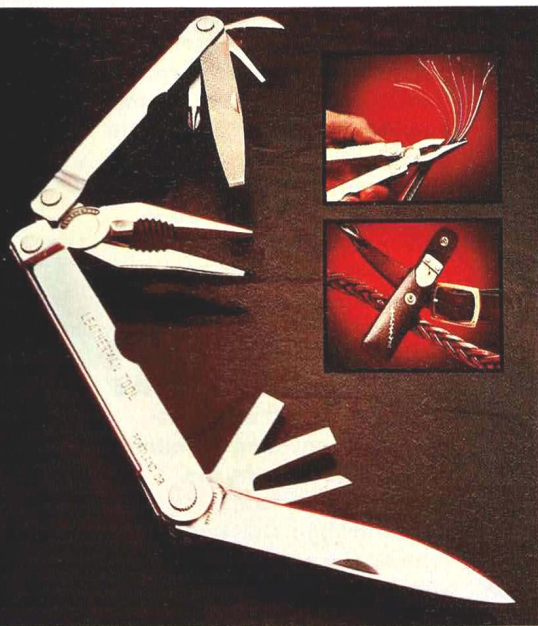
fishermen and yachtsmen. The 5544 features a totally new lens, called Ultrapol, which is an advanced development of the traditional laminated polarising filter. Ultrapol is an optical class one lens, with the polarising crystalline graphite filter incorporated during lens manufacture. The 5544 lens is manufactured from CR39 optical quality material, used in the majority of prescription lenses in use today.

The lightweight CR39 lens, matched with Ultrapol polarising features, is also a 100 percent UV filter for eye safety. It eliminates reflected glare from water and boat surfaces, providing excellent contrast and easing the eyestrain which saps concentration. Carrera has teamed the new Ultrapol lens with a Polyamid material frame, able to handle the hard life of fishing and boating. It is shock-resistant and flexible. Ideal for all nautical pursuits, the 5544 retails for \$139 to \$150, and is available from department stores and quality optical outlets.

MOBILE MUSIC



You can now be wired for crystal clear sound everywhere you go with the Technics portable CD player. This ultra-light model weighs in at just 360 grams (including batteries). Powered by rechargeable AA batteries, this player provides up to two-and-a-half hours of playing time or four hours when using alkaline AA batteries. It can also run from AC mains or be hooked up to your sound system with a standard connection lead. A multi-function remote controls volume, play, stop and forward skip-functions. Other features include random play, 18-step random access programming, quadruple oversampling and advanced Extra Bass System for deep, dynamic bass. It retails for approximately \$329 at authorised Technics dealers.



The Leatherman Tool is ideal for backyard Crocodile Dundees and home handymen. This compact multi-purpose tool is designed to military specifications, and features several screwdrivers, wire-

HANDY TOOL

cutters, a knife blade, a saw, a bottle-opener and more. Weighing just over two kilos, the

Leatherman Tool is made from 100 percent stainless steel and comes with a 25-year guarantee. A tool that won't quit, it retails for between \$95 and \$120 and is available from Zen Imports, contactable on (02) 818 1955.

AND THE WINNERS ARE...



The winner of the Alpine Car Sound System Competition staged late last year in *Australian Penthouse* was Chris Seeto of Summer Hill, NSW. From the world leaders in car audio, Mr Seeto received a system valued in excess of \$1200.

The winners of the Carlsberg Beer Pack Competition were: Mike Horner, Chapel Hill, Qld; Drew Ramage, Highbury, SA; Peter Gill, Wahroonga, NSW; Robert Warburton, Kojunup, WA; Craig Amos, Campsie, NSW.

The major winners of the Sony Walkman tenth anniversary competition run last October were: Gary Causer, Blakehurst, NSW; Warwick Anderson, Stanwell Park, NSW; Glen Drysdale, Sydney, NSW; E. Collitt, South Windsor, NSW; Colin Bible, Harris Park, NSW;

Jason Gunn, Parramatta, NSW; C. Dicker, Bracken Ridge, Qld; C. Chapman, Cairns, Qld; Michael Francis, Garbutt, Qld; Ian Anderson, Riverhills, Qld; D. Bobbermien, Windaroo, Qld; Bruce Webb, Cairns, Qld; Stephen Mack, Kalgoorlie, WA; Mike Atkinson, Bunbury, WA; G. Crowe, Karrinyup, WA; Jeff Leithead, Ruabon, WA; Warren Wilson, Altona, Vic; Sonny Neo, Balaclava, Vic; Vink Long Truong, Reservoir, Vic; Peter News, Rosny, Tas; Richie Barrett, West Hobart, Tas; L. Kloss, Hobart, Tas; I. Rozenbids, Wattle Park, SA; Glenn Mabey, Paradise, SA; Randall Haines, Evandale, SA; John Rowell, Casuarina, NT; John Sibly, Brighton, SA; Willem Van Kesteren, Woodleigh Gardens, NT. All winners receive a Sony Walkman.

WATCH OFFER

Exclusive in Australia to *Penthouse* readers, these handsome men's watches represent the hottest Stateside wrist fashions this season. From L.A. Gear, the young and imaginative company that began by marketing running shoes and went on to capture the fickle accessories and sports fashion markets in America, these watches are at once sturdy and classically appealing, making them ideal to wear anywhere. The eye-catching "Perestroika" model is inspired by the Russian heroic style of design that flowered in the Forties and Fifties and peaked about the time Yuri Gagarin was doing his stuff.

Overseas, this look is currently hotter than Baltic nationalism.

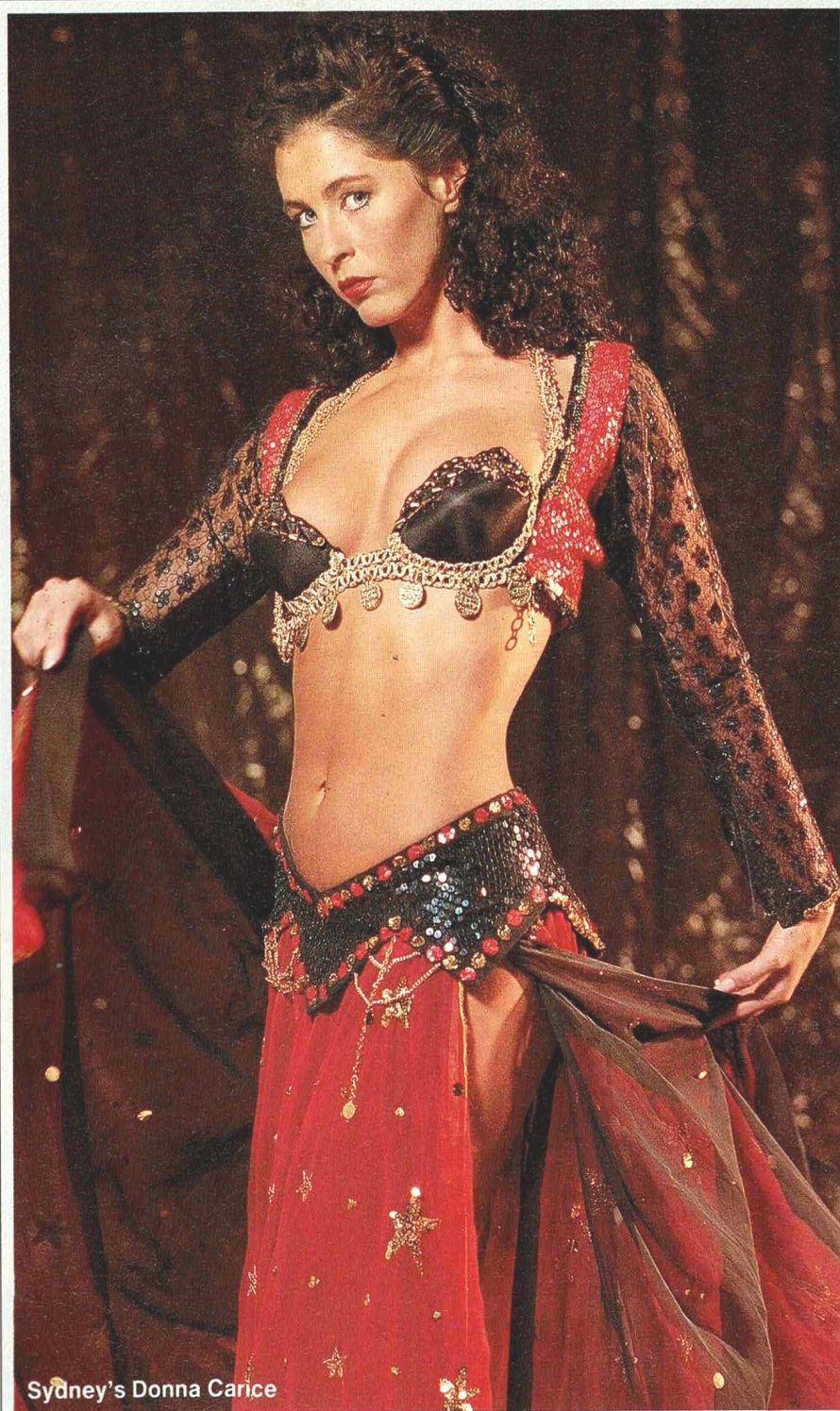
Waterproof, and featuring leather strap, date and 12-month guarantee, the Perestroika is selling for \$49.99. With all the features of the Perestroika, the smaller "Boyfriend" watch, in classic black and gold, can be worn by both sexes. It's priced at \$39.99, a bargain you won't find anywhere else. To order one of these watches, phone Rod Alexander on (02) 958 6314.



REBEL YELL



The elixir renowned as one of the world's finest Bourbon whiskeys, Rebel Yell, is now available in Australia. This original Southern Bourbon is made to the same traditional and time-honored formula of over a century ago, when its Kentuckian creator, William Larue Weller, first made it. His unique recipe used soft mature wheat rather than rye. The wheat, combined with golden Indian corn, gives Rebel Yell a special taste, an unforgettable tang. This authentic Southern spirit is available from all quality liquor outlets. Try a tippie and discover why this renegade spirit's called Rebel Yell.



Sydney's Donna Carice

A QUICK PEEK AT JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Wild West — It's been called The State Of Excitement, The Golden State, Home Of The America's Cup. West Australia is this country's answer to Texas, a boom or bust state populated by fast-talking cowboys, a place where J.R. Ewing would feel right at home. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* investigates the free enterprise frontier state.

America's Most Hated Man — Al Goldstein has made millions by talking dirty. For decades the publisher of New York's notorious *Screw* magazine has infuriated conservatives with his frank but funny promotion of sex. June *Penthouse* tells why Goldstein is the most hated man in America.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Donna Carice walks like an Egyptian through a burning Cleopatra-inspired photo spread in next month's issue. Minus her seven veils this dancer gives her own interpretation of the term "pyramid power." Don't miss her act.

TWO DOG NIGHT

Continued from page 134

I'd caught his attention at last. "She said to say hi. She said you'd remember her."

I tore up the cheque. "Manila. 1983."

He seemed to deflate in front of my eyes, and the pen fell from his fingers. I picked it up and gave it to him and he wrote me another cheque mechanically.

I cashed it as soon as I got to Darlinghurst, then called Lizzie and told her I'd had to play the Manila card.

"Old Ambrose back in town, eh?" said Lizzie. "I'd heard they started a clean-up in Manila. Sydney's in for a crime wave. I'd stay out of his way if I were you, Syd."

"Yeah, that's what he said. The least you can do is tell me what it's all about."

"You might need it now you've come to Ambrose's attention," she agreed. "I was covering an international banking conference. McLeod and some of the boys had a party in a hotel room and it got a little rough and one of the local working girls did a dive off the balcony. It was all hushed up. I'm pretty sure Ambrose fixed it for McLeod. It was probably one of his girls."

"A close-knit family," I observed.

"Ambrose is pretty loathsome, but he seems to be genuinely fond of his sister."

"Does she know about it?"

"If she didn't already know, I think she probably copped an earful of it yesterday, don't you?"

"Nice bargaining chip in a divorce settlement," I said.

"Couldn't happen to a nicer man. But maybe they deserve each other. What do you think of the toothsome Fiona now?"

"Beats me," I said. "Some of her friends would go all the way for her, but she married a slug and her brother is a pimp."

"And she goes to church," said Lizzie. "Very complex."

A couple of days later I got a postcard with the Big Pineapple on it. Tracy thanked me and invited me to visit Queensland any time.

Maybe it was all worth it, I thought sentimentally. Then I saw the last sentence: "PS. Your as weak as piss Sid." O—

SEX INFO

SEXUAL POSITIONS

0055 14620

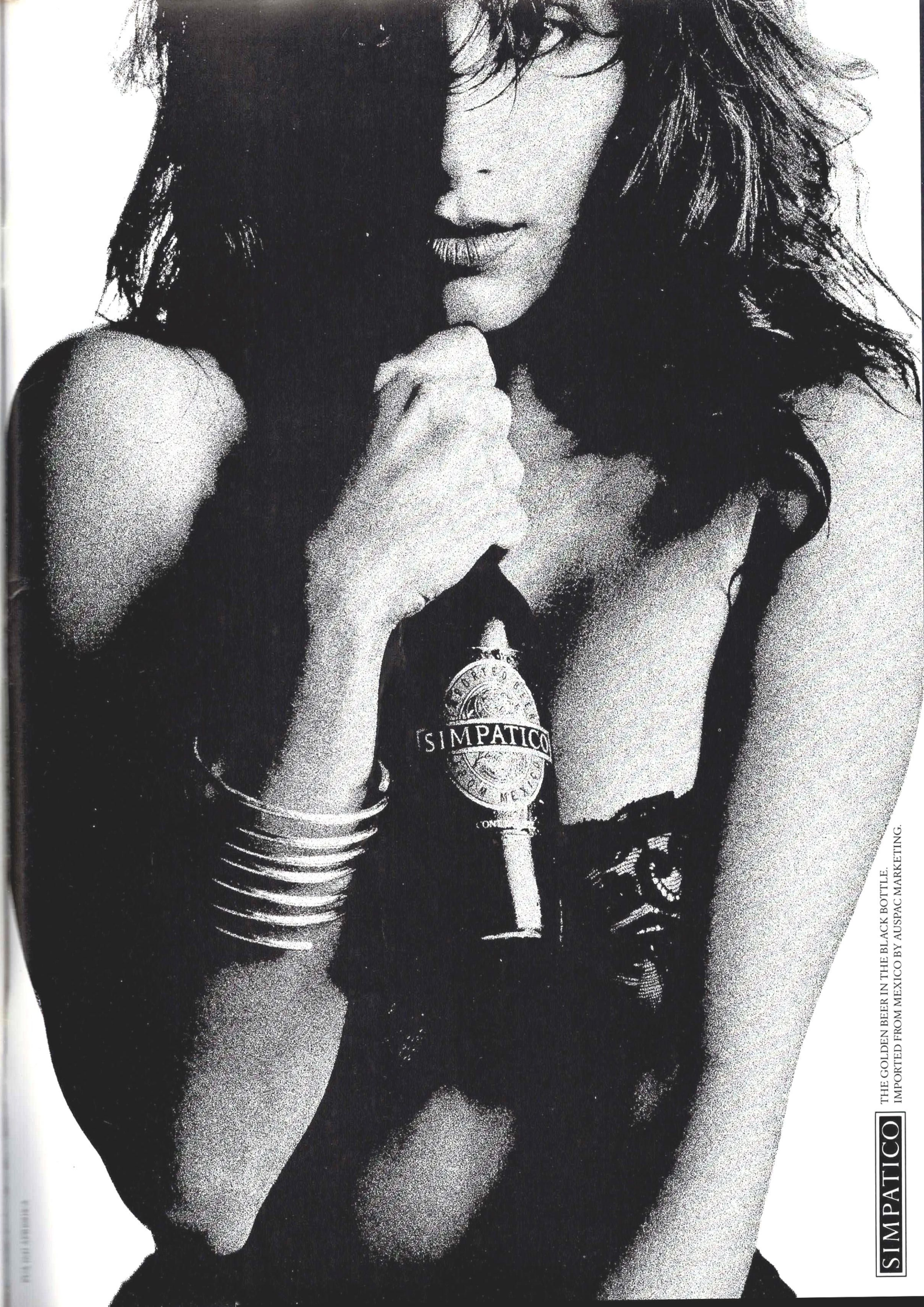
Dr. Steve

DEBBIE DOES DENMARK

What did she do?

0055 14623

INFORMATTEL P/L



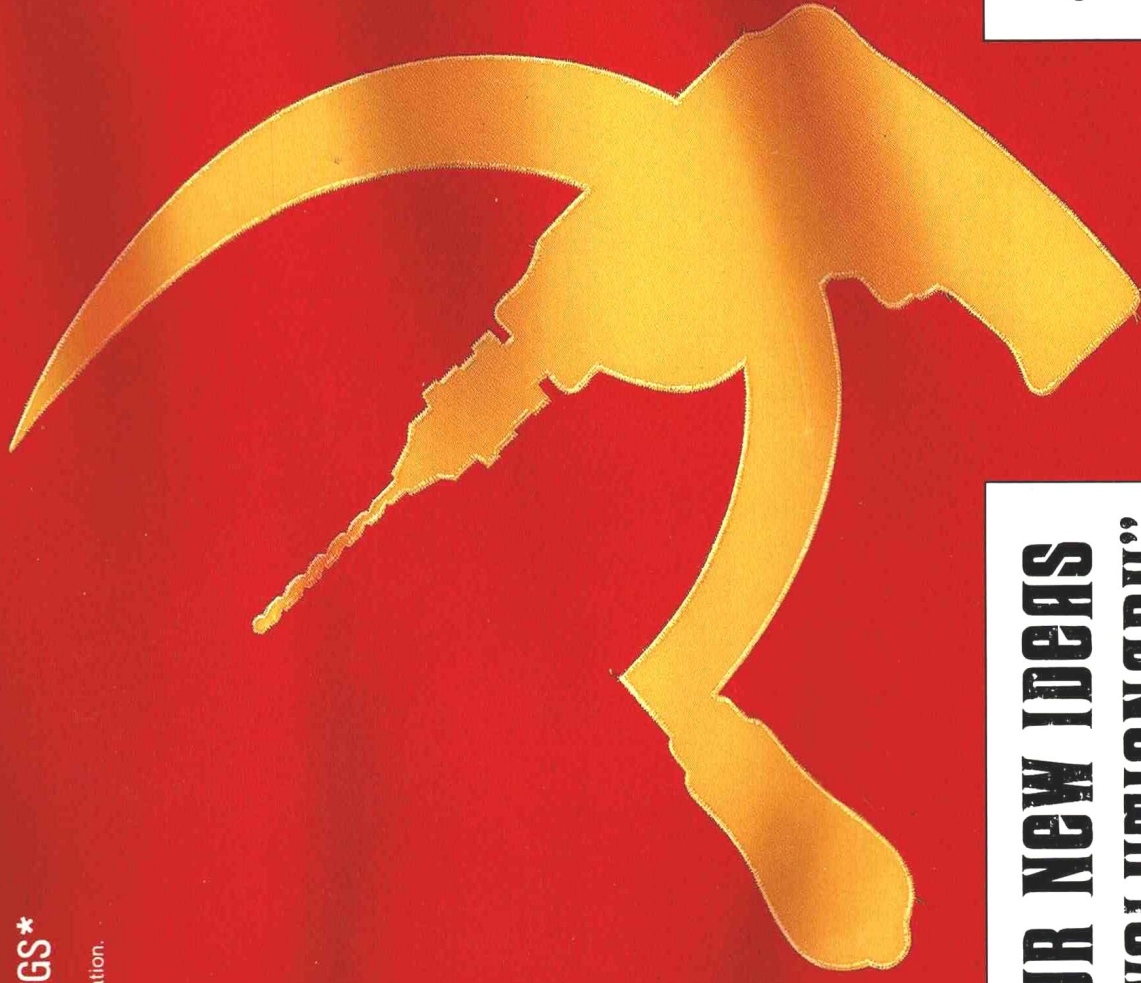
THE GOLDEN BEER IN THE BLACK BOTTLE.
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO BY AUSPAC MARKETING.

SIMPATICO

SMOKING DAMAGES YOUR LUNGS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.



**“COMRADE, YOUR NEW IDEAS
ARE TRULY REVOLUTIONARY.”**

“I KNOW.”

